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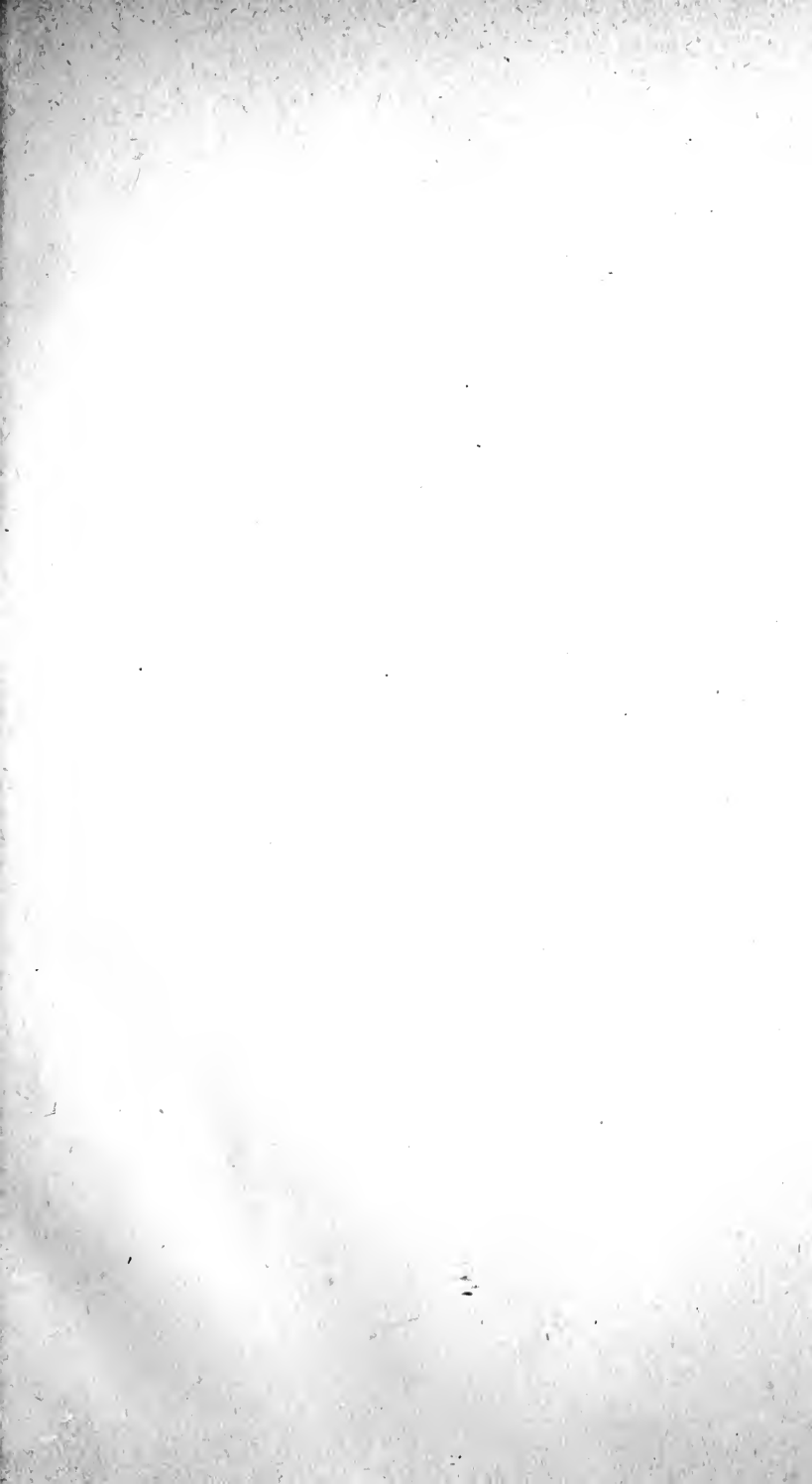


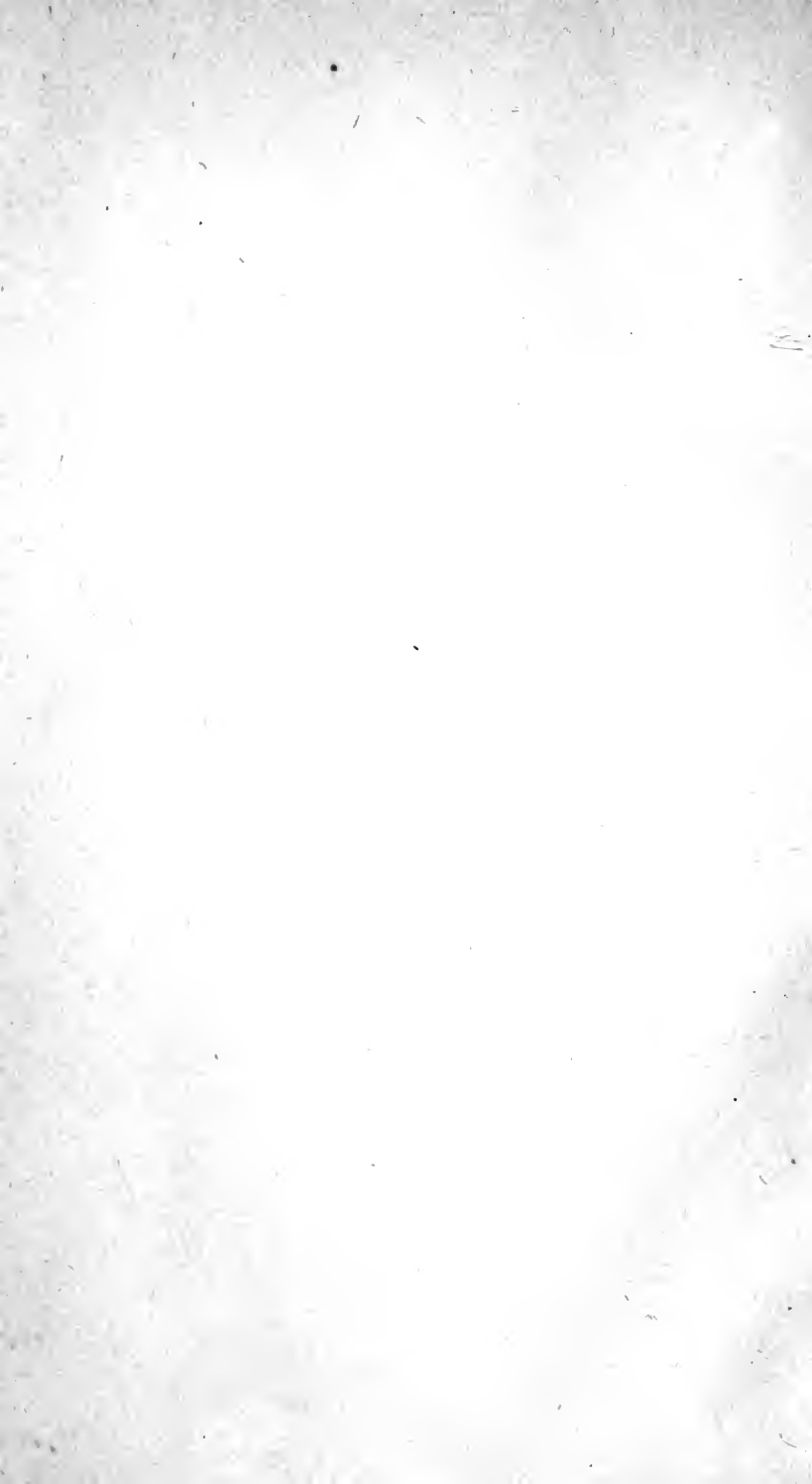
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# THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

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JULY, 1883.

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## ART. I.—ON CATHOLIC POLITICS.

**A**LMOST all English Catholics in the earlier half of this century were, in politics, decided "Liberals;" a large and influential section are now avowed "Conservatives," though a considerable number still adhere to the party at present in power.

Common sense would seem to say, that the fact of intelligent and cultivated men who are earnest, practical Catholics being divided as to their political partisanship, was by itself enough to prove that a great deal may be said for either course of political action, and that neither can be inconsistent with Catholic principles.

Nevertheless, it is often confidently asserted that "the Church is essentially Conservative;" and before the last general election certain writers did not shrink from declaring that no Catholic could consistently vote against the Conservative party. Other writers would persuade us that the cause of God's poor—as the cause of true charity—can only be promoted in the political arena by supporting the policy of the party now in office.

It may not be a useless task, then, to make one more examination of the principles of both parties, with the purpose of trying to find out how it is that doctrines which seem to many generous souls to be the expression either of mere selfishness and class-antagonism on the one hand, or of envy and the spirit of revolt on the other, retain so tenacious a hold over the minds of so many persons, distinguished for generosity, piety, and general moral worth.

Now it cannot be denied that Conservative doctrines tend to maintain social and political inequality; to lay more stress on obedience than on liberty; to disclaim a much boasted fraternity;

to oppose political transformations ; and to favour government by classes rather than by numbers.

Let us then begin by drawing up an unshrinking declaration of such Conservative doctrines, and try and see what there is in each which both agrees with and opposes reason and good feeling.

(1.) *Men are, and must remain, unequal ; they have not equal rights.*

There is a harsh, unsympathetic flavour about this proposition thus stated, and yet it is but a truism. Men are plainly unequal physically ; and yet their necessary inequality in what is invisible, is far greater. The most important parts of every man are qualities due to race, family, education, the traditions amidst which he has been brought up, and the ethos he has unconsciously acquired. There can hardly be a more vulgar error, a more palpable absurdity, than that which would represent the proximate physical equality of men as being the index of a real fundamental equality. The differences which are due to wealth are great, and those which are due to culture are greater ; but if there is one thing which modern science makes clear, it is the profound influence of "heredity." It is consequently impossible that real "equality" can exist between men whose ancestral influences are widely divergent. Let us look facts in the face, and not be children crying for the moon ! These inequalities exist, and must exist. Greater power, greater influence are (in the absence of personal disqualifications) the inseparable accompaniments of wealth and family. But with augmented power and influence go augmented duties and responsibilities, and therefore also "rights," since "rights" and "duties" are but two aspects of the same thing.

But so profound is the difference between men of the same community, that even if they could be reduced to equality now, that equality could not be maintained without the aid of the most tyrannically restrictive measures, which would paralyze the industry and neutralize the skill of those capable of raising themselves (by their energy and ability) above their fellows. Therefore the maintenance of "equality" is necessarily fatal to "liberty." Observe, also, that the demagogue who should maintain such compulsory equality, would by so doing deny that men have equal rights. For by his system the indolent and incompetent would be allowed to labour as much as they might like to labour, while the same right would be denied to the energetic and skilful. Such a system would be one in which the ignorant, slothful, and vicious would form a privileged class, and the most pernicious of all possible inequalities would be imposed through the passionate pursuit of equality.

Nevertheless, no truly Christian man, no man professing any

real philanthropy, can help feeling either sadness or indignation, or both, at such cases of inequality as are forms of injustice and oppression; nor should he refrain from seeking to diffuse as widely as possible all material, intellectual, and moral good. The Christian learns that before God all ranks are equal, unless it be that the poor are especially God's own. If then, on the one hand, the desire for "equality" may be but the result of a base envy, on the other hand, the harsh assertion of inequality may be the expression of a most deeply anti-Christian frame of mind. The doctrine may be justly upheld or decried according to the sense in which it is understood; and until that sense be ascertained, no man can be justly blamed for either affirming or denying it.

(2.) *Obedience to wise restrictions, not liberty, is that which is desirable for men.*

Now the end and object of the "State's" existence being the welfare of the individual, and the end and object of the individual's existence being the exercise of free will according to right reason, the unimpeded exercise of such will is that "liberty" which may justly call forth the ardent aspirations of every lover of justice and of his fellow men. But such "liberty" can evidently co-exist with a multitude of restrictions, since it is in the midst of such a multitude that it has actually arisen and become developed. The most extreme deference and respect is obviously due from the community to each individual's conscience, but it is not therefore bound to tolerate actions which are not only bad in their consequences, but which it has strong grounds for supposing are done *against* conscience. A candid introspection will reveal to almost every man the existence of two, often conflicting, tendencies within him—one ethical, the other pleasurable. From childhood the development of each one of us has been carried on by means of obedience to restrictions, and the wills of other human beings restrain our daily actions in mature life. Amongst the men and women we have individually known in life, how many have we not come across whose avoidance of error has been due rather to salutary social restraints than to the spontaneous inclination of the individual? To desire the absence of restriction is, then, an altogether irrational desire. It has, indeed, been said by a very high Liberal authority,\* that Liberalism is trust of the people, tempered by prudence; Conservatism, distrust of the people, tempered by fear." But the highest Conservative authority would probably reply, "Conservatism alone trusts the people *prudently*." All depends, in fact, on the precise meaning we may attach to terms which are confessedly more or less vague.

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\* *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1881, p. 302.

The second above-given Conservative doctrine, then, far from necessarily conflicting with that desire for freedom which is happily traditional with Englishmen, is, after all, but a truism which no Liberal could refuse to admit; for each man's liberty must be restricted by the respect due to the similar liberty of his neighbour. But a really important argument can be advanced in its favour. The very idea of an ethical basis for social organization necessarily *implies* the imposition of social restrictions. But, as has been before shown elsewhere by the present writer,\* an ethical basis is the only real and secure foundation for "freedom."

On the other hand, the evil effects of unnecessary restrictions on commerce, education, marriage, and free religious association, are so manifest in Europe, that freedom from them may well absorb all the temporal senses and all the energies of many a good Catholic, and to his ears the doctrine we are considering might well have a very sinister significance. Here again, then, we have a doctrine which may be honestly upheld or justly combated, according to the sense in which it is understood.

(3.) *It is not reasonable or right even to seek to regard all men as "our brothers."*

That, in a certain very wide sense, "all men are brothers," could not be denied by any consistent evolutionist. That, in another sense, "all men are brothers," must be maintained by every Christian—nay, even by every Theist. It is also manifestly most expedient that the value of brotherly kindness should be everywhere recognized, and that the most public and energetic testimony should be borne to its exceeding worth. Now the principle above quoted does at first sight seem to conflict with these assertions, and it certainly has an ugly and repulsive look. Nevertheless it is but the frank expression of a common-sense truth. It is certainly our nearest blood-relations who ordinarily have the highest claims on our good offices. Our own family, parish, and country really have preferential claims on our sympathies, and a man may legitimately care far more for his own nation than for any other country. Not, of course, that he may ever deliberately do evil to those who have less claims on him, for the benefit of those who have greater claims on him; but no one can justly blame him for more strenuously exerting himself in favour of those most nearly related to him. It is only out of the natural and instinctive love of family, home, country, and nation, that can be developed a healthy and practical love for all men, as opposed to a sickly sentimentality, leading

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\* See in vol. v. of the *Nineteenth Century* (1879), p. 690, a Paper entitled "The Government of Life."

to a neglect of home duties without increased beneficent action in a wider sphere. The man who declares himself to be a "citizen of the world," and scorns the narrow claims of simple natural ties, is generally a blatant egotist, whose real "world" is embraced within the circumference of his own waistcoat.

The above-cited principle, then, need in no way conflict, either with true charity\* or the most liberal philanthropy, since, in fact, it merely affirms that due order should reign in our affections, and in those actions to which such affections may give rise. It may be admitted, however, that it is a principle very easily abused, and one which ought not to be put forward without an explanation of the precise sense in which it is used; and according to that sense it may be accepted or indignantly rejected.

(4.) *Political changes not indispensable, and clearly seen to be free from bad consequences, should be avoided.*

This principle, though so strong an expression of apparently rigid Conservatism, is one which might be accepted, and could hardly be gainsaid by any party amongst us, save, perhaps, by some extreme Radicals. No rational man, however much he may declare himself a "Liberal," professes to desire change for the mere sake of change. What could be more irrational than to suffer the waste of energy necessarily involved in political change, without good prospect of a corresponding gain? On the other hand, every rational man, however "Conservative," would consider as "indispensable" any change which he regarded as one clearly, certainly and immediately desirable for the welfare of the community.

The real meaning of the principle seems to be, that great care should be taken, before making any immediately beneficial change, to ascertain as far as possible its secondary and more remote consequences. It is certainly true that in a civilized community, so highly complex in its organization as is our own, the conditions of human life are so complicated that it is impossible to foresee all, or nearly all, the secondary or more remote consequences which will ensue from any change effected in it. Let some change be made well calculated to effect some immediate good effects, and let those good effects really ensue; nevertheless, from the impulse thus given, other effects will radiate, as it were, on every side, the remote consequences of which have, as far as possible, to be foreseen and calculated. When we consider, then, the impossibility of fully and accurately predicting even nearly all such indirect results, it may well be said that change in any system

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\* Using the word in its Catholic sense—unhappily discarded by the Revisers of the New Testament.

which works fairly well, is only really "justifiable" when it becomes "indispensable." But here everything depends on the precise meaning given to the word "indispensable." No rational man of any party would advocate a change immediately beneficial, if its remoter consequences were clearly seen by him to involve preponderating disadvantages. Differences which exist between men in this matter are far more practical than theoretical. Such differences must always exist, owing to the great diversities of temperament which there is among different men. All that this formidable-looking principle need really mean is, that we ought very carefully to consider the possible *indirect* results of any proposed change before carrying it into effect.

(5.) *A community consisting of equal units is not a nation but a horde: a "nation" consists of an orderly conjunction of classes, diverse in their importance and attributes.*

It has been before pointed out\* that every civilized community is constituted "a State" by the fact that the individuals composing it exist in a definite combination of mutual relations, having different kinds of social relations one to another and each to the whole.

But the laws of the great process of Evolution make it certain that class distinctions must go on multiplying as time goes on, and our social organization become an increasingly divided one. The whole process of social evolution—as of all biological evolution—is carried on, as everybody knows, by means of a further and further subdivision of the field of labour. Moreover, in this evolutionary process—as in the whole biological evolutionary process—the principle of "heredity" must be an important factor. It is only a very superficial survey of French society which can give rise to the notion that social distinctions have been more destroyed than transformed by the great and successful *Jacquerie* of 1789. The corporate bodies recognized by the *ancien regime* have, of course, largely disappeared. Nevertheless, in spite of the French passion for revolutionary equality, other class distinctions have arisen and multiplied, in the place of the older ones which exist no longer. There are new groups of cultivators and artisans, new sets of manufacturers, new agents of exchange and distribution, new literary and scientific bodies—to say nothing of Positivists, and other agglomerations of men held together by special philosophical or political doctrines; while the three professions, law, physic, and divinity, together with an ancient noblesse, continue on persistently. There has, in fact, taken place a great change as to the *modes* of a complex social organization, not as to the *fact* of its complexity. How far

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\* In "The Meaning of Life," *Nineteenth Century*, vol. v. (1879), p. 488.

the change has been one of elevation and true progress, and how far one of degradation, and what were the reasons which determined the precise transformation that did take place, are very interesting questions, admitting of much discussion, but which cannot be entered upon here. The three great bodies which govern France now—the actually existing “three Estates”—are (1) the peasants, (2) the artisans of the cities, and (3) the bourgeoisie. All real power is with them. Yet for all that, the noblesse (though deprived of every privilege and every precedence, and not even able to maintain family property by testamentary dispositions or settlements) is highly esteemed even by “advanced” French Liberals\* as a school of refinement, courtesy, and elegance, and as a living embodiment of the noblest ancient national traditions—traditions their fidelity to which they largely proved in 1870, when the young Legitimist nobility stood out as the most eminent of all Frenchmen for courage and fortitude.

If it is true that even in France under the Republic, social classification remains highly complex, and (unless social decay takes place) must become more complex, it seems evident that the above-cited fifth principle, instead of being a party sophism, is little more than a truism. Only the rudest hordes of savages are without class distinctions; and *pari passu* with their advance in civilization must class distinctions arise amongst them. But it by no means follows, because “evolution” will give rise to new classes, and because “heredity” is a true factor the value of which is to be distinctly admitted, that this principle implies that existing *modes* of classification must persist unchanged, or that the conduct of classes towards one another should not be modified. The most unbending of existing Tories would hardly affirm that serfdom should never have been abolished; and the most Conservative Lord Chancellor does not probably regret that mitred abbots do not constitute an important minority in the House of Peers.

The veneration for certain classes, which has happily so long existed amongst ourselves that it has become rooted in the English character, has one great practical good effect. It is of the greatest service as a counterpoise to the pressure on public opinion so readily effected by the copious and eloquent declarations of popular orators.

If there is one thing certain in sociology, it is the extreme facility with which men are cheated by rhetorical phrases calculated to excite their passions. The blinding effect of the emotions on the judgment is proverbial; but what is the whole

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\* See *La Nouvelle Revue* for Feb. 1880: “La Composition de la Société Française,” by E. Littré.

aim of the art of rhetoric, but to bias the judgment by arousing emotional excitement? Men who desire to be governed by *reason* and not by *feeling*, may well regard rhetoricians as far more deserving of banishment than poets from any well-ordered community. Indeed, if we would be altogether rational, it might be desirable that our Parliamentary speeches should, before delivery, be submitted to a critical tribunal charged with the task of eliminating from them their rhetoric, and reducing the arguments contained in them to due logical form. But even this precaution would not altogether secure our judgment against the impulses of our lower nature, unless a public officer were charged to read such speeches. For there is a subtle magic in the mere melody and timbre of some human voices, which has an almost incredible power of charming an auditory. Only thus can we account for the effects of certain historical speeches which are tame enough to read; and thus also can we account for much of the moving power of more than one very eminent orator now living.

(6.) *On the preceding principle, it is evident that the government of a nation should not repose on a mere numerical majority, but should be a government by Estates.*

This enunciation has certainly a most reactionary look, and seems opposed to those individual rights before advocated as necessarily resulting from a correct appreciation of the meaning and end of human life. Yet it is not, in fact, opposed to them, but is the expression of a principle which no rational man of any party can venture altogether to contradict; although it must be confessed that our Liberal legislators since 1832 seem, at first sight, committed to its contradiction.

For what even "advanced" English Liberal would give political rights to every Australian savage equally as to every white inhabitant of Australia? Who would consent thus to count heads, without looking to their colour or internal condition? Even for England, "universal suffrage" has at present but few advocates, yet in the absence of such suffrage the whole *principle* of Government by *numbers* is practically denied, and the right of Government by *classes* is affirmed. As a fact, the old system of "government by Estates" does still exist in this country, and land, trade, church, nobility, law, the army, and the lower classes, are all more or less represented in it. There is, no doubt, much difference of opinion as to *what* interests, *what* Estates, should be recognized, and *what* amount of power should be conceded to each. If certain men honestly advocate a more widely extended suffrage than exists, it is because they believe that the *class* they would by such extension favour has merits which demand such favour, and just claims which can only be so secured. There is, in

fact, abundant material for diversities in practical judgments, even in the absence of any really fundamental divergence as to principles.

But the most generous-minded man, not only well disposed but anxious to extend political power and influence as widely as possible, must (if he will look facts in the face) admit the truth contained in the principle above quoted. For it is undeniable that the mass of the people is still very ignorant, and very easily swayed by a blind fanaticism of one kind or another. It has also been proved that the grossest corruption exists in many districts; and the triviality and absurdity of the motives which have, in multitudes of instances, influenced the honest votes of the less educated, is notorious. Government by the masses as they exist would evidently be the government of ignorance and passion, directed by those skilled in influencing the passions of the masses by taking advantage of their ignorance. It is manifest that only by a government of Estates can the knowledge and culture of a nation exercise their due influence, and guide it to a wise end. *Ne plurimum valeant plurimi*. By the term "people," should not be understood\* the mass of manual labourers of town or country, but the whole community. In fact, government by numbers is really government by a single class, and that the one immeasurably the least qualified to govern. Mr. Wallace admits† the inability of men of that class to do more than "follow my leader;" but because they can feel "where the shoe pinches," he thinks them able wisely to choose their leaders, and compares a working politician to a working shoemaker. The comparison is apt. Political cobblers, such as those who make New York "rings," or those idealized in Rabagas, will be their natural leaders. Such government means the ostracism of wisdom, knowledge, culture, refinement—of all those qualities in fact which really deserve the esteem of mankind—in favour of a glib tongue, a winning tone, and a quick wit.

But even if the labouring classes were able wisely to choose the leaders best fitted to promote their physical welfare, that is after all a minor matter. As before observed,‡ "the one important thing, the only really important thing, is that the ethical spirit of a community should be good." To largely augment material

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\* It must be admitted that if the word "people" is apt to be used by democrats in too restricted a sense, the fault is less with them than with the aristocrats of former centuries. The word "people" was used in this restricted sense in the States General which were convoked by Louis XI. and by Charles VIII.; nor would the nobility or clergy of that time have consented to be classed as two sections of "the people."

† *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1881, p. 312.

‡ In "The Government of Life."

well-being is excellent, but to do so at the expense of starving high principles, noble sympathies, and generous feelings, is no gain. A thriving community of peasants, artisans, and shopkeepers, who work little and gain much, is so far admirable; but such a community may be very debased intellectually, and may be selfish, envious, grovelling, sensual, and utterly devoid of the highest and noblest aspirations of mankind. A population much less endowed with material well-being, but of a higher, ethical tone, is a spectacle far more admirable. Such a population would be one imbued with that lofty philosophy and noble ideal which Christianity can infuse into even the unlettered—a population endowed with an unenvying admiration for superiority of all kinds, and with an existence enriched and idealized by respect for a traditional past, which it desires to hand down unimpaired to a distant future.

But, however much we may regret to be forced to make the admission, the admission must be made, that too many Liberals belie by their deeds the boasts and promises they verbally make. Mr. Wallace and others speak strongly of “trust in the people;” but his friends will not “trust them” even to *bring up their own children*, but have introduced compulsory measures in the matter of schooling. Englishmen of his way of thinking are quite willing thus far to persecute the poor. French radicals go a step further, and persecute the rich also, not allowing them to educate their children as they like in their own country at their own expense! Certainly no greater falsehood has ever been uttered than that which affirms that “liberty” and “trust in the people” are to be expected from men of this school. Their system means, on the very contrary, the extreme of distrust, the maximum of compulsion, the most utter denial of freedom. We see this tyrannical tendency in the measures advocated by socialists; measures which would destroy all freedom of labour, and would even deprive men and women of freedom to marry—a restriction which some scientific English speculators have also advocated. We see the same tendency in the actual government of France; and we see it also in our English Radical party, which, beginning with regulating for others their education, tends to end by regulating for every man what he shall eat, drink, and avoid; what he shall think; how much he shall work; and would finally reduce us to a community of conscious automata, in the name of *liberty*. This system really means increased State action, increased centralization, a larger and larger population of small office-holders fed by a credulous public. And this, forsooth, is the time when some madmen would do away with our “House of Lords!”

It is a question whether, in the existing state of the nation, if one of our Houses of Parliament must be abolished, we could not better

spare the "House of Commons!" A government by the House of Lords alone, would be (and for this generation at least would continue to be) a government of which England might be proud—one which, while protecting the poor, and respecting knowledge and culture, would effectually maintain our existing liberties against the assaults of would-be Radical tyrants.

No one, of course, would seriously advocate a thing so remote from the region of "practical politics;" but it seems highly practical, at this juncture, to remind one's fellow-citizens that our House of Lords is our one political institution which, when once destroyed, would be the most difficult to restore. It is essentially and peculiarly English, distinguishing us from all other nations, whose feeble and transient "Senates" are poor dependent makeshifts for what may be said to be the very heart and centre of our social organization.

But if Conservative doctrines are thus reasonable, can we not go so far as to affirm that all Catholics are absolutely bound to give their votes to the Conservative party? Must they not all be what the Church has been asserted to be—"essentially Conservative?"

It may well, however, be asked in reply, "Conservative of what? We are all "Conservatives" of *something*."

Was the Church "Conservative" in the past, when she supplanted Paganism, destroyed the images of the "immortal gods," cut down the sacred groves, and scattered the colleges of priests? Were they not true Conservatives at Ephesus who acclaimed the great Diana? and were not their recorded forebodings justified by the event? Should the Christian Church become the religion of China, would its action be Conservative at present? Would it not produce the profoundest modification, not only in worship and the rank and wealth of those connected therewith, but in the very spirit and constitution of the whole Chinese commonwealth?

To say that such a radical process of change is "Conservatism," because of any good thereby effected, is either nonsense or a disingenuous use of language. As well might those amongst us who propose to do away with the Established Church, the House of Lords, and private property in land, call themselves "Conservatives." The question returns then as to "what is to be conserved," when we are told that we ought to be "Conservatives?"

But even when it has been clearly stated what are the precise conditions which it is proposed either to modify or preserve, we must, in order to come to a rational judgment about it, have not only a sound and clear political ideal, but also a reasonable and practical view as to the steps best calculated to attain

it. There is much truth in the old saying, that "the apparently longest way about is often the really shortest road."

But what is and must be the best form of government? Evidently that in which those bear sway who by their knowledge, vigour, and good will, are the best calculated to rule: not an imperial tyrant; not an insolent and luxurious aristocracy; not a corrupt ecclesiastical hierarchy; not an uncultured grovelling bourgeoisie; not a mob of gross, ignorant, and brutal "sans-culottes."

Different past political conditions have had their different merits. In one age and country one portion of the community has been most fitted to command, in another age and country a different portion has been so fitted. In the same nation, that section of the body politic which is most fitted to reign in one century, may (by corruption, or relative retrogression through non-advance) be far from the most fit to govern in a succeeding century. Absolute Conservatism then *must* be now an evil, now a gain. The event has often shown that would-be Conservatives have been the real promoters of change, and that would-be Radicals have practically exercised a Conservative influence. What Conservative does not now regret that unwise delay in concession which led to the adoption of the numerical principle in the Reform Bill of 1832? How Conservative in England was not the effect of the Terrorists of France? How many Liberals in France have regretted their hasty overthrow of the monarchy of Louis Philippe?

But very many Catholics will, with truth, assert that a noble and true political ideal was, for a short time, as nearly as possible attained during the Middle Ages. It is certainly a period the contemplation of which is full of charm; but even supposing it to have been as good and admirable as its most enthusiastic admirers would affirm, was it a condition of things which can be approximated to by any direct system of approach? No one in England, out of Bedlam, can be so mad as to dream of bringing back the social conditions of that or any other bygone time. The "principles" and "ideals" which underlay those conditions may be advocated and propagated, but really successful reaction is a thing essentially impossible.

The paths of the planets round the sun are fit symbols of stability, yet (as the whole solar system itself progresses) no planet ever again pursues a path which it has once traversed. In the actions of the physical forces we meet with a constant succession of unceasing changes, and in the world of organic life change is yet more manifestly a condition of existence. The evolution of each individual organism is a process of inevitable advance, with no possibility of retrogression. In the great pro-

cess of specific evolution, no form of life which has once passed away ever reappears. When we consider the excessive complexity of any social organism such as is ours, a true political resurrection will be seen to be manifestly impossible *à priori*. It may also be seen to be impossible *à posteriori*, as far as that method of proof is able to show impossibility at all. For what single instance of a really successful and complete social resurrection has the history of mankind ever exhibited? How different was the monarchy and the social state of the so-called "Restoration" from that of England before the Civil War? How utterly unlike was the "restored" French monarchy from that which witnessed the last assemblage of the States-General!

But though real "restoration" is an impossibility, experience shows us, by the examples of China and Ancient Egypt, that very prolonged "continuance" is quite a possible phenomenon. Moreover, it must be confessed that since the permanence of a community is a thing generally desired, we have in such examples a strong argument against political change. For if of all known states Egypt and China have been the most permanent, they have also been very incarnations of conservatism—states wherein life was hedged round on every side by what were deemed salutary restrictions against innovation. But even in Europe we have examples of the same coincidence, and the majestic stability of Venice may be contrasted with the ephemeral brilliancy of Florence, with its fatal "trust in the people." Nor would it be easy to bring convincing evidence to show that art, science, and virtue could be less easily cultivated, or that the mass of the citizens were more exposed to calamities, or less happy, under the Signory of Venice than in the city of the Medici!

Great stability is therefore compatible with a relatively complex and advanced civilization. But it is also compatible with the lowest and most degraded social conditions, as the secular permanence of many savage races makes abundantly clear. Social transformations are produced either by changes in the surrounding conditions of a community, which compel it to effect corresponding internal changes at the peril of its existence, or else by the evolution of new desires and aspirations amongst its own members. In the absence of external danger and with a tolerably satisfying attainment of widely diffused aspirations, there seems no reason why a State should not continue almost unchanged for an indefinitely prolonged period. But, evidently, the higher the aspirations the more difficult must they be of attainment, and the greater the social unrest caused by the imperfections of the individuals charged with carrying such aspirations into effect.

Now the highest aspirations the world has known have been

introduced and diffused by Christianity, and the advance of Christianity has been accompanied by extreme political transformation. Had the ideals introduced by it been proximately attained, social stability might have been the result. Instead of that we have had an increasing succession of conflicts, owing to the constantly recurring divergence between the ideal proclaimed and the deeds of the men accepting it. Conservatism has too often been rendered impossible through the demerits of the successively governing classes.

Had the mediæval ideal been realized; had the clergy (self-denying examples of virtue) been ever ready to defend the lowly; had the sovereign (an ideal layman) respected the various traditional rights of his subjects; had the nobility and magistrates (true leaders of the people towards all that was lofty) been free from feelings of contempt for those who on this life's stage had temporarily to play inferior parts, these conflicts would have been avoided, and instead of revolutionary transformations, a peaceful process of orderly evolution and growing culture would have been possible.

But can we Catholics venture to affirm that the existing irreligious condition of Europe is not largely due to the faults of Catholics? More than the relaxations and corruptions of this or that religious house—more than the degradation here and there of the lower secular clergy, the worldliness and the vices of not a few bishops have been sadly fatal in their consequences. But for their misdeeds, the brutal Tudor could not easily, if at all, have separated England from Christian Unity. But the bishops themselves would have been less willing and less able to betray their trusts but for the faults of some of our Supreme Pontiffs. The habit of the Roman Curia, of regarding England, with its rich benefices, as a convenient pasture for Italian pluralists, had produced a wide-spread anti-Papal sentiment in the country long before the advent of the Deformation. And the sentiment of discontent was doubtless intensified by the personal corruption of a few of the Popes and the nepotism and worldliness of others. The most devout believers in the Infallibility of the Holy See need not for a moment hesitate to affirm that the errors of Popes have now and again been the greatest misfortunes with which Christianity has had to contend.

But a far greater moral suicide has been committed by Christian kings! How many good kings live in the pages of history? Alternately the oppressors of the nobility, the clergy, and the commons, there is no single king of France since St. Lewis who has really merited the nation's esteem, unless, perhaps, the sixteenth Lewis. The exceptional continuity of our political evolution and our fidelity to Christian principles have

happily rendered the characters of our sovereigns a question of lesser import ; but, before the commencement of the present reign, how far should we not have to go back to find a really satisfactory head of the State? There has hardly been one since Edward I.

The nobility of England have generally been sympathetic with the lower classes, and have justly earned their most exceptional distinction of uninterrupted national esteem. Yet not a few even of them participated in that robbery of the patrimony of the poor—the confiscation of the property of the religious houses ; and not only that, they also wrung from the sweat of the peasantry those tithes which had before been paid for services performed—services put an end to by the very robbery which had enriched them. With them rests the responsibility of the rupture of Christian unity in England ; and, in spite of all their array of good deeds and invaluable services to the community, it cannot be denied that they have again and again opposed wise and beneficial reforms, and sought and obtained unmerited pensions. It is most true that man does not live by bread alone, and that the material goods are the lowest and least to be desired. Nevertheless, man cannot live *without* bread, and the material needs of the many have every now and then been culpably disregarded by the noble and wealthy, as well as by the wealthy who were not noble.

It is in France, however, that we must look for exhibitions of that essentially anti-Christian spirit which has been the most fatal to the conservation of aristocratic power. In 1614 the French nobility of the then assembled States-General were greatly offended by a certain Savaron, a member of the *tiers état* (from Auvergne), who dared to complain of 5,660,000 livres being spent in pensions. This offence was aggravated by an apology for it made by another member of the Third Estate, the terms of which apology were complained of by the nobility in an address to the King. They said : “ We are ashamed, Sire, to tell you the expressions which have offended us. These men of the Third Estate, forgetting their true condition and their duty, dare to compare themselves with us. They compare your Majesty’s kingdom to a family composed of three sons, the eldest of which is the clergy, the second the nobility, and the third the commons. What a miserable condition should we have fallen into if this should be true. What ! Is it to be said that so many well-earned hereditary dignities, instead of elevating the nobility, have so degraded it as to unite it to the lower classes (*le vulgaire*) by the closest bond which exists amongst men, that of *fraternity* ? Give judgment, Sire : and, by a declaration full of justice, put them in their place, and make them recognize who we are, and the difference which there is between them and us.”

But the nobility of the Robe, no less than that of the Sword, did much to merit its doom. For centuries it sought to subject the Church to the tyranny of the King. Its whole spirit, in France, was essentially anti-Christian from the time of Philip the Fair; and its character in France was but a well-marked example of its character generally in Europe.

In the face of the natural prejudices and hostility which such a state of things has rendered traditional, what can be more Utopian than the wish of some good souls amongst us to directly restore certain portions of a state of things which has thus destroyed itself? Granting that this ideal is a just and true one, that ideal can only now be successfully approximated to by so furthering and directing the process of social evolution which is going on amongst us as to develop a new political condition, informed by the old spirit. In such a condition all the different orders of intellectual and moral worth which actually exist amongst us should have their due influence in legislation and in government. Thus might be obtained a new and better form of what was crudely attempted, and very imperfectly realized, even in the best days of the mediæval period. Such a work may well be the noble aim of the most generous of Conservatives, and of the most prudent of Liberals. For true and rational "Conservatism" should, if there is truth in this view, direct all its efforts to averting the evil of a further development of the principle of government by numbers; and in this task it must sooner or later be aided by enlightened Liberals, who cannot honestly refuse to co-operate when it is clearly seen that the object aimed at is no conservation of abuses or restoration of effete barbarisms, but a true process of rational development.

But if such a result may spring from the further carrying onward of social evolution, it is evident that the élite of the Conservative and Liberal parties cannot be really so fundamentally opposed as ardent partisans on either side would represent to be the case.

We have before seen that there are unquestionable truths and just aspirations (as well as lies, and mad, envious, and wicked dreams) embodied even in the motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity;" and that undeniable truths and maxims of just prudence (as well as arrogant and uncharitable sentiments) may underlie the most unequivocally Conservative principles. It may be that by the simultaneous affirmation of these seemingly discordant views we may obtain the correction of opposing errors, and reach a true concord—a harmony to be attained in the only way in which seemingly discordant views, each containing truths, can be harmonized, namely, by accepting the affirmations and eliminating the negations of each.

As to the democratic motto above quoted, it must be admitted that it was by a true instinct that the three words were united to denote a joint ideal; for the qualities they denote mutually conflict, and so serve to correct the one the other. Where "liberty" exists, "equality" can never be carried to an extreme. Where true equality exists, the liberties of minorities are secure; while real "fraternity" gives additional security to liberty and removes the dangers of an undue equality. There is much need in France, of increased real liberty, to correct the evils of an exaggerated sentiment in favour of equality. When we consider the squalid and abject poverty which exists in our midst, and the extreme differences in fortune which full liberty renders possible in England, it can hardly be denied but that an increased diffusion of material welfare and social harmony is with us an urgent need. The principles which underlie much of the Conservatism and Liberalism which exist amongst us, are really the same principles differently regarded. How else would it be possible to explain the potent fact that so many estimable and enlightened men and good Catholics are to be found amongst each party?

The fact is that the conditions of human life are so extremely complex, and the bearings of fundamental political principles upon each political question are so manifold, that the vast majority of each party is actuated by right and just aims, while it may be led into very serious practical error. The two parties may be compared to men seeking to separate the roots of two trees which have grown into the most complex entanglements, and one of which it is desired not to lacerate. There is continual risk of damage by mistaking the true derivation of every coil which it is sought to disentangle. Many, perhaps most, Conservatives and Liberals are men who are zealous for one or other of two sets of complementary verities which, united, form one harmonious whole.

Our own civil war is an excellent example of this truth. Who can be so blind as to deny to a large section of the Royalists a sincere zeal for God in their support of the Anglican Church; a generous devotion to legitimate order, as they understood it, in the aid they gave their king; an honest desire to preserve their country from ignorant fanaticism, and a love for much that was really noble and good in the past history of their country in its hereditary monarchy? Who also can deny to a large section of the Puritans a true zeal for God in their hatred of Erastianism, and great reverence for "His Word;" a generous devotion to legitimate order, as they understood it, in their opposition to arbitrary government; an honest desire to preserve their country from what they deemed baneful superstition; and a love for the

conservation of what was really noble and good in the past history of their country—namely, the preservation of parliament as opposed to the recently overgrown monarchy?

The divergence between our two great political parties, and between their representatives all the world over, is partly due to an inevitable incompleteness of perception of the whole sphere of ethical truth, and partly to (also inevitable) differences of practical judgment as to the modes in which the same fundamental principles may best be carried out.

But, it may be asked, is it possible that the passionate opposition which we see to exist between extreme parties on the Continent can have no deeper source than a simple misunderstanding? Is there no such thing as a real antagonism of first principles? Most unquestionably there is; and this speculative divergence has had, and will have, the most portentous practical consequences. The feelings of men are most closely connected with their beliefs. A mere irrational sentiment may for a time survive the destruction of that intellectual conception upon which it reposed; but men, in spite of their many follies, are, after all, far too reasonable to go on continually wasting treasures of emotion over what are clearly seen and acknowledged to be nonentities. The feelings, and, therefore, the actions of men, must be, as history shows us they have been, profoundly modified by their beliefs concerning the fundamental nature of the world wherein they exist—their beliefs, that is, concerning their own essential nature, the nature of that material universe of which they form a part, and the nature of its Cause. There are two utterly divergent and fundamentally different views as to these matters.

I. According to one view, man is an exception in the physical universe known to us, in that he alone has moral perceptions and a true power of will—a dignity which carries with it certain inalienable rights; and he inhabits a world which is governed by rational laws, and is the work of an Infinite and All Holy Being.

II. According to the other view, there is no God, the world is an accident, and man a beast.

Those who accept the latter view\* have no logical ground for the assertion of any absolute "rights of man," as opposed to

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\* An attempt is made by agnostics to disclaim the unpopular name of atheist, which is most truly theirs; for agnostics who do not deny God, at least say positively that they know of none, and they are therefore literally and strictly A-theist, *i.e.*, without God. They are also *practical* atheists, for they tell us we should act without any regard to a God, who, if he exists, is unknowable. The practical creed of agnosticism, no less than of dogmatic atheism, is correctly summarized in the statement in the text.

the will of the strongest. Their only possible law is that of brute force. However they may temporarily assume the appearance of benevolent patriots, and may be really actuated by kindly feelings, they are, and must be on principle, essentially tyrants, and assertors of a tyranny against which there is no appeal but revolt. Despotism and revolution (in other words, alternating phases of despotism) are their inevitable outcome.

Those who accept the former view, have, as has been before shown,\* an unassailable ground for the maintenance of each man's individual rights, and conscience must be the avowed foundation of their laws. However they may here and there appear to be tyrannical, or may really be false to their own principles, nevertheless they can never erect tyranny into a system against which there is no appeal. Peaceful changes and orderly modifications brought about by appeals to reason and conscience, are the natural outcome of such principles.

The above is that profound difference as to first principles which really underlies and intensifies certain political animosities in the present day, giving vigour, passion, and depth to their struggles.

We shall not, however, after what has been already stated, be suspected of entertaining the childish notion that the two great parties of Conservatives and Liberals are respectively identified with these two conflicting schools of thought. Our whole contention has gone to show the very reverse, we being moved thereto by a strong impression as to the waste of effort which is continually occasioned by the struggles of merely fancied opponents. Everyone upon whom this impression grows must increasingly prefer "explanation" to "controversy," believing the former to be fruitful of concord, while the latter too often but tends to arouse angry feelings.

There are, of course, opponents whom no "explanations" can reconcile; but this does not make explanation less useful; for by it we find out either that opponents differ as to first principles, so that all further efforts at conciliation may be put aside as useless, or else that they are really friends who have met in the dark, and mistaken each other for enemies.

Though Conservatism is ostensibly the party which favours religion, it would not be difficult to make out a strong case against it as faithless to its avowed piety. Radicalism has been affirmed† to be "envy reduced to a system, and made the foundation of all politics;" but some Conservatism may as plausibly be affirmed to be but the expression of extreme selfishness,

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\* "The Meaning of Life," p. 12.

† *Nineteenth Century*, for March, 1881, p. 431.

vanity, and pride—to be “uncharitableness reduced to a system, and made the foundation of all politics.” But an aristocracy of trade, as in Venice, has exhibited these vices at least as much as one based upon land; nor have we any just grounds for supposing that one based on learning and science would not, when once fully established, yield to the same sinister influences—indeed its intolerant tendencies are already but too plainly manifest. Christians are oppressed and persecuted in democratic France and Switzerland, but Conservative Prussia and Russia have lately been yet more guilty in this respect. Mr. R. Wallace admits\* “that ideal grievances may be often as prolific of pain as material ones. To many (he says) liberty is only second to food, and a needless inequality as vexing as an excessive tax.” Surely, then, the freedom of religion, and especially the freedom of parents to give a Christian education to their children, is also a need “only second to food;” and outrage of the religious sentiment in the dispersal of beloved religious communities is worse than an excessive tax. The grossest tyranny and most flagrant violation of the elementary “rights of man” has been just perpetrated by French Radicals, but tyranny no less flagrant has been perpetrated by Autocratic Governments. The execrable dastardly murder of the well-meaning and much to be pitied Czar, Alexander II., has very properly led to reiterated assertions of the undoubted benefits bestowed by him on his people; but it is none the less true that Catholics have under him suffered persecution such as no Western Republic is likely in our days to inflict. Moreover, that hostility to religion which now exists in France has not, it must be admitted, been altogether unprovoked by certain Catholics. It would be as unreasonable as uncharitable to suppose that very large masses of men are led simply by evil desires. They are impelled, for the most part, by good instincts; they desire beneficence and justice, and they have unhappily come to think that to these the Christian Church is necessarily opposed. In 1848 the Republicans were *not* at all manifestly hostile to religion. In the midst of the insurrectionary tumult of February the Blessed Sacrament is said to have been respectfully carried from the chapel of the Tuileries to the church of St. Roch; a friar, Lacordaire, was elected a deputy; and a freedom was given to the Church such as it had not known since the time of St. Lewis. Freedom of education, also, was soon in great part gained. But the *coup d'état* ensued; then the new chief of the State sought to identify, and succeeded in identifying, his power with religion in the eyes of the multitude. Plain men were scandalized to see such a violation of oaths, such reckless bloodshed, and such

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\* *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1881, p. 314.

trampling on public rights, condoned, and even applauded, by persons too much regarded as representatives of the Catholic cause. Some of the bishops cannot be freed from blame in this respect; but conspicuous above all French Catholics was the late M. Louis Veuillot—in spite of his very estimable character, his praiseworthy zeal for all that which he deemed most serviceable to the Church, and the unquestionable purity of his intention. In 1848 his paper, *L'Univers*, had adhered to the strongest democratic views, but after the *coup d'état* it vigorously supported despotism, and ridiculed constitutional principles. Its influence has unhappily been immense, and probably very prejudicial to the popularity of the Church in France.

This much must be admitted in palliation of the errors of the many Frenchmen who blindly support the men who now actually govern France. Much has been done by imprudent Christians to identify Catholicity with an immoral despotism, and Church influence with oppression and injustice. But this mistake will not long continue. Already, under the beneficent reign of the philosophic Leo XIII., in France (as also in Germany, Italy, and Spain) we see again beginning that coalescence of Catholicity with the struggle for freedom which was so happily begun under Louis Philippe. Now we find even Legitimists demanding so-called "Liberal" measures—such as freedom for parents to educate their children, freedom of worship, freedom of association. On the other hand, we see rapidly progressing that coalescence of Atheism with intolerant repression which its principles necessarily produce. We find Atheists crying out for, or making use of, the repressive so-called "Conservative" measures of the corrupt old Monarchy, and denying freedom of education, of worship, and of association.

This is what might be expected, for Atheists are, and must be, essentially repressive, since they have no valid ground for trusting in human nature and in a necessarily beneficent outcome of a Divinely instituted process of evolution. Churchmen, on the other hand, are, and must be, essentially trustful, since they hold that man has been created by an all-holy God, who has ordained the course and outcome of political development. Freedom results naturally from Theism, as tyranny is the logical consequence of Atheism. We are now spectators, and, in our various degrees, necessarily actors, in a great and critical process of sorting and sifting, which has been long going on, and been the cause of much painful destruction and much hopeful renewal. It is the Catholic's plain duty to assist this sorting process—a process which is continually showing us more and more plainly that many men, who really differ in their most fundamental principles, are accidentally associated together, both in the "party of order" and

in the "party of progress." What is especially desirable is, that men should seek to eliminate from the party of order that spirit of selfishness and injustice which makes so many good men to be its foes, and that Liberals should try to eliminate from the party of progress that spirit of irreligion and envy which causes such numbers of the best of mankind to oppose it indiscriminately.

Now let us look a little more closely at the two great parties of Liberals and Conservatives : what are they ?

Men may roughly be grouped into two classes, according as they are either very strongly inclined to the repetition of habitual acts or are easily led to change their accustomed modes of action when exposed to new surrounding conditions.

Men also notoriously differ in temperament, some being inclined to a sanguine anticipation of the future, some to an affectionate contemplation of the past ; some are by nature trustful—it may be, rash ; others are suspicious—or it may be, prudent ; some are so charitable and sympathetic as to be comparatively indifferent to their own private interests, others are profoundly selfish ; some are dominated by the passion of envy, others by that of pride ; some have naturally a strong religious sentiment, which in others is feeble or absent. Now, as like attracts like, two sets of men tend necessarily to come into existence and persist—one embodying the inclination for habitual or conservative action, the other the inclination for change ; and these two bodies infallibly gather round them a multitude of men, attracted by other accessory and unessential attributes which either body may happen, here or there, at one time or another, to possess.

Thus multitudes of men are drawn to one or other of the great parties by the circumstances of their family history or family connections, by some form of social pressure, or by the prejudices of early training, by a base sentiment of pride or a baser sentiment of envy, by generous charity or humble reverence, by the acquisition or the loss of wealth, and by a variety of other influences, independently of their judgment as to which party is really more likely to benefit their country and mankind.

But it is a great mistake to conclude that because these two conflicting political bodies have so long existed amongst us, they have really that political permanence which is often affirmed of them, and which they superficially appear to have. Again and again the parties have really, though not avowedly or intentionally, changed sides, and the Liberal party has become Conservative, and the Conservative party has become Liberal. The Orangemen of to-day are strong Conservatives, yet they are the historical successors of the most "advanced Liberals" of former times. The existing French Government is "Radical," yet it

carefully not only conserves, but restores to efficiency, some of the most oppressive legislation of the old monarchy. According to widely accepted views the change of religion effected here in the sixteenth century was a "Liberal" movement, yet certainly it was not one effected by "trust in the people," but was deliberately forced upon a reluctant majority of Englishmen. Respect for the "rights of the people" was here on the side of the opposition, and their interest and property were sacrificed to monarchical tyranny and aristocratic corruption. The advocates of toleration under James II. were Conservatives, under George III. they were Liberals. The persistent opponents of our first Reform Bill were "Conservatives"—amongst that of our last were conspicuous "Liberals;" yet the practical action of the former was to favour "Radicalism"—that of the latter, "Conservatism." Supporters of the Established Church have been emphatically "Conservatives," yet amongst its assailants are now to be found the highest of Tories, and amongst its defenders the most advanced "Liberals." Similar changes have occurred as to manorial rights and other questions of land tenure. In fact, conflicting material interests become accidentally connected now with the one, now with the other, of the two parties; and the same must be said of ethical views and the first principles of all conduct before referred to. Meantime, wickedness, impiety, and tyrannical oppression have been practised by both, now by one, now by another; and men of the noblest aspirations have adhered, and actually adhere to, either, for, as it has been attempted here to show, each party embodies one aspect of truth. Thus the two parties called respectively "Conservative" and "Liberal" cannot completely embody, even on the Continent, conflicting first principles; otherwise we should not see those friendly overtures made, which have been and are made, to Liberal Continental Governments by the Head of the Church. *A fortiori*, in England there is no such conflict between our political parties. There does exist amongst us, nevertheless, a group of men who sympathize with the Atheists of the European continent, and who attempt to identify the Liberal party with ideas which result in State tyranny and the denial of the most primary and vital rights of all free men. But this group is quite ready to ally itself with a Conservative party of the future, and proclaims the most repressive doctrines.

What practical result may we draw, then, from all these considerations, as to what is the political duty of Catholics here and now?

Their duty is to vote according to their conviction as individual citizens, and not at all *as Catholics*. For in England there is not and cannot be a "Catholic party;" not on account of the smallness of our numbers, but on account of the just and even-handed

treatment which we receive from our fellow countrymen, and the glorious liberty which we enjoy as English citizens. The Supreme Pontiff has distinctly commended our political system and rejoiced at our religious freedom. England affords a noble example to the whole world; and wherever Catholics are as free and unoppressed as they are here, there neither is nor can be a Catholic party. The duty of all Churchmen, to whichever political party they belong, is to do their very best to purge that party of those anti-theistic and anti-social elements which exist amongst their political associates; and such elements exist amongst both Conservatives and Liberals. But let no Catholic, *as a Catholic*, presume to blame another for adhering to either party according to his political judgment. The wise practical exercise of that judgment is hardly less difficult than important, so involved are the issues of any political action. One Catholic may be impressed, as we are, with the importance of the House of Lords for sustaining our *liberties*. Another may think the Liberal party more likely to alleviate the burdens of the poor. Catholics may differ in such matters, as they may differ in their appreciation of Wagner, or the pre-Raphaelite school of painting. Just, then, as there are Catholic Wagnerites or pre-Raphaelites, so there may be Catholic Liberals and Conservatives, not as *Catholics* but as Englishmen, whose honest judgment leads them to regard one or the other party as best serving their nation. A greater injury can hardly be done at once to the nation and to religion than the attempt to create a religious political party, where such a party is not forced into existence (as in Belgium) by acts of oppression and incipient persecution. With the progress of political evolution, and as the diffusion of justice and a due regard for the inalienable rights of the individual citizen, reposing on ethics, extends itself over the world, there will be less and less need of a "Catholic party" anywhere—none in a nation religiously divided as we are, none in a nation where a vast majority (Catholic or non-Catholic) respects the just rights of small minorities,\* and none, of course, in a nation (if any such again should be) which is entirely Catholic. With the progress of evolution the distinctness of the spheres of just political and true religious activity will become more and more apparent, and therewith will cease one great cause of antagonism to the Christian Church; for history shows all the

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\* It is almost unknown to the general public, yet it is an indisputable fact, that through the much-decried Concordat effected between Austria and Pius IX. the religious liberties and self-government of the Protestant churches were secured in a way they *had never been secured before*. The Pope here practically showed himself as the scrupulous guardian of true religious freedom and the careful protector of the conscientious rights of religious dissidents.

great anti-Catholic movements to have been either political movements in their origin, or to have gained their main intensity from political antagonism. Such a system of even-handed justice the Church must indeed tend to "conserve," since it continually respects and enforces the very first principles of justice and charity. But in no other sense is the Church "essentially Conservative." It is attached to no political system, and it is in vain that extreme legitimists seek to identify it with monarchy. In a sense, indeed, the Church may be said to be "essentially Liberal," since, as continually putting before men the highest possible ideal, it infallibly tends to raise their mental nature and so produce true intellectual progress, which cannot exist without some corresponding external and visible changes. It should never be forgotten that it was one of the greatest of Catholic Englishmen who first proclaimed and demonstrated both the necessary existence, and the laws, of the great process of evolution, in his immortal work on the "Development of Christian Doctrine."

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

## ART II.—S. FRANCIS DE SALES, DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH.

### IV. HIS DOCTRINE (*concluded*): HIS FORM.

1. *Concessionis Tituli Doctoris*, &c. Romæ: 1877.
2. *Œuvres complètes de S. François de Sales*. Paris: Blaise, 1821. Vives, 1879. Migne, 1862.
3. *Vie de S. François de Sales*. Par M. HAMON. Paris: Lecoffre, 1875.
4. *Sur quelques Lettres de S. François de Sales*. SAINTE-BEUVE. *Causeries du Lundi*.

IN our January number we gave an outline of the moral system of S. Francis de Sales; and it is first in this system that we see him also as a teacher of dogma—of that dogma which forms the basis of morals. He gives the science, as well as the art, of holy living. He does not treat those fundamental ethics, which indeed belong rather to philosophy than to theology. And in his exposition of the virtues and vices he leaves ample room for others to fill in details. But he is the chief mouthpiece of the Church in that department of dogmatic theology which lays down the general working-plan of holiness, and which teaches the relations, as important as they are obscure, of moral dogmas with one another and with actual life. "He draws out," says the Bull of

Doctorate, "the highest principles of the science of the Saints, and so applies this science that it is evidently his distinguishing privilege to have applied it discreetly and sweetly to all conditions of the faithful." A glance at his historical position will illustrate this.

The most frequent and perhaps the most injurious accusation made against the Church by the so-called Reformers was, that she did not guide men to holiness, but made them slaves to herself—came between them and Christ, not as a medium but as a bar. They stigmatized her moral doctrines as un-Christian, her practices as deadly, or, at best, dead. They accused her of turning from living faith to mere works—from the heart and interior to "fond things foolishly invented," to exterior and legal ways. There were two systems or tendencies amongst those who had rebelled against the Church's authority, tendencies alike in principle yet opposite in results, which came to divide the whole sphere of "The Reform," both in religion and in politics—the Calvinist or rigid, and the Libertine or lax. The former went far beyond the Church in strictness of external rules of conduct; but these necessarily became merely formal and artificial, because their logical standing-ground had been cut away by the principle that faith alone was necessary to salvation, and the monstrous tenet of the essential and incurable depravity of human nature. The lax party found in the same doctrines a far more logical support for their theory of Christian liberty, a liberty which too readily degenerated into anti-Christian license. There were somewhat similar currents inside the Church, amongst those who were not entirely submissive to her spirit and authority. The one had its natural issue, later, in Jansenism; the other in Erastianism, using the word in a broad sense for the theory (perhaps we should rather say the practice) which puts the world above God.

Between these extremes the path of Christian morality runs straight and sure, and S. Francis was at this critical moment the chosen instrument of God to throw on it the light required. What S. Ignatius and his children were for the general doctrine of the Church, S. Theresa and S. John of the Cross for her highest mystic teaching, S. Charles for reformation of her clergy, this S. Francis was for pointing out and justifying her way of conducting souls to God. He showed what she taught, and proved it to be the true Gospel teaching. He exhibited, not as if then first discovered in the Word of God, but as the old and venerable teaching of all her Fathers and Doctors, the real nature of God, the reconciliation of justice and mercy in Him, the true doctrine on redemption and grace, the relations of grace and free will, the actual nature of morality and of the moral subject—above all, the essential fundamental principle that the Church herself is the true

and sole teacher of morals under the direction of the Spirit of Holiness. Similarly, he showed that her forms and ceremonies, though of course requiring an action of the subject to make them effective, were of themselves instinct with divine life, were the recognized channel of God's communications, and the acceptable exterior manifestation to which the interior operations of His grace necessarily tended. He showed that the chief of them were directly appointed and explicitly revealed by the divine Founder of the Church, as the shapes or forms in which His grace embodied itself; and that for the rest, the Church had authority to legislate in His name. Here again our Saint's work is not to invent, but to assert immemorial truth. He explains the Church's forms, shows their connexion with their life-giving source, and distinguishes them from the abuses which, in the lapse of ages, through misapprehension, carelessness, or familiarity, had partially obscured them.

But though he did not teach new things, still he taught in a new way, applying the old doctrines to actual needs, answering the current and specious objections of the day, bringing out those truths and recommending those practices most of all required: he gave a new vivification of moral truth, systematized it, recommended, insinuated, and enforced it.

Against the same attacks he vindicates also the Church's ruling authority, which, in its principle, is a matter of dogma. He grants, with S. Paul, that Christian love waits for no law, but rejoices to make a willing oblation of self into the arms of its God; yet from this must spring, naturally and organically, a moral practice more perfect than Calvinism could dare attempt to obtain. Law, however, is necessary, not only for evil-doers, but also to better assure the moral practice of the good, and to protect the weakness of human love. Those who only know the teachings of S. Francis for the devout and fervent, would be surprised to find how continually in general legislation he is on the strict instead of the easy side. While he denied the right of Calvin to impose laws, he did not disapprove the laws themselves, and invoked the legitimate authority of Christian Church and State for laws not dissimilar. It is extremely instructive to see the code which was established at his instance in the Chablais, after its conversion, *pour maintenir les personnes dans le devoir de bons Chrétiens*.\* Amongst other means for the maintenance of good morals was a tribunal answering to the Calvinist Consistory.†

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\* "Opuscules," p. 110.

† "There is among the Huguenots a Consistory, in which are corrected, reprehended, and (by words or some light sentence) punished, vices which the magistrates do not customarily chastise; as drunken-

His teaching has been thus contrasted with its opposing errors in order to show it to better effect, but for the most part it does not so appear in him. He does not spend time in pointing the opposition, but is occupied simply with exposing in its native beauty the doctrine of the Church.

We find embedded in his moral writings all that section of dogmatic theology which treats of the "Virtues and Vices," almost the whole treatise on "Grace,"\* very much on the Attributes of God and the Operations of Christ,—in a word, all that belongs to the theory of a perfect life. We find, in the next place, many points of more purely speculative theology, though ever introduced with a practical aim. "I have touched," (he says, in the Preface to the "Love of God") "a quantity of theological points, but without spirit of contention, proposing simply, not so much what I formerly learnt in disputations, as what attention to the service of souls, and the occupations of twenty-four years, have made me think most suitable to the glory of the gospel and of the Church." We find then, especially in the first four books of the "Love of God," and in some of the Sermons, a great part of the dogmatic treatises on God, on the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Redemption. More incidentally, but still very completely, appears the teaching of the Church on the Blessed Virgin, the angels, and human nature—its first state, its fall, its restoration. We have again, chiefly

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ness, excess in balls, dances, games, or dress, domestic quarrels, unchastity, adultery, bad words, swearing, and such irregularities of young people. By this persons are kept in discipline, not without as much fruit as the bad foundation of their religion can allow. It will be good to have some form of this, but with this alteration—that as these corrections should be made with words and remonstrances as the gospel directs, the President shall be one of the preachers, deputed by the Bishop. He shall have, as counsellors, notables of the town or neighbourhood, half ecclesiastical, half lay, of age, gravity, and good repute," &c.—Opusc. 74. This proposal was actually carried out (*ibid.* 110).

\* The Bull speaks of his share in the famous controversy "de Auxiliis." We cannot exaggerate the importance of the service done to the Church in the dogmatic region by the closing of discussion on this question, which, says S. Francis, "has heresies lying close to either end—and in which let him that thinketh himself to stand take heed lest he fall." This he says in a letter to Anastasius Germonius, of which a part is given in the Life by Charles Auguste. This letter was shown to the Pope, who consulted S. Francis; and though we have not the answer, it is recorded that the Pope and his council acted on the solid reasons contained in it. (See the *Processus* on this, "Responsio," p. 54 *seq.*) The Saint's own opinion is that of Lessius, as we see in his letter to that theologian (Ed. "Vives," ix. 509), and in the "Love of God" (ii.). Elsewhere he calls it "the opinion of all the Fathers who have preceded S. Ambrose" (Let. 402). We ourselves cannot give up the explanation of S. Thomas, but we consider the opinion of this saintly Doctor the strongest argument in support of the Lessian view.

in the Letters and shorter works, the doctrine of the Sacraments. For instance, his *Monita ad Confessarios*, with his long "Examination on the Commandments of God," and other *opuscula*, form together a considerable part of the treatise on Penance. Finally, in his polemic writings, which, though slightly controversial in form, are really much more an exposition of Catholic doctrine than a direct answering of heretical objections, we have many of the same points treated, and the whole department of what is called "General Theology,"—the Christian and the Catholic demonstration. For instance, in "The Controversies" we have the doctrine on the Church and its Notes, on the Supremacy and Infallibility of the Pope, and a considerable part of the Christian evidences; also part of the doctrine on the Sacraments, and a complete treatise on Purgatory. In the "Standard of the Cross" we find a part of the same, and a complete justification of the sacramental principle—the use of the sensible in matters of religion. The first "Title"\* of the Fabrian Codex, or code of Savoy Law, covers almost the whole ground of Catholic faith. The chapters here on the Blessed Sacrament and Mass, with the three sermons on the same subject, give the most important part of the treatise on the Eucharist. It would be hard to find Catholic dogma at once more concisely, more pregnantly, and more popularly expounded than it is in these writings. An excellent specimen is the "Letter to a Religious" (865) on the Trinity and Incarnation. Examples will occur in the course of this article.

Although his dogmatic does not, like his moral teaching, form a distinctive whole, yet the two agree in many general characteristics. One of the chief of them is, that they are founded on the very Word of God, not indirectly, as all spiritual teaching must be founded, but distinctly and formally. This is the true fountain of theology; and here, as elsewhere, he has externally followed the older and patristic method, hiding, with consummate art, under this more popular form, the system and concentrated force of the scholastic treatment. We may be

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\* This remarkable work, rather loosely styled "On the Supreme Trinity and Catholic Faith," after the "First Title" of the Justinian Codex, is a very complete exposure of Protestant errors, with a corresponding vindication of Catholic truth. It is but little known, as it became absorbed in the code. It is found only in Migne's edition of the "Œuvres de S. François" (vol. vi.), and there only in a French translation. The Abbé Baudry has conclusively proved it to have been substantially the work of the Saint (*ibid.*).—The language, however, was slightly modified by Favre, in order to follow the style of the code. Hence a certain bitterness of tone which occasionally appears, and which was possibly a chief reason why it was not better recognized as the Saint's work.

pardoned for exhibiting this characteristic in absolute numbers. Taking, then, the Pentateuch as an example of the legal and historical books of the Old Testament, we find that he quotes every chapter, except some which are genealogical or purely legal, or which, like the earlier books of Deuteronomy, are practically repetitive. For instance, in Genesis he quotes every one of the fifty chapters except three, and in many cases gives almost the whole of the chapter. Of the 150 Psalms he quotes 143. Of the Prophet Isaias, he quotes fifty-three out of sixty-six chapters. Twenty-four of the thirty-one chapters of Proverbs are cited. Of the Canticle of Canticles he has a complete "Mystical Explanation" (forming a treatise on that branch of theology), and he quotes over and over again in his works almost every verse of it. The New Testament is even more completely made part of his writings. He quotes from every chapter of every Gospel and of every Epistle; eighteen of the twenty-eight chapters of the Acts, and eighteen of the twenty-two of the Apocalypse. And of these chapters he gives, in some cases, almost the whole:—twenty-four out of thirty-four verses from Matthew vi., and twenty of thirty-four from John xx. Some verses are quoted as often as ten or twelve times in various parts of his works, so that his writings become, like those of his favourite, S. Bernard, a woven tissue of the words of Scripture, with explanations, comments, and deductions; though he separates, more distinctly than S. Bernard did, the inspired words from his own. He draws out very fully, so that a narrative, a mystery, or even a sentence of the Inspired Word furnishes ground for a whole chapter, a whole sermon. The first verse of the Canticle of Canticles is treated in a separate and lengthy dissertation. Here then we see what good reason the Bull of Doctorate has to say:—"He cleared up many of the enigmata of the Scriptures, . . . explained difficulties, threw new light on obscurities, proving that God . . . had opened his mind to understand the Scriptures, and make them understood by learned and by unlearned." This characteristic is specially noteworthy in these days of Bible reading, and may be commended, in passing, to the attention of those who are inclined to put all spiritual writers on one side as if they interfered with the power of Holy Scripture. S. Francis is but Holy Scripture explained and closely adapted to practice, used "to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice;"\* and a little Scripture well understood is obviously preferable to a large mass in a crude and notional form.

Another important characteristic, shared, of course, with other

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\* 2 Tim. iii. 16.

great teachers, is the way in which he takes one Catholic doctrine for granted in the exposition or proof of another. This is really a more important witness of the truth supposed than of the truth supported, has often more power than a direct description would have, and leads back to that great "analogy of faith" which is an argument for the Catholic Church as irresistible in its cumulative evidence as the harmony of Nature for the existence of God. Few chapters of the Saint's works, withdrawing those that treat merely of the rules of a holy life, but present some Catholic truth, thus best proved by being taken for granted. Such are many of his strongest passages about the Blessed Sacrament, that "admirable summing up (*recueil*) of our faith, the sweet honey of all the flowers of Christ's holy religion."\* Having spoken† of that real though purely spiritual presence of Christ which the soul feels in contemplation, and of that spiritual and corporeal presence of the Incarnate Word in which the Sacred Virgin "rejoiced," he continues, in words which, after those, seem almost to make us *feel* the reality of Christ's Sacramental presence:—

Now the same contentment may be practised by imitation, among those who, having communicated, feel by the certainty of faith that which, not flesh and blood, but the Heavenly Father has revealed, that their Saviour is body and soul present, with a most real presence, to their body and to their soul, by this most adorable sacrament. For as the pearl-mother, having received the drops of the fresh dew of the morning, closes up, not only to keep them pure from all possible mixture with the water of the sea, but also for the pleasure she feels in relishing the agreeable freshness of this heaven-sent germ:—so does it happen to many holy and devout of the faithful, that having received the Divine Sacrament which contains the dew of all heavenly benedictions, their heart closes over It, and all their faculties collect themselves together, not only to adore this sovereign King, but for the spiritual consolation and refreshment, beyond belief, which they receive in feeling by faith this divine germ of immortality within them.

So he illustrates the action of charity in spiritual union, by recalling how Christ, to reward the shrinking humility of S. Bonaventure, "went to unite Himself to him, carrying him His Divine Sacrament," and gratified the longing desires of S. Catharine of Siena, "entering into her mouth with a thousand benedictions."‡ Speaking of a procession in which he carried the Blessed Sacrament, he says: "I seemed to be a knight of

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\* Controv. xlvii.

† "Love of God," vi. 7 (see DUBLIN REVIEW, January, 1883, p. 150).

‡ *Ibid.* vii. 2.

the Order of God, bearing on my breast the same Son who lives eternally on His.”\*

We do not attempt to go into the whole specific matter of his dogmatic teaching. It would simply be an analysis of dogmatic theology. We shall confine ourselves to the fundamental dogma of Church authority, and to those furthest developments of Catholic faith and practice which imply a belief in their original truths. Few Catholics are aware of the complete manifestation and justification of these so-called “modern” devotions and dogmas in him. And we address ourselves here not to Catholics only. His moral teaching is so excellent and so evidently Christian, that it has captivated very many even of those who are outside the fold. But they try to separate it from his teaching of dogma. They try to believe, and sometimes assert, that he attaches only a minor importance to this—that he is, as they express it, above “bigotry and superstition.” And the delusion is kept up by the shameful practice of preparing editions of his moral works in which all his teaching of distinctively Catholic dogma is omitted. In contradiction to this idea, it will be shown that this learned, this truly Christian doctor of the sixteenth and of the seventeenth centuries, is as exclusive and extreme as any so-called Ultramontane of the present day; that he is a Catholic of Catholics; that inextricably bound up with the moral teaching they accept, is the whole Catholic faith. We therefore defend by preference what our adversaries consider our least tenable positions; we select those points which most implicate and compromise his moral authority.

What then is his attitude towards the Catholic Church? Does he consider the question of her authority of minor importance? does he recognize heresy to have a share in a certain general Christianity, or distinguish to some extent between a Catholic and a Roman Church? Is it true that he thinks little of separation from this Church, and supposes a moral life independent of her teaching? Finally, does he consider that such separation is an unavoidable necessity; that controverted points must be left as far as possible on one side, and be considered only matter of friendly difference; that points of similarity must be dwelt on, and faith made subordinate to charity? To all these sections of the one great question the answer is an emphatic negative. He knows no teacher, no mother of holiness, save the Church Catholic. All truth, all treasures, are in her, because union with her is union with Christ. His feeling is not merely one of respect and esteem, founded on certain reasons that can be singled out and coldly discussed; but it is much more a passionate love, the effect of a

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\* “Letters to Persons in the World,” vii. 7.

hundred unnameable, constraining excellences—the response to innumerable, unspeakable maternal tendernesses. In that language of the Fathers which he continually repeats, she is the one lawful spouse of Christ, the queenly mother of all Christ's children. He listens only to her voice, declaring, with St. Paul, that “her authority and the certitude of her faith would outweigh the contrary authority of an angel from heaven, if such could be;”\* and he himself speaks only as her officer—merges all his authority in hers. He is but as a fountain, in which some spring first throws up its sparkling waters, which again fall back into its maternal bosom before beginning their fertilizing course.

The sole authority of the Church is the first and main point of his dogmatic teaching. The whole work of the “Controversies” is to prove that this true Church is no other than the Roman—that is to say, that the word Church includes the idea Roman just as it includes the idea one, holy or apostolic; so that whenever he names “the Church,” he means the Roman Church. It is most to our point to notice that he appeals to her in the very heart of his moral teaching: “All prophets and preachers inspired by God have always loved the Church, always adhered to its doctrine, always been approved by her . . . so that extraordinary missions are diabolical illusions and not heavenly inspirations, if not acknowledged and approved by her pastors who have the ordinary mission.”† We quote from the preface to the same work his own words of submission, to show that they are not said merely as a matter of form: “I ever submit, with all my heart, my writings, my words, and my actions, to the correction of the Most Holy Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, knowing that she is ‘the pillar and ground of truth,’ in which she can neither deceive nor be deceived; and that no one can have God for his father who has not this Church for his mother.” He says the same thing in other words when speaking of Holy Scripture:—“The Church alone has the infallible assistance of the Spirit of God to find the truth clearly, surely, and infallibly in the word of God . . . so that he who wants to know the truth otherwise than through the Church's ministry, instead of truth will only embrace vanity, and instead of the certain clearness of the sacred word will follow the illusions of that false angel who transforms himself into an angel of light.”‡

The converse of this love of the Church is his hatred of heresy. We have said before that those who only know him as the loving-hearted, gentle teacher of devout souls, only know him by half. This lamb changes into an angry lion when there is question of

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\* “First Title,” &c., ch. i., art. i., Negation 13.

† “Love of God,” viii. 13. ‡ “Letters to Persons,” &c., iv. 6.

his mother's honour; or, rather, his hatred is of the nature of loathing. "I have never looked on it," he says, "save to spit in its face."\* If we look at his idea of it, as it existed in his day, before it had clothed itself in its various modern disguises, we see that it was logically impossible for him to do otherwise than loathe it. In the "First Title of the Fabrian Codex" he gives the origin, the "Notes," and the inner meaning, of what is called, forsooth, "the Reformation." He begins by saying that the main note of Protestantism is *negation*; and under this head he gives twenty-six points in which they deny as many doctrines—we do not say of Catholicism, but of Christianity; and gives eighteen of their affirmations, which he classes under the same head, *negation*, because they are not only errors, but destitute of all proof, and invented solely to oppose Catholic beliefs. It is a popular notion that the errors of Protestantism lay only in a few points, and that its founders had sound ideas on God, the Blessed Trinity, and the Incarnation. St. Francis gives a very different account, and that there may be no question of its accuracy, he gives it in the very words of its authors.

Calvin confessed to Gentilis that he could only give the name of God, in the full and proper sense of the name, to the Father. He says the Son does not derive His essence from the Father. He rejects the word "Person"—using first the word "residence," and then "subsistence"—and would have the word "consubstantial" buried in eternal oblivion. He denied in plain terms the almightiness of God, and any foreknowledge except on account of his own intention of effecting everything that was to happen—including sin, of which Calvin made God the actual operator and committer. With regard to Jesus Christ, he taught that His bodily death would have been of no profit if He had not suffered the pain of reprobation; that he was uncertain of His salvation; that He was neither legislator nor judge. Luther shared these sentiments almost to their full extent. Their more practical teaching comes out in its native horror when we see their own deductions from their doctrines on free will, on justification, and on sin; when we find Luther saying that it is evil to esteem the moral law, that charity is actually sinful, that good works only hinder entrance through the narrow gate of heaven; when he tells his disciples to believe firmly, and sin hard; when he says that continence is impossible, and that adultery is often permissible.† We cannot delay over the other "Notes" of heresy, which are an absence of mission—contempt of the Church,

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\* "Letters to Persons," vi. 59.

† "Controv.," xxiii.

‡ The exact references will easily be found in the "First Title," which is not lengthy.

of councils, of the Holy See, and of the Fathers—love of novelty—a spirit of dissension, arrogance, pride, self-will, slander, and railing.

In the second chapter he traces the origin of these heresies; not to any call of God, such as Luther afterwards pretended to have received, but, by his own confession, to chance, and really to hatred of God. "I hated," said Luther, "a God who was just and punished sinners, and I was angry with Him." "Whenever I read that of S. Paul: *the justice of God is revealed in the Gospel*, I wished that God had never revealed the Gospel." S. Francis has a special dissertation on Luther's notorious confession that it was Satan who taught him his five arguments for the abolition of the Mass. The saint proves, still on Luther's own admission, that his heresy was propagated by hypocrisy and lies. The Saint lays bare the foundations which alone could have upborne that gigantic mass of prejudice which has blocked out the idea of the Church from so many minds these three hundred years. Calvin, for instance, speaking in his most authoritative work, and with the whole weight of his influence, dares to record these lies:—

Why speak against three or four Popes, as if we did not know for certain in what has long consisted the religion of the Popes and of the whole college of Cardinals? The first fundamental article of the secret theology which reigns amongst them is, that there is no God. The second, that all the doctrines of the Scriptures on Jesus Christ are so many lies and impostures. The third, that the doctrine of a future life and of a general resurrection is a pure fable. I grant that some think differently, and that few express this belief openly. But it has long been the ordinary religion of the Popes, as is well known to all who know what Rome is.\*

Finally, in the third chapter he gives eight "Anti-social Propositions" contained in the teachings of these fathers of Protestantism, of which one is, "Human law has nothing to do with conscience," and another, "All crimes are equal."

But why, it may be asked, drag up to kill again so defunct a thing as original Protestantism? First, to show that it must be a delusion to attribute to S. Francis any tenderness for heresy—to think that he could dwell on any point of similarity between this hideous creation and his glorious mother, "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing." Besides, it is only defunct as a seed dies before the plant springs from it. The Protestant Church in this country, and all over the world, is full of members—is full of teachers, occupying its highest positions—who profess and teach speculative doctrines (leaving the practical ones aside)

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\* "Instit." iv. 7, § 27, quoted in the "First Title."

which follow logically from Calvin's, but which go beyond anything he dared to teach. Those who communicate with them are more or less responsible. Surely the word is, either "Cast out the evil from thee," or "Shake off the dust of thy feet, and depart." But the main point is this: those who reject the authority of the Roman Catholic Church reject an essential part of even the truths they believe. It is requisite, for Catholic faith, not only to believe in the Blessed Trinity, the divinity of Christ, but to so believe on the proposition of the Church. And it is the rejection of this ground of faith which S. Francis condemns, much more than the actual false matter taught. The test of this is the acceptance or rejection of the Pope's authority. "Contempt of the Holy See is a certain note of heresy."\* And when he once says heresy, he says all. He often speaks of heretics whose doctrines are less vile than Luther's, yet he speaks of them in the same tone. He would acknowledge a difference of degree—would say that all Calvinists were not as bad as their master; but this is nothing in comparison with the *kind* of sin all equally commit who do not "hear the Church." They are to him "as heathens and publicans."† His hatred of heresy being the converse of his love for the Church, and as he looks on the one as the lawful spouse of his Lord, we should know, even if he did not frequently express, in language too explicit for these days, how he estimates the other. The very fact of his preaching was indeed an assertion that the goodness of God was busy in and about heresy, and that there were in it remnants of grace to which faith might fasten, as men cling to floating spars when their ship has foundered; but his hopefulness, or his compassion, or his self-sacrifice, does not show love for heresy, but love for heretics. And here enters the question of his charity. It shines indeed, we fully admit, nay, we exultingly declare, with glorious lambent light amid the fierce dissensions of those unhappy days. He was one of the first to admit the possibility of invincible ignorance, and of a heresy merely material; and he implies in many places that there may more easily, in the case of those who have never

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\* "Instit." ch. i. art. 5.

† He could understand the supposition of three rival Churches, each claiming to be the true one, and each, of necessity, condemning its opponents; but the "Branch Churches" theory—of several churches, under different jurisdictions, not communicating together, and divided on such dogmatic questions as the supreme ruling and teaching authority—this he would have thought too obviously against Christ's word, too evidently self-contradictory, to be even seriously proposable. At the same time his remarks on the essential necessity of unity of head, and proof that Rome alone can be such head (Cont. xlv.), are enough to show that he would consider the holders of such a theory as heretics, guilty more or less according to the light they sinned against.

been children of the Church, be good faith in matters of belief than in matters of moral practice. But this is not the point. His statement that there is no moral life outside the Church, that separation from her is separation from Christ, is not contradicted by his belief that, if some are so deplorably situated without their own fault, God may have compassion on them. He well knows the distinction between the body and the soul of the Church. The sin of being out of visible communion with the Church is not the less deadly in itself because some may be in invincible ignorance of its grievous guilt, and thus individually, and so long as they do not refuse to accept offered light, be excused. And his kind words to heretics no more reveal any indulgence for heresy, than Christ's loving words to sinners imply any gentleness for sin. No, the real point here, to correspond with his view of heresy, is to see what he thought of wilful heretics, and particularly of the leaders of heresy. There is a classical passage on this subject in the "Introduction," which we are grieved to find omitted in the recent Catholic translation. Speaking on "Detraction," after saying that we should speak even of notorious sinners with charity and compassion, he continues: "But I make an entire exception for declared enemies of God and the Church, for these we must decry as much as we can—such as sects of heretics and schismatics, and their leaders. It is charity to cry 'wolf' when he is in the fold, or, indeed, wherever he is."\*

So while kind to the heretic common people, he was extremely severe against the ministers, whom at that time the blindest charity could rarely presume to be in good faith. This is abundantly clear in his Chablais Letters, and in the preface to the "Standard of the Cross." His severity on Marot, who was a professed Catholic, but had made an unsound version of the Psalms (eagerly adopted by the Calvinists), provokes a protest from the Gallican editor of "The Controversies." An instance at once of his charity and of his judgment on heresy is the way he speaks of a friend who, stumbling on the doctrine of the Pope's authority, had gone to England, and joined the Protestant communion.†

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\* III. 29.

† "Letters to Persons," vi. 60. S. Francis always treats the Anglican Protestantism as simply Calvinistic. His love for England often shows itself. In this letter, for instance (1620), he says: "I have a particular inclination for that island and for its king, and I unceasingly commend its conversion to the Divine Majesty. I have confidence that I shall be heard, with so many souls that sigh after this grace; and henceforth I will pray even more ardently, methinks, in consideration of that soul." So four years earlier, when he heard that James I. admired the treatise on "The Love of God," he exclaimed: "Oh! who will give me wings as a dove, and I

What anguish did the reading of this letter cause to my soul ! Is it possible that he has so gone to ruin ! . . . . His conduct has made a great wound of condolence in my spirit, which cannot rest while it sees the soul of this friend perishing. . . . O my dearest brother, blessed are the true children of the Holy Church, in which have died all the true children of God. I assure you my heart has a continual extraordinary throbbing on account of this fall, and a new courage to serve better the Church of the living God, and the living God of the Church. . . . All the waters of England can never quench the flames of my affection, so long as I can keep any hope of his return to the Church and the way of eternal life.

All his letters of that period are full of his feeling about it. "It is wonderful," he says to his brother, three weeks later, "that in this country they do not know of the deplorable affair of M. de Greanger ; for my part, I conceal it as much as possible, not to infect the air with such offensive (*puante*) news."\* And to Madame de Chantal : "I am greatly afflicted at the spiritual ruin of this young man. . . . He says I leave the communion of the Church. Who would not mourn over this expression, since separation from the Church is separation from God ? To leave the Church ! O my God, what madness !"†

We have dwelt on this point because we would disabuse persons of their idea that the sweetness of S. Francis ever degenerates into tolerance of error or wilful sin—of the notion that he never dares to speak out in true and in perfectly plain words on necessary occasions. But this is not the final impression we would leave of him. His usual and main style is that of sweetness. He is most outspoken in the "First Title," which was his earliest work. His "Controversies," directed against Calvinists a generation after their founder's death, is already much gentler towards them personally, though exactly the same against Calvin himself. In the "Standard," while he treats his adversary's statements with the severity and contempt they deserve, he expresses his "compassion for the simple people who are drawn into or kept in their errors by my opponent's treatise and similar ones." His work in the Chablais was necessarily polemic, but afterwards, except in casual passages, such as we have cited, he does not directly express his hatred of heresy, or directly attack its misbeliefs, but confines himself to the simple exposition of Catholic truth, saying, as Camus tells us, "that truth in its native simplicity had graces and charms capable of making itself loved even by the most rebellious."‡ The Archbishop of Vienne truly says, speaking of the effect of the "Introduction : " "The

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will fly to that king in that beautiful island, formerly the land of saints, now the domain of error!"

\* Let. 544 (Blaise).

† Let. 545.

‡ "Esprit," xiv. 4.

reformation of morals will extinguish heresy in time, as their depravation has caused it.”\* We are told of a certain Baron de Monthelon who was so struck by the beauty of Catholic truth in the same work, that he sought out the author, and quickly became a Catholic. The Saint was fond of telling of a young Protestant lady, who was converted by a sermon on the Last Judgment, and in three weeks brought all her family with her to confession. “Since then I have always said,” he declares, “that he who preaches with love preaches sufficiently against heresy.”† All his teaching leads to the Church, in the same way that his moral teaching leads to virtue. He simply shows her beauty. Its effect is like that of Zephon’s words upon Milton’s Satan:—

So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
Invincible; abasht the devil stood  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw and pined  
His loss.‡

Here our proof of the perfectness of our Saint’s Catholic spirit might well close, but this question of Church authority is so important that it has been surrounded by obscurities:—indeed it is so very simple and decisive that a compromise will not let itself be tested by it; and so we will show in detail that in accepting the Catholic Church the Saint accepts all her doctrines—having her spirit, breathes it all. We will dispose of those difficulties under which her adversaries shelter, pretending that a Church which teaches such doctrines as the Infallibility of the Pope, encourages such devotions as that to the Sacred Heart, allows her people to immerse themselves in the use of symbols and material things, stands self-condemned; that her arguments can at best be only plausible, and that hers cannot be adoration “in spirit and in truth.” They take for granted that such developments are rejected, or rather are unheard of, by S. Francis.

We will take first the Infallibility and other prerogatives of the Pope. We have said something, in our article of July, 1882, of his witness to the Infallibility. We now commend to the attention of those who can persuade themselves that this is a new doctrine, a usurpation by the Pope, a fruit of Catholic supineness—the following greatly abbreviated statement of the substance, conditions, limitations of this dogma, recorded by this saintly Doctor at the end of the sixteenth century, before Gallican Church history and Gallican theology had been able to discolour the stream of Catholic tradition. It is taken from the Auncey

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\* Let. 169. † “Letters to Persons,” &c., vi. 59. ‡ “Par. Lost,” iv.

autograph, and has not been published, except in the *Processus* of the Doctorate.\* After proving at large from the Fathers and from history that the Roman See was ever looked on as the "Rational of the New Law," to which the Church was ever to look for guidance in the truth, he says:—

In the ancient law the high priest did not bear the Rational, except when he was clothed in the pontifical garments. Thus we do not say that the Pope cannot err in his particular opinions ; . . . . but when he is clothed in his pontifical garments—I mean, when he teaches the whole Church as pastor, in matters of faith and morals—then there is only doctrine and truth. . . . . And it is not in everything that his judgment is infallible. . . . . He can *err extra cathedram*, . . . . but not *in cathedrâ*—that is, when he wishes to make an instruction and decree teaching the whole Church, when he wishes to confirm his brethren as supreme pastor. . . . . For then it is not so much man that determines, resolves, and defines, as it is the Holy Spirit, by man, who teaches the truth to the Church, and leads it into all truth. . . . . And if some pastors must follow others, all must follow the supreme pastor, . . . . not lambs only and little sheep, but sheep and mothers of lambs. . . . . Ordinary means must be employed, but in these must be acknowledged the drawing and presence of the Holy Spirit (*la trenne et l'abord*). The shepherd does not go at haphazard, but according to necessity calls other pastors, in part or all together, carefully regards the footprints of his predecessors, studies the word of God, enters before his God in prayer, and so moves boldly on. Happy who follows him, and puts himself under his crook!

This he makes the very form of the unity and sanctity of the Church.

How (otherwise) would the Church be one and holy, as the scripture and creeds describe it? For if it followed a shepherd, and the shepherd erred, how would it be holy? and if it did not follow him, how would it be one? . . . . It remains then that we hold as closed what St. Peter shall close with his keys, and for open what he shall open when seated in his chair teaching the whole Church.

We do not enter here into the question of the indirect power of the Pope over temporals.† This the Saint would never discuss, though his opinion is clear from the following passage, which we quote chiefly for the remarkable passage italicized:—

When you ask me what is the Pope's authority in temporal matters? you require an answer which is equally difficult and useless. Difficult, not indeed in itself, for the answer is very easy to

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\* It would follow or form part of "Discourse XL."

† M. Hamon must here be corrected. See the *Processus*, "Responsio," p. 92.

those who seek it in the way of charity, but difficult to give in this age without causing offence. It is useless, because the Pope asks nothing from princes about this; he loves them and lives peacefully with them. Why imagine pretensions, to lead us to contentions against him whom we should honour and respect as our true father? I am extremely grieved that this question of the Pope's authority should be a plaything and subject of common talk among men. . . . The Pope is the sovereign pastor of all Christians, because he is the Supreme Vicar of Jesus Christ. Hence he has ordinary sovereign spiritual authority over all—emperors and kings, who owe him not only love and honour, but also assistance against all who offend him. And as, by natural, divine, and human law, any one may employ his own powers and those of his allies against an unjust aggressor, so the Church or the Pope, *for it is all one*, can employ his own, and those of his children, against his enemies. Kings are bound to support the Pope and the Church at the peril of their life and States.\*

In similar terms he speaks of the supremacy and dignity of the Pope. He writes thus to Paul V. on his accession :†—

You, most blessed Father, are the heart and the sun of all the ecclesiastical estate. . . . You hold the place on earth of Christ, the prince of bishops. Therefore I gladly and jubilantly venerate in you the supreme splendour of the Apostolic dignity, and most humbly revere (*colo*) it, with my face prostrate on the ground to kiss your feet; and if a throne had to be made for you from the garments of your inferiors, as the Scripture tells of the first throne of Jehu, I would hasten to spread my garments under your feet.

He calls attachment to the Holy See “the knot of ecclesiastical unity.” There was no important act in his public life for which he did not invoke the counsel or authority of the Pope. He told the Abbess of Port Royal that God had revealed to him that her monastery would lose the faith. “The only means of preserving it,” he said, “is attachment to the Holy See.” In a word, he is one of the most brilliant examples of the truth of De Maistre’s law: “Examine one after another the great Doctors of the Catholic Church. In proportion as the principle of sanctity has dominated in them, so far will you find them more fervent towards the Holy See, more penetrated with a sense of its rights, more earnest in defending them. The reason is that the Holy See has against it only pride, and pride is inviolated by sanctity.”‡

We take next the teaching and practice of the Church with regard to the Blessed Virgin. The dogma of her Immaculate Conception is taught by the Saint with the same assurance as

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\* Let. 813. † Letter 79 (from the original Latin). ‡ “Du Pape,” i. 10.

any other matter of Catholic faith. "We know, of course, that the Blessed Virgin was not bitten by the infernal serpent, and never contracted any original or actual sin."\* Almost the same words occur in his first sermon for Palm Sunday,† and in the sermon on the Immaculate Conception.‡ But the most clear and unimpeachable testimony is in that "Love of God,"§ in which he is speaking with the greatest caution and the greatest authority.

Thus, God destined first for His most holy mother a favour worthy of the love of a Son who, being all wise, all mighty, and all good, wished to prepare a mother to His liking; and therefore He willed His redemption to be applied to her after the manner of a preserving remedy, that the sin which was spreading from generation to generation should not reach her. She then was so excellently redeemed, that though when the time came the torrent of original iniquity rushed to pour its unhappy waves over her conception with so much impetuosity as it had done on that of the other daughters of Adam, yet when it reached there it passed not beyond, but stopped, as did anciently the Jordan in the time of Josue, and for the same respect: for this river held its stream in reverence for the passage of the Ark of Alliance; and original sin drew back its waters, reserving and dreading the presence of the true Tabernacle of the eternal alliance.

The devotion to the Immaculate Conception was one of his chief devotions, and he got the Holy See to make the feast a day of obligation for his diocese. Here are a few of his expressions, taken, as they come, of his love for this Immaculate Mother. "She gives more praise to God than all other creatures."|| In his first sermon on the Assumption frequently occur such words as these: "She died with the death of her son, one life, one heart, one soul." "To her we must refuse (as St. Anselm says) no privilege that can be given to a simple creature." We need scarcely say that he teaches the Assumption of Our Lady's body as a matter of certainty. He says elsewhere: "I wish to be always the servant of the Saviour and His Mother." Again: "I find all my help in the Holy Sacrament and in the Mother of God, from whom I have received miraculous assistance." "Whenever I go into a place consecrated to her, I feel by a leaping of my heart that I am with my mother." When his feet were bleeding in one of his numerous pilgrimages to her shrines, he said: "What a joy to have shed my blood in the service of God's Mother." How perfectly the two following examples justify the expressions of what is wrongly called modern piety: "I was making my prayer the

\* "Sermons," i. p. 426.  
‡ Postulatum, No. 10.

§ II. 6.

† *Ibid.* 396.

|| V. 11.

other day (it was Saturday) on the greatness of Our Lady's love for us, . . . and methought that if with a just confidence we put our hearts and our affections on her knees, and into her bosom, they are no longer ours but hers. That gave me much consolation. At the end I gave her not only the children of my heart, but the hearts of my children."\* And "I beg her to put her hand in the precious side of her Son, to take His dearest graces, and give them us in abundance."† We have shown in the early part of our article the place which Mary is to occupy in every spiritual life. He has even stronger words:—"Be more and more zealous in devotion to this holy Lady, whose intercession is so powerful and so useful to souls that for my part I esteem it *the greatest help we can have* for our progress in true piety towards God. And I can say this from knowing many remarkable exemplifications of it."‡

More nearly connected with devotion to Our Lady than is generally remembered is the *cultus* of the Sacred Heart, the sweetest of devotions, which can only be rejected or derided where the simplicity, the naturalness of the relations between God and His creatures is misunderstood. Its one aim is to strengthen love, by concentrating it on Christ's love and on the immediate instrument of His love. It would seem to be specially revealed in these latter days to counterbalance the love of creatures, which gets stronger and more demonstrative as love of God grows colder in many hearts. But while its full manifestation is the privilege of our own age; there have always been chosen souls admitted into this sanctuary. Such were S. Gertrude and S. Bernard, and, chiefly, our glorious Saint, whose Order, having for its very spirit, he tells us, to be "meek and humble of heart," is the native home of devotion to the Sacred Heart. His continual devout allusions to It, as the symbol and organ of Christ's love, and the sweetest spiritual refuge of our hearts, are enough to show that he admitted the idea and propriety of this devotion. But the Bull signifies more than this, when it says we find in him the "seeds of the devout *cultus* of the Sacred Heart;" and Cardinal Manning truly calls him the "legitimate parent" of this devotion. His language is identical with that of his daughter, the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, and with the authorized expressions of this devotion. He says to S. Jane: "I see you are my child, but I say I see it in the Heart of Jesus." Again: "I seemed to see you looking at the open side of our Saviour, and wishing to take His Heart to put it into your own, as a King in a little kingdom."§ "The

\* Let. 149.

† Deposition of Madame de Chantal.

‡ "Letters," &amp;c., ii. 22.

§ "Letters," &amp;c., vii. 15.

other day, considering in prayer the open side of our Lord, and seeing His Heart, it seemed to me that our hearts were all round Him, and doing homage to Him as to the sovereign King of hearts.”\* In his sermon on “S. John before the Latin Gate,”† he gives what we may call the immediate dogmatic principles of the devotion; saying that “Christ’s sacred side was opened; first, to show His great desire to give us the blessings of His Heart, and that Heart Itself; secondly, to invite us to repose there as our refuge in all our tribulations; thirdly, to see His love, and so be excited to love Him.” Perhaps the most remarkable passage is the following, in which appears the use of the sensible representation of the Heart:—“We must take for our arms (of the Visitation), I think, if you agree with me, a Heart pierced with two arrows, and surrounded by a crown of thorns; this poor heart supporting a cross bearing the sacred names of Jesus and Mary. . . . For truly our congregation is a work of the Hearts of Jesus and of Mary—the dying Saviour has brought us forth through the opening of His Sacred Heart.”‡ This was written on the very day (the day after the Octave of Corpus Christi) on which, sixty-four years later, there was shown to Blessed Margaret Mary the Sacred Heart, with its crown of thorns, its cross, and its holy names, and she was commissioned to make the new revelation of love, under this symbol.

We take, lastly, the Catholic dogma of what may be called Sacramentalism. On the one hand, God acts in His world materially, by miracles, by charging water, oil, salt, and other visible tangible things, with spiritual power; and, on the other hand, man must also manifest interior and spiritual belief and love in exterior ways. The practice of this, taken all together, S. Francis well calls “the face” of the Church, that which most distinguishes her from the sects, which she most displays, and is judged by for good or for evil. And here naturally she is most condemned—by some for teaching, by others for tolerating, what seems to them evidently evil, unchristian, superstitious, unreasonable. We do not attempt here to show how closely consistent her theory and practice are with Scripture, with natural reason and with such truths as many non-Catholics admit—the Incarnation, the Sacraments, the Communion of Saints. We are only concerned to show that the whole Catholic theory in these matters is clearly expressed in our Saint, by teaching and by example. In our very limited space we shall dwell chiefly on miracles, but important statements on other points will occur incidentally. He declares that miracles are the language of God,

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\* Let. 165.

† “Sermons,” ii. p. 189.

‡ “Lettres Inédites,” 129.

and necessary to the Church, not *in se*, but to demonstrate its articles to non-believers. He says that facility of belief is the true Christian spirit:—"Because 'charity believeth all things.' It does not easily think any one is lying . . . above all, in things which exalt and magnify the love of God for men or of men for God. And though the history I am going to relate is not so much published nor so well witnessed as the greatness of the marvel it contains would require, it does not on that account lose its truth." He proceeds to give, from S. Bernardine of Siena, the history of the gentleman who, after visiting the holy places, died of love on Mount Olivet, and inside whose broken heart were found the words, "Jesus my love." He quotes a similar history, which, he says, requires stronger proof than it has. "But," he concludes, "after the most true history of the cleft heart of S. Clare of Montefalco,\* which all the world can see now, and of the *stigmata* of S. Francis, which is most certain, my soul finds no difficulty in believing this."† And thus, convinced of the antecedent probability of miracles belonging to the Christian Church, which, as Lecky says, "has prepared everything for their reception," he is satisfied with any fair testimony to the truth of the facts. He fully accepts the miracles of S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, S. Anthony, S. Martin, quotes the miraculous histories given by Eusebius, S. Jerome, S. Basil, S. Athanasius, S. Chrysostom, S. Ambrose, and S. Augustine. And the fact that among his histories occur a few which later criticism considers unauthentic, rather strengthens than weakens our point, which is to show that he approves facility of belief in miracles. He mentions here, particularly, that S. Augustine blamed a lady for not sufficiently publishing a miracle which had been worked on her. He says, "A good Huguenot, on the contrary, would have buried the fact as deep as possible, and this out of zeal for the *pureté reformée*. Those ancient great souls were satisfied with *pureté formée*."‡ Coming to his own age, he accepts the miracles of S. Francis of Paula, S. Francis Xavier, and others, and points to the "marvels now working at our gates, in the sight of our princes, and of all Savoy, at Mondovi." Yet he is not credulous. He has a great distrust of visions and miracles which are not proved by sanctity, and especially by obedience. In his "Letter on Preaching"§ he says:—"Let the preacher carefully avoid recounting false miracles, or ridiculous histories taken from second-rate authors, which make our ministry blamable and contemptible."|| The "Standard of the Cross,"

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\* He everywhere calls her *Saint Clare*.

† "Love of God," vii. 12.

‡ "Controv." 54.

§ No. 62. Compare "Letters," &c. v. 17.

|| Let. 62.

treating of the true cross, naturally expresses his general teaching also on relics, images, ceremonies. The strongest passage of this kind is perhaps in the "First Title" (Migne vi. 1,212). He takes as standard a work as S. Augustine's "City of God,"\* and in it but one chapter—we may say, the events of one day. No less than twenty-one miracles are recorded as worked by the relics of SS. Gervase and Protase and of S. Stephen—amongst these the raising of four dead persons to life. Miracles are worked by blessed oil, the sign of the Cross, and earth from the Holy Land. A heathen is converted by the touch of flowers from S. Stephen's tomb. A man who prayed to the twenty Martyrs for food and raiment, sees immediately after his prayer a large fish which is lying on the river bank, and which he finds to have a gold ring in its stomach. In a sermon preached after these miracles, S. Augustine concludes with these remarkable words: "What was there in these hearts that leaped for joy, but the faith of Jesus Christ for which the blood of Stephen had been shed?" Let us now take a few examples of some "extreme" Catholic notions and practices from his life. No less than eight public or private pilgrimages are recorded. His devotion to particular Saints is well known. His favourites (we may be pardoned for giving the long list—each name contains a revelation of his spirit) were S. Peter, S. John Baptist, S. John the Evangelist, S. Mary Magdalene, the Good Thief, the three Saints Francis (of Assisi, of Paula, Xavier), S. Bernard, S. Louis, S. Thomas Aquinas, S. Dominic, S. Sebastian, S. Ignatius, S. Charles, S. Theresa (specially because she had renewed devotion to S. Joseph), S. Blandina, the two Saints Antony, and S. Apollonia. Referring to the popular custom of invoking S. Antony of Padua when things are lost, and rebuking some one who blamed this custom, he said: "God has shown that such is His good pleasure by a hundred miracles He has worked through this Saint: how can we disbelieve the evidence of facts? Truly, sir . . . we might invoke this Saint to help us to find what we lose every day, you—simplicity, and I—humility, which I am forgetting to practise."† He sends to S. Jane relics, which he calls "devotions," of St. Charles.‡ When she was given over by the physicians, he cured her by giving her a little powder of the relics of the same Saint, vowing a pilgrimage to his shrine at Milan. A little later he instantaneously cured her of a grievous malady by making her kiss the relics of S. Blaise. Those who would judge whether the use of the sensible in religion hinders or helps the service "in spirit and in truth,"

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\* Book xxii. ch. 8.

† "Hamon," ii. 400.

‡ In "Let. Inéd." 155.

should read what he says on a “Larme de Vendôme,”\* or enter into the sentiments he expressed when his tears and sweat fell on the “Holy Winding-Sheet,” which he was exposing for veneration at Turin.† Finally, we have a strong personal testimony to the truth of miracles in the following remarkable letter,‡ when sending back a relic of S. Apollonia to S. Jane.

My dearest daughter, I send back your sacred remedy, which I can say has been a sovereign one to me, since God has acted with me according to your faith, hope, and charity. And I must confess, to the glory of Jesus Christ and of His holy spouse, that I did not expect to be able to say Mass to-day, on account of the great swelling of my cheek and the inside of my mouth; but having leant on my *prie-Dieu* and put the relic on my cheek, I said—‘My God, may it be done to me as my daughters desire, if it is Thy holy will;’ and immediately the pain stopped. . . . When I went out every one told me the swelling was gone, and I felt so myself. Blessed be God! . . . he wished this trouble to come to-day to honour his spouse, Apollonia, and to give us a sensible proof of the Communion of Saints.

S. Francis then believed, with a reasoned and practical conviction, in all that is most distinctive of the Catholic Church—we will say, of the modern Catholic Church. We have not aimed at giving his reasons; these we leave our readers to study for themselves in him. We have appealed to his authority; though, after all, what is his authority but concentrated reason—a thousand reasons summed up in the conclusions he believed and lived by? Our argument asserts itself. We will not claim, as we might do, that his moral authority stands or falls with his dogmatic, that his moral reasoning must be untrustworthy if he is capable of such delusion in the region of dogma. We urge a narrower but irresistible conclusion. We say that in the face of such testimony it is impossible to put the teaching of the Church, on the Sacred Heart, Our Lady, and the Pope, out of court; her claims must be, at the least, deserving of careful, impartial examination, when recommended by men of such moral enlightenment and holiness as this man. These doctrines cannot at once be labelled as evidently corrupt, novel, superstitious—and summarily dismissed. We speak, especially to Anglicans, as the blind man spoke to the priests:§ “You say you know not whence he is, and I say he has opened my eyes.” You say these ideas are new, and we show you them taken as a matter of

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\* That is, a drop of the water in which had been steeped a phial containing earth, on which our Saviour’s tears were said to have fallen. See Letter 603.

† “Hamon,” i. 133.

‡ “Let. Inéd.” 136.

§ John x.

course by a Saint of the sixteenth century. And as the writers of one age represent the teachers of another, so he represents the mind of the Tridentine Church and of the Church of the Fathers. You say these practices are corruptions and superstitions, and we show them in this man filled with the spirit of faith and righteousness. You say the Popes are usurpers, and this Saint tries to almost enlarge the sphere of their power. What you declare to lead away from Christ he proclaims to be the very way to Him. In concluding this part, we say then to you with Fénelon, the close imitator of our Saint:—"On the one hand regard the pure spirituality of S. Francis de Sales, on the other his principles on the Church in his 'Controversies;' it is the same Saint who speaks with the unction of the same Spirit of Truth in the two sorts of writings. Such are the admirable Saints, who have been nourished in the bosom of Mother-Church."\*

We said, in the first article of this series, that our object was to exhibit the nature and eminence of the doctrine which has merited for S. Francis the title "Doctor of the Church." We have so far treated chiefly of its matter, and will now attempt to give a distinct idea of its form. By this we mean more than is generally understood by the word style: we mean not only his individual manner of expressing his thoughts, but the whole setting of his religious teaching. His excellence of form is one of the gifts belonging to his mission of sweetness, "the bait by which he allures the world." These last are the words of Sainte Beuve, in the striking essay named at the head of this paper. The testimony of Leigh Hunt, previously cited, belongs only to the natural order. Sainte-Beuve, freethinker as he was, had a spiritual mind, and his estimate of S. Francis de Sales may be considered the tribute of the highest earthly powers to the supereminence of grace. No Catholic could praise more highly, and perhaps no writer could express his praise more exquisitely, than does this prince of modern critics.

S. Francis was exceptionally endowed with the gifts necessary to the great writer. He had a powerful intellect, a capacious memory, and, in addition, he had the imagination of a poet, with all the poet's love of beauty and delicacy of perception. The combination of these qualities in him was even more exceptional. The restraining or guiding faculties were strong as the origina-tive. His judgment was as sound as his imagination was fertile; his acumen and shrewdness and sense of humour were equal to his sensibility. He had quickness and accuracy of observation. He could grasp at once the real and the ideal. His course of

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\* Letter vii., on the Church.

long and severe study, and his world-wide experience, developed and matured his intellectual powers, filled his memory, trained, while it fed, his imagination, refined his taste. And to all these gifts he added one, without which they would have been useless to others: the power of expressing his knowledge. He possessed the mastery of language. Indeed, he not only used it, but he helped to make it. The French language was unformed; its laws were not laid down when he began to write. Rabelais and Marot had rather degraded than raised it; Montaigne but just preceded him; Malherbe was contemporary, and apparently unknown to him; Balzac and Voiture came a generation later. He saw around him, for the most part, a literature which corresponded with the preaching of that day, in which the thoughts were overloaded and distorted by a mass of pedantry, affectation and fantastic metaphor. From amid an unlettered people, obeying solely the instinct of his own genius and taste, without guide and almost without precursor, he had the power and the courage to rise superior to the faults of his age, and to create for himself and others a formed language and a model style. Sixteen years after his death, the Academy, only then established, enrolled this Savoyard bishop, who disdained literary eminence and sought merely the natural expression of his noble thoughts, among the fathers and purest writers of the French tongue.

The general character of his style will be better appreciated by briefly considering the process of its formation. The first course laid on the foundation of his native talent, was undoubtedly the classical or humanistic. He knew Latin well at an age when other children are beginning the study of their mother-tongue. The ease of his later style was well-earned by those laborious hours which his biographers tell us he devoted to the best rendering in Latin of some stubborn phrase, or the patient transcription and imitation of literary "beauties" during his six first years at school. Then followed two years of higher classical studies, or "Rhetoric," at Paris, under Père Sirmond, who was then devoting the genius which later astonished the world in the sphere of Patristic learning, to the full elucidation of the masterpieces of ancient eloquence. There is no further trace of classical or profane studies. He had exercised himself in them only as a means to higher things. There was not in him the usual transition from the attractions of human to those of sacred learning. His one desire from the beginning was to know God better by studying theology—a desire so strongly felt that his health failed, and his very body grew emaciated under its influence. After one year of philosophy his desire was granted, and he joined to that severe study, Theology, Scripture and Hebrew. He could have had no time for other studies. We

know the exact division of his hours during his four years at Padua, and find that they also were entirely absorbed by Theology, Scripture, the Fathers, and Jurisprudence. His chief master was the French Jesuit Possevin; but he had other excellent masters, who were more or less imbued with the culture of the age and country, and from whom he doubtless unconsciously imbibed enough at least to perfect his classical education.\* He learnt to speak and write Italian well; but he entered little into the spirit of the place, and the possible influence of it upon him is far too vague and subtle to trace. We cannot remember that he ever quotes any Italian humanist writer. Rather, he drew the classical element, distinctly traceable in him, not from them, but immediately from the Latin originals. His Greek learning seems to have been gained chiefly through the Latin. But he drew all purely, straining out the sensual and irreligious spirit which to many formed the deadly charm of that profane literature. What is more important is, that this was not his chief inspiration. He attaches far more importance to his acquaintance with Scupoli and the "Spiritual Combat" at Padua, than to any worldly knowledge gained there. Side by side with profane learning had run a nobler and more influential medium of literary cultivation; we mean spiritual writings, and particularly the "Lives of the Saints," which had formed his delight from the time of his earliest studies. And while their contents were his main object, their form strongly impressed itself on a heart so tender, so warm, and so expanded with spiritual delight. Among these lives stands pre-eminent Joinville's S. Louis; and doubtless many of the histories which thrilled the saintly boy in the long summer evenings at Annecy, while his companions found their pleasure in sports and rambles, resembled that book in their grave, antique, and simple style, "La vieille Gauloise," he loved so well. The "Chroniques de S. François" was another favourite. The fine old-fashioned metrical translation of the Psalms by Philip Desportes, Abbot of Tiron, which he speaks of in the "Letters," and uses in the "Love of God," was familiar to him, doubtless, from childhood. The "Letters" of S. Jerome, and the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, he would seem to have studied in French. And of the few profane writers whom he had the chance of reading in his native tongue, we must signalize Amyot, of whom Tournemine says: "No one knows better the harmony and spirit of the French language; the energy, the force, the

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\* The names are given in his speech on taking his doctor's degree at Padua. They were Pancirola, Menochius, Matheaci, Othelio, Castellano and Trevisano. (See "Life," by Ch. Aug.)

modulated and flowing arrangement of his ancient words, is admirable.”\* The “Plutarque” of this author was his frequent reading. He early read Montaigne, whose “Essaies” were published in the year the Saint went to Paris, and whose naturalness would be sympathetic, while his vigour would muscularize Francis’s style. He read Marot, but was so disgusted with his profanity and heresy that he can have accepted but little from him. He speaks of his “Poésies Marottées,” a name very different from the “Marotique,” pronounced with such gusto by the critics of the present day. The rest of his authors were probably in Latin, such as the Fathers, whom he read from the beginning of his student life. We are told that in his youth he particularly admired and imitated the “harmonious and flowing” style of St. Cyprian. He was attracted by the moral tone of Seneca, Pliny and Cicero. He seems to have made little difference between the two languages, so that it cannot be decided in which of them certain of his letters were written first. We think that on the whole he preferred Latin, though most frequently of course obliged to employ his native tongue.

We see, then, what the French call the *fond* of his style, which was still somewhat academic—by which we mean too florid, too attentive to words, and too balanced. Much of this would in any case have disappeared in time, but it was forced into its proper shape by the circumstances in which he was placed immediately after leaving Padua. Nothing could have had a better influence than the necessities of his Chablais mission. After the close air of books and student life it was a plunge into cold water, and it tempered his style like steel. He had to instruct and preach almost the whole day, and at the same time and in the same style he wrote. For the “Controversies” he had to write, in haste, an essay almost daily, in moments snatched from hard and absorbing work. He had no books but his Bible and his Bellarmine, and was obliged to exercise and lay weight on his own powers. He had to adapt his words to a very simple people, though the subject was difficult and the reasoning severe. And he wrote at the passion-point of holy zeal, his whole mind inflamed with the desire of persuading his readers to accept his message. Any artificialness fell away of itself. He *felt* what was too high or too subtle; he came to stand outside, and to select from, his treasures; and his learning, whose forms might have somewhat mastered him, became of the greatest value in the service of realities. The change was at first almost unconscious. He did not reckon the “Controversies” as writings at all; and still, in his few more reflective works of this later period,

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\* “Mém. de Trévoux,” July, 1736.

we see the traces of his former style. But his circumstances continued nearly the same. He was kept to incessant preaching and correspondence, without time for preparation or elaboration, and so he entered into the full knowledge and dominion of his best style, what Tournemine well calls: "that familiar and conversational eloquence, which is more persuasive than sublime discourses."\* Art and training had done their work; he had risen to learn, as he says, that "the highest art is to have no art,"† and he subsided, not into the uncouthness and irregularity, but into the unconsciousness of Nature. His thought came out mature, in easy and natural, yet correct and refined, expression. His style flexibly accommodated itself to the subject treated and the person addressed, so that it has the variety which belongs to Nature; and, indeed, even in what we have called his academic style, Nature still holds the chief place. He never spoke or wrote from the lips merely; and he early speaks with contempt of "the prolix *quanquam* periods of men brought up to the triflings of the schools, whom we call pedagogues." In a word, his earlier style is of the same kind as his later, but less perfect, and with some foreign elements, which were soon rejected. The "Standard of the Cross" is the only considerable work of the earlier period. There are also a few letters, a few sermons (including the two most authentic, of 1600), and two or three of the *opuscula*. The "Controversies" of 1594 were written sermons, and in his finest style, though not in its most perfect state. The major part of the rest of his works is actually letters and conferences, just as they were written or talked. The most of his "Sermons" are not sufficiently authentic for safe deductions concerning his manner. His best known work, the "Introduction," was made from letters. Most of these are destroyed, but it is quite striking to see from such as we still have,‡ how little difference he had to make before subjecting his ordinary and hastily written letters to the ordeal of publication. The "Love of God" must be taken by itself. It is the work of his maturest powers. In the illustrations, occasionally strained, and the periods, sometimes laboured and overloaded, we see an imagination less spontaneously active, and a taste less sensitive to reject the artificial; but these blemishes are very rare. It is himself, and for the most part at his very best, and in his most natural style. He says in the preface that his "only thought is to tell naïvely and simply, without art, and much more without

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\* "Mém. de Trévoux," July, 1736.

† Letter 62, on Preaching.

‡ For instance, the chapter on Abjection (iii. 6), and Letter vi. 12 of "Letters to Persons in the World."

display, the story . . . . of divine love." And he sweetly says to his readers: "Be *doux et bon* to me . . . . if you find the style a little (though I am sure it will be very little) different from that I have used when writing to Philothea" (the "Introduction"), "and the two greatly different from that which I employed when writing in defence of the Cross." In his most simple and natural style then are the narrative parts, the connections, developments, expositions. Some questions of course require a more complex and deeper treatment, but the difficulty is from the subject not from the expression; and it must be said also that a desire, at least, to share the author's piety is necessary to relish this expression of his secret and tender heart; what is possibly the reader's ignorance or coldness must not be estimated as the author's fault. The Saint, in the same Preface speaks thus, and the words are noticeable both as regards the style and the doctrine of the book:—

This treatise has been written to help the already devout souls to advance . . . . and hence I have been forced to say many things somewhat unknown to the generality, and which will therefore appear more obscure than they are. The depths of science are always somewhat hard to sound, and there are few divers who care and are able to descend and gather the pearls and other precious stones which are in the womb of the ocean. But if you have the courage fairly to penetrate these words which I have written, it will truly be with you as with the divers, who, says Pliny, see clearly in the deepest caves of the sea the light of the sun; for you will find in the hardest parts of this discourse a good and fair light. Moreover, as I do not follow them that despise books treating of a certain supereminently perfect life, so, for my part, I do not speak of such a supereminence.

The "Love of God" is like a stream, a stream of transparent gold, now flowing smoothly along, now rippling over sunny shallows, and now deepening itself in some hollow, where its wave seems to grow dark while it mirrors the surrounding shade, though translucent as ever to the penetrating eye.

Such is the general outline and effect of his style; but it is not enough to say that it is flowing and natural, and represents the soul of the writer. We must try to give its more special character. It is distinguished, then, in the first place, for those qualities of style which are to a certain extent impersonal, and common to all good writers, of which the primaries are clearness, force, and beauty.

His remarkable clearness is shown sometimes in its simplest form of exact definition, distinction, and description. This is universal. A fine instance occurs in his definition of Indifference,

quoted in our last article.\* Graduation is another element of his clearness. His close attention to *method* is everywhere visible, and is shown particularly in his criticism of a certain theological *Summa* (Let. 402). His continual close attention to the exact force of the words he uses is another important department of it. Every one bears the stamp of having passed under more or less conscious reflection. No doubt the necessities of his work had forced this on him. He tells his preacher not to introduce S. Thomas's words into his sermon unless he has the art of making them clear even to the meanest understanding. We see in the same essay,† the machinery, as it were, of this part of his style. He reveals "a secret of extreme utility to preachers—namely, to seek similitudes from those places of Scripture where few have the power to observe them, and this is done *by meditation of the words*." All this part, as indeed the whole essay, is worthy of the closest study by any one who would catch the spirit of the Saint's style, so far as it is imitable. And this continual sifting or searching action of the intellect is not only in the substantial nouns and verbs of his thought, but in the intimate texture of his style, in the prepositions particularly, in the connecting and adverbial words, in interjections. Besides the ordinary words of this kind with which the three languages he uses abound, he has in French no less than twenty-four to express his own special shades of meaning, some of them being literal translations of the Latin or Italian.

We do not deny that there is sometimes a little too much attention to words, that he is a little pedantic in his use of them, and plays on them too much. This latter was a fault of his age. His greatest affectations are small by the side of those of nearly all his contemporaries, and for our part we consider the purism of the present day, in this matter, is carried to an extravagant length. His care for words passes on into his general way of treating his matter. There is in him a certain rectitude of order. He always seems to begin just in the right place, to make the exactly proper division of chapters and paragraphs, the best arrangement of explanations, proofs, illustrations.

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\* Other examples are his explanation of the difference between the object of the senses and the object of the intellect (*species sensibilis et intelligibilis*) ("Love of God," iii. 11); between thought, study, and meditation, or between meditation and contemplation (*Ibid.* vi.); his process of reconciling grace and free-will (*Ibid.* ii. iii. iv.); the statement of the difference between command and counsel (*Ibid.* viii. 6), which reads like a page of Newman's clearest discrimination (xii.); the whole "Mystical Explanation of the Canticles." And even in his most exalted and pathetic moments there is ever a certain *lucidus ordo*, a thread of careful though spontaneous arrangement.

† Let. 62.

Force is a second great quality of his style—a certain masterliness, resulting from his complete grasp of his subject, and consciousness of truth, which subdues an opponent, and gives a sense of singular confidence to a disciple. He rejoices in difficulties, removing them in a way grand in its hiddenness, well described by Sainte-Beuve :—“ He not only eludes and repulses difficulties, but by his elevated, sweet, and calm manner, he hinders them from arising.” But the strength of his style, like the strength hidden under his moral teaching, is of that delicate and nervous kind not appreciated by the ordinary or careless observer. It is that electric strength, that union of courage, high-breeding, pride, if so be—of coolness, training, eye and nerve, which gives the slender hand of the gentleman the mastery over the sledgehammer instrument of brute force.\* It is like the scimitar of Saladin, in “The Talisman,” which will not shear through a bar of metal, but which, with an invisible effort, makes the silken veil fall parted from its magic edge. There is the same union of the strong and the gentle which appears in the matter of his doctrine and in his personal character. “Some,” says Sainte-Beuve, “might think him effeminate; but the best judges agree that he is ever faithful to the true Christian spirit. There is a strong current in that stream, which is so lively, so abundant and so gay, that it is almost childlike.” His continual appeal to the inspired word gives a special solidity and force. His clearness and strength are not shown only in his general manner, but particularly in his art of expressing a truth in such concise and pregnant words as to preserve its force, and at the same time set off both its strength and its beauty. His native power of seeing the similar in the incongruous, his finished classical and legal, as well as scholastic training, helped him here: still more did the necessities of his work as preacher, controversialist, and director. We are all familiar with his proverbial expressions, his happy antitheses, his sayings or *mots*. They occur on every page. Pius IX. said on some public occasion :—“There is nothing lovely, strong, touching, like a saying of S. Francis de Sales.” To take a few instances. “Balls are like mushrooms, the best are good for nothing :” “We shall never make one Lent well if we expect to make two.” Nature in bringing forth more leaves than necessary is “prudently inadvertent.” “Eagerness makes us run only to make us stumble.” “Soon enough if well enough.” “Honour is the salary of virtue.” “The more a preacher says, the less the people remember.” To some indiscreet men who

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\* “Lingua clara, tersa, naturalis, generosa. Exempla apposita, bene proposita et adhuc melius exposita. Historiæ dilucide proponendæ, applicandæ vivaciter, Sanctorum Patrum immorem.”—*Letter 62.*

wanted to go barefoot, he said :—" Look after your heads, never mind your feet." Who would expect Pope's " Ten censure wrong for one that writes amiss," so exactly anticipated as it is in S. Francis's "*Plusieurs écrivent sottement, et plusieurs censurent lourdement ?*"

But it is when the imagination brings the sensible to illustrate the ideal, or the ideal to dignify the common, that his clearness and force are seen in their beauty. It is well known that the use of figurative language, and associating of thought with thought, is one of his chief characteristics. His very name seems at once to recall some lovely image. His figures range from the metaphor in a single picturesque word, through similes and comparisons of every kind, up to parables continued through two or three chapters. He used them sometimes to illustrate, sometimes, by a certain analogy, at once to illustrate and to prove, always to please and recreate. The visible and invisible world, all his stores of learning and experience, Nature and art, from the noblest to the commonest, are laid under contribution, to furnish him with images and comparisons of beauty. His vivid and varied page brings before us, sometimes the snow-clad heroic mountains of Savoy, sometimes the quiet farmsteads and orchards, and the homely life which nestle at their foot. Sometimes he leads us to the fringe of Annecy lake, or to some leafy shade, and delights eye and ear with all that is lovely on earth ; and anon his adventurous devotion carries us to Bethlehem, or Calvary, or wraps us to the heavens, to hear saints or angels, the heavenly mother, or the Divine Son Himself, speak to us the Saint's words of love. Many examples have appeared in the course of this article. We add one or two of the simplest. Our afflictions are " bemused " when we smell them as coming from the heart of our Saviour. S. Simeon Stylites is a " bird of Paradise." Trent " canonized the Vulgate." " God's trail is on creatures." He compares the simplicity of that act of God which produces a variety of creatures, to the action of a printer, who produces a thousand figures with one stamp of his press. Bishops must refuse themselves to no one, but be " like a public fountain, where every one can drink, not only men, but beasts also, and sometimes great serpents." To have too many devout practices is " like trying to thread several needles at once." Virtue is the root of reputation, and as long as this lives the stalk will spring again.

If the Saint is found too imaginative by some readers, it is rarely with him that the fault lies. Still it is true that occasionally he offers an image or poetic description when a simple statement would be more in place, or illustrates what he has not clearly enough defined. Sometimes, also, especially in his later works,

his comparisons, as we have said, are far-fetched and strained. His natural history is sometimes greatly at fault, through what Sainte-Beuve calls his "half-scientific, half-poetic credulity." And, speaking at least from a literary point of view, we cannot agree with this critic that his mistakes do not detract from the value of the comparison. How much more effective would be his simile about Holy Communion, if the Savoy hares really "grew white from eating snow!" Sometimes, again, his comparisons are too tender and too strongly drawn, at least for this fastidious age; and we cannot always approve his allusions to Pagan histories, in spite of the transparent purity of his own heart, which makes good out of evil. There is no doubt that a certain small number of words and passages, of perfect propriety in his age, should be entirely omitted in popular editions at the present day.

But having given the more general qualities of his style, we must say that we must look underneath these to discover its true springs, its personal and individual characteristics. It is the very expression of his heart, a heart all aglow with love, and with desire to communicate its ardours. His heart wields his pen, love informs his every word. He said: "I preach with all my heart;" and his writings also thrill with the eloquence of the heart. It shows itself chiefly of course in his pathetic and tender movements, but its influence is felt throughout, and sometimes flames out unexpectedly, as if he could not keep it longer down. Sainte-Beuve, having said that he did for religion what Montaigne did for philosophy, adds: "But Montaigne is egotistic, Francis is all burning with love of others;" and after comparing his style with Franklin's, he says: "Franklin has only humanity, Francis has Charity, that divine intoxication which communicates its *ravissement*." The Saint begins on one occasion: "I feel myself to-day a little more amorous of souls than usual." His style then is above all, to use his own word, *affectif*. Love makes him impressive, creating in him an enthusiasm and sympathy which teach him not only how to make clear, but also how to captivate the attention—which enable him to adapt himself to the felt needs of other hearts—which constrain him to use all his powers of beautifying what he loves, to make it amiable to others. What is affective in the writer is effective or persuasive for the reader. Tournemine beautifully speaks of his "expressions efficacious because affectionate . . . words which his heart rather than his mind has made him select." This *style affectif* he uses, professedly, even in his polemic works, and he recommends it to a Benedictine friend for a theological *Summa*.\* "You only need," he says to his

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\* Let. 402.

preacher, "to speak affectively and devoutly, simply, candidly and heartily (*confidenter*): and the doctrines you would persuade others, have deeply held and most persuaded to yourself. Let the words be inflamed with an interior affection: let them come from the heart rather than the mouth. The mouth may speak as much as it will, but *heart speaks to heart*; the tongue only strikes the ears."\*

His familiar conversational style is the natural medium for this outpouring of the heart, for this loving archness, as if he were watching behind his words, and the only style which could allow the expression of his almost maternal feeling. If any are astonished at the tenderness and strength of these expressions, let him condemn, not the Saint, but his own want of simplicity and divine charity. "Nothing," says Fénelon, "is so tender, so lively, so sweet, so amiable, so loving, as a heart which divine love possesses and inspires." And Tournemine: "His style reveals his sweetness, the tenderness of his heart. We feel that he loves and should be loved, but that he wishes God alone to be loved." Yes, here is his deepest spring of his thoughts and words, deeper even than the heart—at least deeper than a heart inflamed with merely human love; it is heavenly passion and spiritual ardour. It is that unction which belongs only to the Saints, which superadds grace to natural gifts—in this man, to the noblest natural gifts. It was his way to see everything under a heavenly light, and the habit passes into his language as its habitual characteristic. It appears in passages otherwise calm and unimpassioned. As he sees things poetically, not merely to illustrate better for his disciples, but because a poet's eye cannot see them otherwise, so he sees things spiritually because he cannot help it—his vision is so formed. And by this, as by his noblest gift, all the rest must be judged. A sweetness that might be too luscious, and expressions of tenderness that would otherwise be extravagant, are natural and right in him. It is the language of Eden and original innocence. His very literary faults cease to be such when viewed in this light. He gives, for instance, the legend that if a man is dying of jaundice, and can but attract the notice of the yellow oriole, its love and pity for man makes it draw the disease by sympathy to itself, and it saves him by its death. He says: "This bird seems to have been created by God to serve as a similitude of the Passion."† And so it was—for him. "His bees" again, as Cardinal Wiseman says,‡ "are not those of Huber or of our gardens; they are intelligent, moral little beings. . . . And his dove is no more the dove of our cotes

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\* Let. 62.

† First Sermon for Good Friday.

‡ Preface to the "Conferences."

than the other is the bee of our hives. It is an ideal bird, that thinks and reflects and reasons, and is guided by the sweetest laws of disinterested love."

Hence the necessity of keeping his exact form, lest this spiritualness should evaporate. Tournemine says his language cannot even be modernized "without enervating the celestial eloquence on which its usefulness depends." And Sainte-Beuve says that some of his words will not even bear quotation—"They are so fine, so simple, so delicate, that they cannot be said when the occasion is passed. The shadings, the *finesses*, and the most delicate sentiments are lost." It is then scarcely necessary to add, that our description refers, in its fulness, only to the original. Still this also is difficult to appreciate, especially without some knowledge of Latin and antique French, and many readers would get their best idea of him from a faithful translation. But it cannot be said that we have a translation of his works.\* Some idea might be given by comparing him with authors of our own tongue. But we cannot find one that corresponds with him. His antique simplicity forbids comparison with modern, his advanced learning and refinement with our earliest writers. His tenderness and naturalness remind of Shakspeare; his rich abounding imagery of Spenser; his thoughtful language, pregnant with allusion, of Milton; but here again comparison seems forbidden by the sanctity of his theme and the heavenly purity of his spirit. They are knights of earthly thought and earthly love; he is (but far more encouragingly human) the "Sir Galahad" of literature. Crashaw, with a little less fierceness in his love, and Father Southwell, might have given a truer idea of him, had their work been on a larger scale, and freed from the restraint of verse.

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\* The translation of the "Conferences" best represents the original, but is too literal to be called faithful. The Catholic translations of the "Introduction" are very imperfect as regards style. The Anglican is superior, but omits essential points of doctrine. And it is not the "Introduction," but the "Letters" and "Love of God" which represent his finest style. The current English edition of the latter is, as a translation, beneath criticism. About one-fifth part of the "Letters" has been translated. The Anglican edition, which is perhaps the best known, is in the translator's, not in the author's, style, to say nothing of its mistakes and omissions. An excellent work, called "Practical Piety," just republished, gives a fair translation of parts of the "Conferences," of some letters, and parts of others. But the editor takes far too much liberty in shortening and omitting sentences and paragraphs to let his work properly represent the style of the Saint. We may remark that the title, leading one to expect a complete system of piety, is ill-chosen. It makes the Saint's teaching seem meagre and disconnected. [Since this note was written, the author has published a translation of "Letters to Persons in the World."]

But we are exceeding the limits of our design, which was to show with what good reason the rulers and teachers of the Church urge the doctrine of S. Francis on the faithful as the perfection of Christian asceticism, and most adapted to the needs of the age. There is scarcely a movement of the Supreme Pontiffs or the Bishops towards the increase of piety, which is not directly or indirectly connected with him. The strong impulse given to the Third Order of S. Francis of Assisi is an equally strong recommendation of the teaching of S. Francis de Sales. The promises and rules of a third order are a sort of hedge round the interior life. And as members of the first orders—Benedictines, Jesuits, Dominicans, Carmelites, Franciscans themselves—go to Francis de Sales to learn the inner teaching of their state, and the way to fulfil their vows of perfection, so much more will those who live in the world, and for whom he specially wrote, find in him the means of satisfying their new obligations. No one could better introduce them to the spirit of S. Francis of Assisi, whom he quotes at every page in the sublimest chapters of the “Love of God,” who necessarily, he says, comes to his mind when he speaks of divine love, and whose words he considers to be inspired. And surely Pope Leo XIII. is only describing the spirit of S. Francis de Sales when he describes the fruits of the third Order: “A heart detached from mortal things, complete self-control, and a gentle and resigned endurance of adversity. . . . The love of God and of one’s neighbour is the mistress and sovereign of all other virtues; such is its power that it wipes away all the hardships that accompany the fulfilment of duty, and renders the hardest labours not only bearable but agreeable.”

This teaching, then, is in the first place urged upon the children of the Church, and there is already a great development of the knowledge of it. His daughters of the Visitation have preserved for us, like holy vestals, the living fire, the living tradition of the spirit with which he himself filled their first mothers. The Sisters of S. Joseph, who trace their origin to his inspiration, though not regularly founded till thirty years after his death, have assisted, as the active side of the Visitation spirit, in spreading and preserving it; and in these latter days three orders of men, two, at least, of women,\* and two great public

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\* 1. *The Missioners of S. Francis de Sales*, founded in 1836, by Mgr. Rey, Bishop of Annecy, and Père Mermier. Their chief house is at Annecy. Their work is teaching and foreign missions. They have two or three missions in England.

2. *The Oblates of S. Francis de Sales*, founded in 1875, by Père Brisson, but originated by Mère Marie de Sales Chappuis. Their chief house is at Troyes. Their work is teaching, giving missions, and evangelizing the poor by “*Œuvres Ouvrières*,” of which they have seven in

associations\* have been formed to spread it more abroad. He has a mission also, as we have seen, to those outside the Church, who still retain fragments more or less complete of Christian dogma. Amongst them also his writings, though mutilated and disfigured, are growing daily in estimation.

But if this were all it would be but imperfectly suited to meet the needs of this age. In his day infidelity was scarcely known; but the spirit which, to use his expression, "breathes against heresy," breathes also against that. The conviction, the very tone of such a man is a proof of the truth of what he believes. We invite infidels to study the symmetrical beauty of his doctrine. Let them take his theory as an hypothesis, and test by it the facts of life. Let them view his own life, the lives of those servants of God whom he imitated, seeing how perfectly they lived by their principles, how these upheld them, how sweetly they died. Perhaps intellectual pride—a greater obstacle to the revelation of God than even the clouds of passion—may begin to weaken, and, as it fails, truth will certainly grow stronger. Let them then turn to look at their own lives, and try to revive the faded lines of spiritual truth, let them listen to the echoes in their conscience, till they begin again to be heard as the voice of the Supreme Legislator. Let them study the doctrines of the Church of Francis de Sales in their reasonableness and beauty, as expounded by such men as this. In this atmosphere of serene faith and spiritual beauty their objections will get weaker,

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France. They also take foreign missions, and have just accepted one in the English colony of the Cape.

3. *The Salesians*, founded by Don Bosco, some thirty years ago, and now spread through all Italy, the South of France, Spain, and South America. Don Bosco tells us he chose S. Francis as the patron of his work on account of the Saint's "incomparable mildness." Their great work is the reclaiming of destitute children, of whom over 25,000 are annually received. They have educated 6,000 priests. They also take foreign missions, and have recently, for the first time in history, evangelized Patagonia. Of women:—

1. *The Sisters Servants of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, founded at Argenteuil, by Père Braun, in 1866. They have nineteen houses in France, many in England and elsewhere. They devote themselves exclusively to the poor and working classes.

2. *The Daughters of Marie Auxiliatrice*, founded by Don Bosco to assist his Salesian Fathers.

\* 1. *The Association or "Œuvre" of S. Francis de Sales*, founded at the desire of Pius IX., in 1857, and long directed by Mgr. de Ségur. It is established in almost every diocese of France, and counts its associates by hundreds of thousands. It is a sort of interior and domestic "Propagation of the Faith," and is organized in a similar manner.

2. *The Co-operators of St. Francis de Sales*, founded by Don Bosco, and canonically instituted, with all the privileges of a third order, by Pius IX. in 1874.

answers to them will seem at least more possible. "The objections of criticism and incredulity against Christianity," says de Sacy,\* "appear to me weak indeed when I read the letters of S. Francis de Sales." And so they may begin to make an opening for the ready and soliciting grace of God. To admit His possibility is already much; He will second their faint aspirations and their attempts at prayer to a possible, soon to a hoped for, God. All that they seek is here, and is nowhere else.

The great humanists of the day have a power, gained from the very revelation which they reject, to make their ideal, even under their imperfect conception, beautiful. But what is their self-sacrificing love, the halo they throw round earthly life, except a dream, a poetic fancy—beautiful indeed, but misty, intangible, baseless? Their rhapsodies of love and death are but sentiment in them; and if sometimes real in their themes, leave in us at last only grief at the thought of wasted nobleness. They have no motive to offer; they cannot show the way to attain their end, they cannot even prove it to be worth trying to attain. They talk of religion as a submission to the invisible laws within and without us, of morality as the conforming our habits to those laws.† But what laws—those of self-sacrifice or those of self-pleasing? And how can we sacrifice to abstract laws? Sacrifice, to be a working principle, implies acceptance, and points to a person. The new gospel is meant, forsooth, so the authoress just quoted tells us in the same place, for the faint-hearted and the down-trodden! They may as well be told to worship the laws of England, or conform their habits to the Code Napoléon! But here, in S. Francis, in the teaching of the Catholic Church, is their ideal, lovely and perfect beyond their powers of conception and description. Here is an all-sufficient, ever-springing motive; here is the exact and detailed method of realizing their vision. The All-good, love for whom is sanctity, unselfishness, heroism, has set the laws of life as possibilities of love for Him. He has taken our nature with its woes, and given the perfect example of self-renouncing love, constraining to imitation, not for an abstract barren *altruism*, but for His own dear sake. And His death has bought for man the chance and power of loving, and is the real proof that the end of man is *life*, and—if need were, and one might be so privileged—*death*, for love of God. This is the substance, the sum, of the teaching of S. Francis de Sales, Doctor of the Church Catholic.

HENRY BENEDICT MACKEY, O.S.B.

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\* Preface to "Letter of S. Francis de Sales."

† So George Eliot, "Mill on the Floss," book iv.

## ART. III—FREILIGRATH.

1. *Ferdinand Freiligrath's gesammelte Dichtungen*. Neue Auflage.\* Stuttgart: Göschen. 1877.
2. *Nachgelassenes*. Stuttgart: Göschen. 1883.
3. *Thomas Carlyle, Latter-Day Pamphlets*. London: Chapman & Hall. 1851.

HERMANN FERDINAND FREILIGRATH first saw the light of this distracted century, at Detmold, in Westphalia, June 17, 1810. He was christened Hermann, as no doubt were a multitude of his near and distant cousins in that part of the German Fatherland, by way of keeping alive the memory of the greatest Hermann—heroic Arminius—that slew Varus with all his legions in the Teutobergian Forest, and thereby secured to Europe a German no less than a Greco-Roman culture. For Detmold lies in a famous country, on the edge of certain pleasantly wooded heights, looking out over the shining plains, where towards west and north-west the Lippe and Emms move slowly on their course, that making through Westphalian plains to fall into the Rhine, and this turning northward to the German Ocean. Eastward again, and not far off, is the Weser, travelling almost parallel to the Ems, over the sandy breadth of Hanover, a region by no means picturesque, but large in its prospects and not uncheerful. All about Detmold flourished, in times long past, the immense Teutobergian Wood, the fastness and stronghold of unconquered Germany; and there, after much abstruse questioning of the locality, an archæologist might find evidence to satisfy himself of the exact spot where Augustus was robbed of his legions. There, at any rate, the Archivrath Clostermeier, a painstaking earnest man, fixed, more than half-a-century ago, the place of that world-famous victory; and thither in 1874 the German people came and set up their colossal statue of Arminius, honouring the sturdy chieftain that fought for his own hand, and for them too, against the mistress of nations. Young Freiligrath had, by that time, grown to be the most popular of German poets; but he could remember how, in his early days, he walked by the side of the venerable Archivrath and listened to his arguments in the woody recesses and on the precipitous sides of the legendary hills. And, in one and another of his poems, he records with affectionate pride his

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\* To this edition, in six readable volumes, an introduction is prefixed by Herr Schmidt Weissenfels, carefully written, and combining into one the scattered notices that have appeared since Freiligrath's death. I am much indebted to it in the following pages.

share in the old man's enthusiasm, and the wonder that took hold of him as he beheld "the first beginning" of the Fatherland. He lived to witness a second beginning, as unexpected, and likely to prove as memorable, but achieved far over the Rhine and not in the heart of Germany. So this is why Freiligrath was called Hermann.

He had brothers and sisters, how many I cannot tell; but they died in infancy; and when he was seven years' old his mother died too. His father, I learn, was a schoolmaster, and cannot have been very well off; but his connections were some of them rich; or, at all events, had interest and helped the boy at his starting in life. For his father he felt a deep affection; and on losing him, Freiligrath, who was then in his nineteenth year, wrote the tender and pathetic verses, that have drawn tears from so many eyes, beginning "O lieb', so lang' du lieben kannst." His mother, too, he has commemorated in "The Picture Bible," which tells a story as pretty in framework and painting as Heine's well-known Rabbi of Bacharach—a story always pleasant to read of the boy at his mother's knee, asking eager questions concerning the far-off scenes and figures in strange apparel and solemn attitudes, that first reveal to us the truths of religion. These Oriental splendours made as lasting an impression on the boy-poet as his rambles through the German forest with Clostermeier. We must, indeed, look upon the illustrations in his Bible, and the antiquarian discourse of his aged friend, as determining elements in the poet's life; for they were the seed and prophecy of all that he became. Nothing, perhaps, is more frequent than to light upon tokens of the future in a man's earliest years; and but few things are so strange or interesting. But it did not appear, at first, that the story of Hermann, and the glowing colours of the Bible narrative, would serve a purpose unless to heighten the boy's imagination. For the stepmother of us all, Lady Fortune, had resolved that his training should be of that rough and contradictory sort that makes one man and mars a hundred. Freiligrath was to rival Schiller in his manliness of character, his lofty faith in the poet's vocation, and, most of all, in his hold on the youth of Germany. And, like Schiller, he was condemned to a calling which, to the poetic temperament, is worse than imprisonment and martyrdom. Schiller, the singer of the Ideal in forms dramatic and epic, was taught military discipline by way of thrusting him from the shade of Helicon. But Freiligrath, whose genius made him in love with the wildly picturesque, the marvellous, distant, and deeply-coloured, was sent at sixteen into a house of business at neighbouring Soest, being settled there with a relative, and destined by-and-by to set out thence on his travels. Not in the

sunset path of imagination was he to journey, but across the German Ocean to Edinburgh, where a thriving uncle had promised to take him into partnership. And at Soest—which is itself a quaint old town, and has shadowy recollections clinging about it of the Nibelungen Lied, of Von Troneg Hagen the grim, and Volker, his companion-in-arms, the accomplished warrior and violin-player—Freiligrath abode five years. It might seem that he was not to be a poet. But how these counter-checks in life deceive us! In no other way could he have developed his peculiar spirit, or combined the various influences that have made of him the most widely known, and, in a certain sense, the most instructive of recent German poets. The first lessons in poetry had sunk deep; with clear-shining eyes the child had beheld and interpreted a vision of Eastern beauty from the morning-lands in his mother's Bible; and since he was not skilled in painting with the pencil, he resolved to paint in words; nor yet the sacred pictures only, but all that his reading and powerful fancy could bring before him. An innate faculty, as rare as wonderful, enabled him to call up the natural associations of all he saw—to seize the local habitation, the skies and streams, and the balmy or noxious atmosphere, wherein each thing flourished and was at home that merchants or travellers brought with them from remote countries. We may call this the gift of second-sight, and Freiligrath had it in perfection. Witness the captivating poem called "Iceland-Moss Tea," composed when he was recovering from sickness, at the age of sixteen. The dreaming boy shuts his eyes, and Iceland and its wonders of fire and snow are in a moment visible to him. He sees the Arctic world, and the beauty of its desolation; and in describing, the Northern zone grows keen and vivid, like the narratives that hold us entranced by our cosy fireside, telling us what Parry and Ross and Franklin beheld as they sailed towards the Pole, or were bound in icy chains beyond the seventieth degree north latitude. An imagination so clear and true was not likely to have its light put out because its owner busied himself with the theory of exchanges at Soest. Business, to the matter-of-fact man, is prosaic; but then all things are prosaic to him—his religion, as well as his ledger and balance-sheet. The poet, unless he is on the perilous edge of bankruptcy, may find its wide range of associations as stimulating as the Egyptian and Assyrian scenes that took Freiligrath's fancy in the Old Testament, or as the Arctic universe laid open to him in his school geography. Nay, there is an additional wealth of possibilities, to the genuine poet, in the languages of commerce—in English and Spanish, for example—which he now apprehends as living and significant in the mouths of other men besides his tutor; they will have for him

the romance of reality, being at once strange and yet a fact, not questionable hearsays like the Greek and Latin, of which he knows not that human creatures ever spoke them. Freiligrath, instead of losing heart, paid as close attention to these foreign languages, as if therein his good Genius had given him not one Aladdin's lamp, but a store-full. The event proved him abundantly wise. Neither did he refuse to make himself an adept in business, or scorn, as too many do, the brazen armour because he failed to see how he could exchange it for golden. He learned to be a practical sharp-eyed man, always, thanks to his daily work, in contact with realities; he was assured that even winged things, however gracefully they may fly through the air, must walk and not fly when they find themselves on the ground. But when business gave him leave, he would indulge in "short swallow-flights of song," and try his wings with the best of them; for he never dreamt that a money-changer might not also be apprentice to Apollo. It is characteristic of the modern time—this blending of high poetic imaginings with common duties; and is, perhaps, the most hopeful symptom amid so much to discourage and appal.

Freiligrath wrote many poems that now are lost; but we have enough from those 'prentice years to excite our warmest admiration, and entitle him, though he had written no more, to a rank among his native poets not altogether unlike that of Keats in English literature. He was a powerful and early genius, thirsting for fame, drawn towards the wild and fantastic in subject as in metre, and with an eye for intense colour which no German poet has quite equalled. It is impossible to handle this theme ever so lightly without alluding to Goethe and Richter, each of whom was unapproachable in his own sphere as a colourist, and both as distinct as stars yielding contrasted spectra. To institute a comparison between Freiligrath and these spirits of highest renown would be difficult, and, on the whole, unprofitable. Yet it may help to describe him, if I say that he exceeds Goethe in depth of colour, as the African landscapes that so delighted him exceed the milder tones of Greek poetry, having in them a fierce glare without much delicacy of outline or tender shadow. It is a common-place in criticizing Goethe that he shows everywhere an affinity for sculpture and the plastic arts; his colouring is beautifully soft, but has not even a Venetian brightness in it, much less the intolerable lustre of the tropics. Richter is much more gorgeous, but vast and vague; he is at home, not in the desert, resting at eventide by the well of the oasis under waving palms, but in the forests illimitable of India, amid profuse vegetation, and in solitudes consecrated by a pantheistic religion to the worship of Divine Nature. The affinities of Richter's

style are with music and the changes of the world from season to season, not with painting that fixes a scene for ever, and has only a present tense. But Freiligrath is a master of word-painting: in his first stage he is all eye; he can but tell you what he is now beholding, and not at all how it will affect him when the spectacle is withdrawn. He has little tenderness or passion, though signs are never wanting that he will weep or storm hereafter, so soon as the blaze of colour becomes familiar to him. Hence I should compare his earlier poems, those that make up the "Tagebuchblätter," or "Leaves from a Poet's Diary," to certain paintings of the modern French school. Take for instance, "Nebo," "A Voice from Senegal," "Africa," and "The Sheikh at Sinai," or any that occur in the same series, and read them in the presence of Regnier's pictures; or call to mind as you study their wild rhythmic beatings the burning skies and deserts, with their jewel-like unpitied splendour, of Eugène Fromentin; and it will be clear that the stay-at-home merchant-lad at Soest has kindred feelings with these artists who travelled over Africa and painted what their eyes had seen; that his writing harmonizes with their colouring, and has many of its peculiarities, especially its deficiency in the mingled and creeping shade, the universal grey, to which in our regions the mind no less than the eye is habituated. No other of Freiligrath's countrymen has attained to the clearness wherein he beheld these glories of Sahara; none have filled their poems with its scorching light, not even the old man Goethe in his melodious "West-Östliche Divan," nor Rückert, to whom the Orient was like a dream within a dream. Freiligrath was bolder than all of them, and described things like a traveller whose enthusiasm made memory distinct and the drawing more life-like. But he did not explore the East alone or the South; his imagination, roaming far and wide beyond Westphalia, seemed familiar with all countries, and painted such a gallery of landscapes as Germany had never seen. He appeared like the embodied spirit of the age, willing to idealize, but insisting that he should first examine the world with his own eyes, lyrical too, in vague and hopeful sympathy with the multitudes that suffer wrong, yet observant like the experimental science that creates or destroys with equal calmness. He would not have pleased Goethe, for his observation had in it the germs of passionate action; but the scientific poet of Weimar might have approved his attempt to paint things exactly as he saw them, and his instinct of exploration combined though it was with a disdain for the classic forms in which Goethe had excelled. Freiligrath never studied Greek or Italian art. If Goethe had not possessed the finest critical faculty, one can imagine his taking the extravagance in these youthful poems

for the "Storm and Stress" which he had gloriously exhibited in the very drama that made an end of it, in *Götz von Berlichingen*. But the new extravagance was not the old, though allied to it. Freiligrath's poetry reflected the gorgeous riot and exuberance of Nature, not the wild yearning after things impossible, or at least revolutionary, that betokened and preceded the great changes of the last century. It was, in a word, more objective than subjective, and dealt with Nature rather than man. But there is no denying that if the note that Freiligrath struck was merely picturesque, its harmonics, so to speak, were revolutionary. It proclaimed a brotherly interest in man as man, a desire to feel with the world at large, and to teach the Germans that they must look outward as well as inward if they would be truly great. This active young man at Soest, whose hands were always full whilst his head was busy with day-dreaming, had begun to look about him, to take note of human life wherever he could hear of it, nay, to glance towards the distant horizon with something of that power to gain a focus and realize the scene before him, which the Germans of all Western races seem the slowest to acquire. If he went on as he began, there was ground to prophesy that Freiligrath would one day be a leader in the nation.

Meanwhile, he has reached the age of twenty-one, and what is the prosperous uncle in Edinburgh doing? Alas, he has ceased to be the thriving uncle of yore; times have gone hard with him, and he can offer his nephew but a share in a ruined business. Freiligrath must provide for himself elsewhere. Arthur's Seat and Holyrood, with all the magnificent scenery of the Northern Athens, he must forego, and rest content with the Dutch quaintness of Amsterdam instead of them. Imagine the glowing spirit of Eugène Fromentin condemned to do penance, to fast and abstain on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, amid the "canaux, canards, canaille," which was all that unpoetic and sneering Voltaire could see in Holland! A brave man might well have been daunted. But Freiligrath was a poet, and had eyes in his head. He saw what Nature and art had made worthy to be seen. The Low German people are a solid race, not abounding greatly in the music of speech, and somewhat the duller that they cannot in these raw climates stint themselves of good cheer; yet they know when flowers are beautiful, and have a liking for bright colours and clean trim gardens, and are full of a comfortable humour that can laugh its great broad laugh on canvas with as hearty good-will as over a real dining-table, or in a well-frequented ordinary. And on the shores of their dim Ocean there is beauty in wide wet sands and shallow waters, glistening, as the sun rises and sets over them, like molten gold, or vast and dream-

like when the great grey mists hang upon them, and storms break out of the northern sky. Marshlands have their own charm, and the fowl that haunts them, and the tangled grasses among which the salt waves are flashing, as the wind drives them to and fro. And wherever the harbours are crowded with shipping, there is poetry also, rough and yet tender in its meaning, and again weird and suggestive of endless mystery in the coming and going of these white-winged phantoms across the deep. And thus to Freiligrath even a bill of lading was fraught with poetry, as to Homer the vessels and garniture of the houses in which heroes abode; the ships that went sailing east and west took him with them as they voyaged, until he saw in spirit Java and the isles beyond even the "utmost Indian isle, Taprobane," and inhaled the breath of their spices; or wandered through their plantations of mangrove trees, and fell entangled amongst their gorgeous creepers. In such worlds, sometime or other, we all have lived; but Freiligrath, under the impulse that urges a poet, the need to utter himself in rhythmic movements and give his feelings air, was ever expressing them in song, and moulding upon this foreign and surprising beauty verses wherein the beat of the measure, the rich metaphorical language, the warm and rapid enthusiasm seem fittingly to enshrine his dearest thoughts, and to make him the master of a new school, because he had the courage to trust himself, and break away from the old. Had he continued to be simply outlandish and Eastern, he might have compassed the success of a day; but when the sunbright pictures tired, he was ready with a cool and tender piece of sea-painting; for the canebrakes of the mighty Congo and the deluding shimmer of the mirage, you were offered a land-and-water sketch in Holland, full of grey and dim sea-blue; you saw once more the northern sea-fowl darting along the beach, or turning their glittering white throats to the veiled sun where it peered through a bank of clouds. But even water-colours, refreshing for a while, will not content us; if song be all painting and no heart it will never win the love of mankind, however it may call forth their wonder. It is not enough to see truly; we must look with the eyes of a man and let things touch our innermost spirit kindling it to joy or pain. "*Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt,*" says Virgil in the beautiful style that age cannot antiquate. The wealth of Freiligrath's imagination and abundant splendour of his words, had never made him what he has grown to be in German hearts; it was the depth of feeling, the simple chord again and again repeated of love and sympathy for things mean as well as great, for home and its quiet hours as for the romance of the Spanish and the Indian Main, that drew him close to the affection of his people, and gave them an interest in him as a

brother to whom their hearts were open. The poet is of all men most human; the measure of his greatness is the largeness of his heart, if he can make it felt whilst he is singing. Of Freiligrath, be his mistakes as many and as grave in after life as we may reckon, it remains true that "his pulse ever beat with the great heart of humanity." It is not the young, indeed, that have most feeling or the deepest; they have seldom been tried enough, and, though tried, are, for the most part, incapable of that lasting memory that tells us what wisdom and bitterness lie hid in sorrow. By-and-by, Freiligrath was to suffer much and thereby to learn; he was to enlarge his way of thinking and to deliver what appeared to him the sternest of prophetic messages; but even as a youth of twenty he showed that he could feel beyond the common, and his first notes took the attention of every practised ear in Germany. They heralded the approach of a new poet.

Some poems he brought out in 1835, of which four appeared in the "Deutscher Musenalmanach," or "Year-Book of German Poesy," edited at that time by Chamisso and Schwab, men of no inconsiderable report in the "Elegant World," as those good Germans denominated the Republic of Letters. Chamisso, the French poet with the German heart, is still deservedly remembered; of Schwab I would not undertake to say so much. Poor Schwab! The world is encumbered with tombstones, upon most of which the very epitaphs are getting moss-grown and unreadable, and are damp to the touch. But Freiligrath could not have found a better introduction to the readers of his day than through such men, and especially Chamisso, who was looked upon as the Nestor of German literature, and whose laurels were flourishing in a green old age. It was noised abroad at the great book fair of Leipzig and æsthetic tea-tables innumerable that a young poet had arisen in Westphalia, from whom might be expected many poems as fresh and strange as "Scipio" and "Anno Domini," as "Lowenritt" and "Schiffbruch." The once celebrated Gutzkow, and he was not altogether wide of the mark, declared that in Freiligrath they had a German Victor Hugo, a man to fascinate the reading multitude with beauty and horror, even as the author of "Hernani" and that evil dream of Romanticism, "Nôtre Dame de Paris." Cotta of Stuttgart, the great Suabian *impressario* of poets and story-tellers, was convinced that he had lighted upon a new wonder, and offered him the most brilliant place in his shop window as soon as he had fresh wares to exhibit. It was an invitation from Mercury to come and sit among the gods in their Olympus; and Freiligrath, turning his back on Amsterdam, which had done for him as much as could be expected of a sober Dutch capital, betook himself in 1836 to

Soest, and began the work that was to decide his future. The public was curious, the critics were standing ready with their lancets and instruments of torture, willing, as their manner is, to spare if they could not draw blood. In 1838 the book at length came out, and its success was instantaneous and lasting. It may be read now with the satisfaction it elicited then, and is a true classic and original. It was made up of the poems that Amsterdam and its ships had inspired, a poet's diary, full, as I have said, of what has since been called word-painting, and, in a rare degree, imaginative and real. It sang of all things, from the dead that lie in the deep sea to the sands that are heaped upon them; it shrank from nothing that came within the poet's ken, and its style was as strikingly new as many of its subjects. The ocean, the desert, the world of wild living creatures, the reckless passion, violence, and tyranny of man, all contributed matter for high and daring contemplation; it was Nature that charmed in the singer as much as the manner of his singing. But that, too, was great; and these romances in verse showed a master's skill and sureness in dealing with his native speech. Freiligrath added a new power to the German tongue; he made it a language of colour. In another province, also, he was displaying its riches; for he translated the French and English poets with extraordinary grace and accuracy. He was not, indeed, the first to accomplish these marvels. W. von Schlegel and Voss had preceded him in their translation of Shakespeare; and much had been done in this department. But he remains, as will appear on turning over his collected works, the one German to whom translating has been a life's vocation; and his services are held by Germany in the honour they deserve. Of this later; for the topic has occurred here but incidentally. Enough that his first volume contained a series of translations as remarkable as the original poems by which he was to stand or fall.

It was a book that he had lived through ere he printed it, and every word and image was real to him, uttered because he felt them, not written to order as a means of climbing up the ladder of Fortune. Far otherwise: the new poet had the spirit of his time; was ardent, pitiful, and inexperienced; seeing the many things that were gone wrong, and nowhere a man to right them, he yearned after an ideal which he could only express by the magic watchwords of the French Revolution, Liberty and Fraternity, to which as yet he would not add Equality. For he lay a while under the spell of "old Romance," and seemed to feel with Uhland and the youthful Victor Hugo how beautiful was the moonlit Past, how soft a witchery its faded hues, and great gloomy shades, and Moorish and Gothic squares and streets, might hold within them. But his imagination alone was drawn

that way; not his heart nor his intellect. Among the singers of his time he stood alone, distinguished by a gift of poetical oratory, which, in the height of passionate presentation, had a scope and tendency that only the most resolute calm prose could embody in action. He was neither sad-tongued and tearful like Lenau; nor mocking and melancholy, like Heine; nor political, like Anastasius Grün; nor simply romantic, like Uhland; but earnest, direct, and bold, as if a soldier marching to battle. The sentiment that creates revolutionary dogmas in a young man's breast may be felt as we read these utterances—generous pity for suffering that no individual efforts can relieve, and a deep discontent with the political and social order in which chronic suffering is possible. A painful story, entitled by him "The Irish Widow," may exemplify the one feeling, as "Audubon" expresses the other. But he abounded in cries and arguments and self-communings, all, as the poet's manner is, laid open to the market-place, and letting the German people into the secret of his strivings, which were theirs too, towards an order of things that should better correspond to their needs and wishes than the reign, continued for now more than twenty years, of a Prince Metternich at Vienna, and an æsthetic helpless Frederick William IV. at Berlin. Freiligrath did not know what was in store for him, or that he was to take a foremost rank among German Liberals: unwittingly he went forward, and in no long time the result was manifest.

The success of his poems determined him to quit the counting-house, and live henceforth, as Schiller expresses it, in the bright region of ideal forms. After spending more than two years at Barmen in Westphalia, he settled in the poetic little town of Unkel on the Rhine, and drew around him such congenial spirits as he might love and learn from. He was a man to make friends, being so unaffected and loving himself, and of a pleasant humorous turn, as well as deep convictions. It would be extremely interesting to dwell on the circle of younger poets that gathered about Freiligrath, making up, as they did, though in a loosely-hanging connection of feelings and characters, a sort of Rhenish school. Some were famous then; some have come more into the light in later years; and there is one at least, Emanuel Geibel, whose claim to our attention is founded upon exquisite and truly poetical achievements. Of him, perhaps, we may speak on another occasion. Freiligrath appears to have gained most from his intercourse with Simrock and Immermann. Between them these cultivated spirits drew him more and more into the sphere of German sentiments; he ceased to dream of the Desert and its sand-pictures, and bade a comic farewell, which was meant, however, in earnest, to the camels and lions and other

serviceable beasts in his old menagerie. The finely-touched poem "*Meine Stoffe*," shows him as he turns from the Sahara wastes to quench his thirst at a spring of clear water; nearer home and sweeter even than the well of the oasis about whose borders the palms are growing. He is sorrowful, but resolved. However, it was neither in a day nor a year that he put away the dreams of youth, too wide and distant in their outlook to be more than prophecy, and the interval must have been a pleasanter time than he spent before or after. He was prosperous, well known abroad, beloved in the circle about him, and it was the time of his marriage. At Unkel he became acquainted with Fräulein Ida Melos, a young lady from Weimar, and at that period governess in the family of a retired Prussian officer. Fräulein Ida seems to have been her husband's equal in depth and cultivation of feeling; and their wedding, which took place in May, 1841, was the beginning of a happy married life, in which the poet's genius found many things beautiful and touching, as he delights to tell us. The poems addressed to his wife, or alluding to her and the children they were blessed with, are full of a calm happiness wherein the reader cannot but share, whilst admiring the union of heart and intellect that made it possible. Freiligrath's household poems are delightful; they were not intended for the public eye, and sometimes, though rarely, lack the finish that even a rapid and eloquent writer, and such was Freiligrath, will bestow on what he means to publish. But they have all the qualities of poetry in the making, and especially that overflowing sympathy that gives to Freiligrath his power of dealing with things as if they were present. I do not speak of such choice, though simple, lyrics as "*Mit Unkraut*," or "*Ruhe in der Geliebten*," or the heartfelt and poetical lament, "*Nach Johanna Kinkel's Begräbniss*," than which he has written nothing more manly or noble. To these there went time and attention, we may be sure; but even the sudden and momentary effusions of friendship, which were meant to endure no longer than the breath that uttered them, are very taking; one feels that it would have been a pleasure no less than a privilege to enjoy Freiligrath's intimacy.

Soon after his marriage, the poet set up his tent in Darmstadt, where he proposed, with the fatuity of genius, to bring out a magazine under the title "*Britannia*," to be the medium of introducing English life and literature to the German nation. The plan came speedily to naught. He was then offered, as we are told, a literary position by General Von Radowitz, but declined it from an uneasy feeling that he was not enough in harmony with the established order of things. He continued to write poetry, and to be on terms of friendship with the Suabian singers,

Kerner, Karl Mayer, and the now voiceless Uhland; but the tinge of romanticism faded quickly from his verses, and he drew ever nearer to the leaders of the Revolution. These were not always men of clear views or commanding intellect; nor did their wild lyrism seem captivating at first to the poet in his quiet idyllic retirement at Darmstadt. Nay, in the reflections published by him on the death of Diego Leon, he declared that poetry and politics should be kept asunder, writing with a certain pride:—

Der Dichter steht auf einer höhern Warte,  
Als auf den Zinnen der Partei.

This undeniable maxim became a furious battle-cry and party-word. The author's friends were themselves divided into rival camps, Herwegh thundering against him, and the art-loving Geibel commending his declaration, as with a good conscience he might do all his life. By a yet more curious accident, it was not long before the King of Prussia granted him a pension of 300 thalers annually, as if in reward for a saying that would charm the tongues of liberal poets and silence revolutionary lyrism. How much 300 Prussian thalers might come to in the year 1842, I dare not venture to calculate; but I shall be surprised if it came to £50—as large a sum no doubt in Germany as twice as much at that time in England. It was not a bribe, nor did it impose any duty upon Freiligrath, who was far from expecting such a token of the King's favour. We are easily persuaded now that Frederick William was but obeying a generous impulse, and recognizing the romantic zeal of Freiligrath in the restoration, a year earlier or so, of Roland'seck; neither did any one imagine that the poet had sold himself to the King. But the favour brought on a crisis. He spent the summer of that year on the Rhine at St. Goar, and met his familiar friends again, Geibel, Auerbach, and others that are known to us; and it was not long before conscience enlightened him in the matter of the Royal pension. He could not continue to accept it. He was clear now that he must serve the people and not the King. He would make it known to all men that he renounced the past, that freedom and the future might reckon upon him. Accordingly, on New Year's Day, 1844, he resigned his 300 Prussian thalers, and was henceforth a free man. In the following May he published from Asmannshausen his "Confession of Faith, or Poems for the Times," and with it a frank and most manly preface, in which he laid his heart open before the world, and took up a stand from which he never afterwards receded. He had hesitated and considered long; nor, indeed, without good reason; but his mind was now made up, and for the rest of his life he wrote and acted as one that had a prophetic message to his people, and was

a poet only because poetry is the most direct and persuasive preaching. The burden laid upon him, as he conceived, was to announce the German Revolution and prepare its path.

It is forty years ago, and times are in many respects altered. The Great German Revolution, so long on the playbills, as Heine used to say, has not been acted; the theatre has passed into fresh hands; nor is the present lessee, Herr von Bismarck, at all favourable to French doctrines or to a republic of all the talents. Freiligrath lived to see his beloved tricolor, the black, red, and gold, strike to the blood and iron of a young Teutonic Empire. The wild enthusiasm that erected so many barricades in '48, and with unprofitable courage too often died upon them, has left little more than a remembrance to this generation. It was an uprising of young men, for the most part destitute of Christian education, unacquainted with history, and reduced to the philosophy of Materialism and Unbelief; but their intentions were not always so evil as their deeds, and they were grievously sinned against as well as sinning. Catholic Christendom, as we should bear in mind, lay prostrate under the iron heel of that great royal and military caste that ruled in Europe since the Treaty of Vienna; and the Revolution of 1848 was directed chiefly against a Cæsarism and centralization that the Church, assuredly, has never blessed. At this distance, then, of time, and in regard to such a conflict, we may speak with gentleness of men by whose failure we have profited, and from whom has been exacted the utmost penalty, death in the street or in prison, and the verdict of posterity which, with severe truth, condemns them as unworthy to have succeeded. But they were not unworthy to have been governed as rational, responsible beings; and herein lies some explanation, though by no means all, of that secret sympathy with the movement of '48 which even now continues to weaken public order abroad. Much that was contended for in '48 seems to an Englishman his birthright; and the most convincing proof that Freiligrath and his party were not wholly in the wrong, is that their demands have been in part satisfied and the world is but little the worse for it, nay, in some respects, is very much the better. At any rate, we have taken one step forward in exchanging a Metternich even for a Bismarck; and the remedial legislation upon which so many governments have been engaged, and of which we may say that it is only beginning its career, is ample testimony to the wrong and the suffering against which men like Freiligrath protested in such passionate strains. What they really desired was government by law, which Aristotle calls the best rule of a State, instead of government by caprice, whether cruel or kindly. It is not an English heart that will condemn such aspirations; nor will the Catholic Church. Complete freedom

of the press is not, in Catholic eyes, an unmixed good; but there may be press regulations (and such, I think, was the German censorship in the years I am speaking of), that are, practically, an unmixed evil, that hinder no real mischief and irritate public opinion to madness. As in the press, so in every department of life, Freiligrath beheld the rule of the stick and the sabre; and against it he wrote with an unwise but not with an unjust indignation. He worshipped "Freedom and the Right;" but he came reluctantly to believe that neither Freedom nor Right would be granted peaceably, and that the sword must win them, if they were to be won at all. His answer to political tyranny was Republicanism; his remedy for the growing misery of Europe and the world was Socialism. Unwise and ineffective both; yet indicating the problems of modern life with such tremendous emphasis as to compel attention and insist upon some adequate solution of them from the powers that be. We may safely conclude, indeed, that whilst Democracy and Socialism are in themselves hopelessly impracticable, the Parliament of Man that shall meet hereafter will have taken a lesson from them, and realized the good they were aiming at in its more fortunate constitution.

In sending his book out to do battle for Law and Liberty, as interpreted by the new principles, Freiligrath described it on the title-page as "a bold shot discharged into the choke-damp of these latter times." It was bold in more ways than one; for it was a Confession as well as a Credo, and recorded the growth of his convictions whilst proclaiming that they were now unalterable. But it persuaded the more easily that it left nothing to explain and nothing to retract. It was such a book as Richter would have called "almost a battle," addressing itself to present problems with a scorn that knew no bounds of the ancient and inherited wisdom of governors, the *quam parva sapientia* that survives to us from the days of Oxenstiern. It announced that men were ready to cut the knot with a sword of sharpness. Written in a mood of highest exaltation, and as if upon a desperate venture, its eloquence was that of a general haranguing his army, or a rebel chief erect on the barricades, and at once a mark to the enemy and a standard and rallying-point to his followers. It would be difficult in modern literature to find a specimen of the poetry of action, as I may call it, so sustained and earnest; so stirring a piece of battle-music, continued as upon flute and clarion, whilst the conflict was raging. Thus, accordingly, it is to be judged, not as poetry made at leisure, or rising in the brain of a man that looked on from a safe distance, but like the songs of Tyrtæus, by the enthusiasm it evoked and the overwhelming tumult of feeling that created it. We may

turn its pages and read there, not one, but a hundred hymns of battle, as defiant and wildly heroical as the "Marseillaise." And then there are tones of softest pity inspired by the *Hungersnoth*; by such pangs as took hold of the strongest men when they saw children crying for bread and there was none to give them. Government gave them stripes, and the poets could give them only their songs, in those hard famine-years that led up to '48. All Europe was ringing with rebellious speeches, or murmuring elegies of lament, such as "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," and the threnodies of Victor Hugo that Freiligrath has rendered into graphic German. He wrote much himself on behalf of the hunger-stricken,—*"Vom Hartze," "Aus den Schlesischen Bergen," "Des Kaisers Segen,"* poems in which the pain goes almost too deep for words, and, as in the *"Bride of Lammermoor,"* makes one sorry to have read what one cannot remedy. It was a great Book of Lamentations to which Freiligrath added his note—the book in which all the poets of our century have uttered their Alephs and Ghimels of revolutionary hunger-pangs. For nothing will hasten a revolution like the want of food and fire. And here would be the place to quote Carlyle's *"Chartism," "Past and Present," "Latter-day Pamphlets,"* with their bitter truth and sharp biting rhetoric; or Kingsley's *"Yeast"* and *"Alton Locke,"* as samples of the spirit that prompted Freiligrath to arrest this wide-flowing eloquence and fix it in a series of pictures, easy to remember and extremely hard to refute. Nay, impossible to refute, for the pictures were not only pleadings but evidence too! The very music of the verses, headlong and irresistible, rang like the overture to Revolution. From such music to barricades in Berlin, and the march of a nation upon its rulers' palaces, there was but a step.

The effect of his book in Germany could not be doubtful. In Freiligrath the multitude read their own waverings, aspirations, arguments, and obstinate though secret hopes. Many found in him the prophet they had long been seeking, the herald of that Future that was awaiting them, had they but courage to hasten it onward, and to make an end of feudalism and its monstrous offspring, the military absolutism that kept them hungry and naked. Freiligrath became at once the leading German poet, more popular than any poet had been since Schiller. But to be popular was, in the eyes of his Government, treason. He knew it well, and waiting for no decree of banishment, withdrew to Brussels. There he conversed much with a circle of dangerous friends, the Karl Marxes and the Heinzes, who, as champions of a crude Socialism, were preaching incessantly that chaos is the beginning of Creation. His own motives were certainly pure, and his

disinterestedness great; but it is written "the truth shall make you free;" and Socialism and Republicanism are but far off guesses at truth and by no means the last word of wisdom. Enough on this head. By-and-by, the poet and his wife had their home at Rapperschwyl, on the Lake of Zurich, whence, with ever-increasing vehemence, he wrote against the Kings and Ministers of Germany. It was always the same strain, bold and pathetic, upbraiding his countrymen because they would still be patient, reminding them of their slain at Leipzig, of the War of Independence and its broken promises, and asking them to raise the German tricolor in one last effort. He was a perilous guest in Switzerland; and in 1846 he drew on once more the shoes of travel, and came with his wife and new-born daughter to London. By singing he could not earn his bread; but he was the same man of business as in Amsterdam; and he contrived to live. It was his pleasure, meantime, to watch the political horizon as it grew darker and darker. At length his prophetic *Ça Ira* was exchanged for unbounded delight in the present victory, when, on February 24, 1848, the thunder-cloud burst. With overflowing rapture he dashed off a welcome to the barricades in the spirited refrain "*Im Hochland fiel der erste Schuss,*" which, though not great poetry, is full of fire and life, nor can be read now without a quickening of the pulse such as all good singing calls up. To live out of the conflict he found impossible; in May of that year he was at home in Germany, at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, praying with all his heart that the Republic, "the child of golden hope," might now at length see the light and live immortal. He wrote and sang with unparalleled energy and courage. Few poems have such passion stirring in them as his "Address from the Dead to the Living," and few have had such immediate effect. All Germany was roused to admiration or hatred, for events had sundered it into rival camps. The authorities, thinking with the club of Hercules to dash out the brains of Apollo, indicted Freiligrath for sedition, of which in those days the penalty was death. Happily for him, the trial was at Düsseldorf, and by jury. Guilty or innocent, he could not well have been condemned without indicting half the nation; nor was Rhineland in love with its Prussian bureaucracy. Amid a scene of great enthusiasm the poet was acquitted, and, with shouting and "*Lebe-hochs*" innumerable, was drawn as on a triumphal car to his modest dwelling. The acquittal came like a glint of autumn sunshine across fields of disaster. For all the courage and the barricades of '48 availed nothing against the massive march of Russians into Hungary and of Imperial Austrians into Northern Italy; against the soldier Radetzky or the conspirator Louis Napoleon. Such bitter lamentations as "*Wien,*" "*Ungarn,*" "*Blum,*" "*Réveillé,*" were evi-

dence that the iron had entered into the poet's soul. But he abated no jot of heart or hope, whatever he might feel : never did he write with such desperate frankness as in the "Farewell Address" of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* at Cologne, which he had helped to carry on, and which died, as he expressed himself, with the shout of rebellion upon its lips. Alas ! what can courage achieve, divorced from wisdom ! It is easy to rebel : so hard to reform. At the height of this unrest he published a further collection of poems, entitled "Aftermath," and "Between the Sheaves," the last being an appropriate description of his own writings as they were interspersed among the numerous translations, mostly of a social or revolutionary cast, with which he had busied himself. But he could stay no longer on German soil. A second time he set his face towards London, and arrived for the term of a long exile in May, 1851. Hardly was he landed, when the second part of his "Songs of Revolution" was confiscated by the Prussian authorities, and a charge of high treason brought against his absent self. To that he made a bold contemptuous answer in "The Revolution," a poem that closed this passionate series, to be succeeded by long silence, and the most astonishing change of fortune in Germany. Next year, also, he was charged with complicity in a democratic plot, of which it does not need to say he was wholly innocent. Freiligrath neither planned nor plotted ; but spoke his mind, and was willing to take the consequences. But he might look on himself now as exiled for life.

One need not share altogether in the poet's ideal, much less have joined the party whose voice he became, to estimate his greatness aright, or to grasp the significance of his poems. Though Freiligrath had been deluded by an utterly false ideal,—and I do not think he was,—or involved in actions and tendencies as disastrous as they were unjustifiable,—and this I think none but an extreme partisan will deny ;—yet the clearness with which he saw what he believed, and the power that expressed it in so striking a form, must give him a long-enduring place in his native literature. For literature is the reflection of all that men have thought and acted in their day ; and it is of worth so far as with passion and accuracy it delineates the facts of life. For us that would turn our gaze upon "the chronicle of wasted time," what so vivid or interesting in its presentation of the past, as the "Book of Confessions" by Freiligrath, or his "Later and Latest Poetry," considered as the glass wherein we may behold whatever he saw ? Nay, his aspirations, though unrealized, are still facts of history. When he beheld in the visionary "An den Birkenbaum" the last battle that is ever to be, the day of the Kings against the Peoples and the Peoples against the Kings,—a battle of Armageddon in another than

the scriptural sense,—he gathered up for posterity a world of hopes and fears that we must not forget and may well take home to ourselves. He was a true chronicler of his age, and seized its spirit with a freedom and boldness that few could have ventured upon. All his life through he uttered in song the feelings that made his men mental. Other men make speeches and keep diaries; but in him experience became poetry. And therefore his verse had nothing in it of the *dilettante*; it was not, as the Germans speak, *Pfuscherei*,—the botched painting of an artist that paints to sell,—but living, earnest, manly, if not always wise or well-considered. In the midst of action he wrote an abstract of the century, which does not yield in interest, nor altogether, one may say with Gutzkow, in genius, to the Revolutionary Epic of Victor Hugo.

We must pass over nearly twenty years. Freiligrath, though not idle, was mostly silent, earning his bread with sorrow, and not finding the burden of the time a light one. He suffered, and beheld suffering all round; in England, spite of its free Government; in London, spite of its untold riches. He became more of a Republican and Socialist than ever. But with advancing years his style softened to a clear, affectionate manner of speech, nervous and delicate, entirely free from the blaze of colour that announced his arrival among the poets. Heine's amused and amusing satire on "The Blackamoor Chief,"—the unkindly "Atta Troll,"—would have found no purchase in the later poems of Freiligrath. His convictions did not alter, but he no longer felt bound to deliver them. He came to love England, and has written much and gracefully on the incidents of his family life amongst us. Into London society he did not intrude himself; on the contrary, he has spoken almost too sharply of that charming Hans Christian Andersen, whose delight at finding himself a lion was, like his fairy-tales, naïve and hearty. Freiligrath lived, for the most part, amongst his countrymen, and was loved by them as he deserved. In America his renown increased greatly; for the causes that drove him into exile were, and are, still in action, leading to that immense migration of Germans across the Atlantic that grows with the growth of military institutions and industrial serfdom at home. The emigrants naturally honoured him as *their* poet, as one that had fought and suffered to keep them in their old cities by Elbe and Rhine. In the Fatherland he was a universal favourite with the young, and admitted, even by his enemies, to have done his nation credit; for he is one of the best known of German poets.

So when trouble came upon him, and it seemed, in 1867, that he must seek a precarious living in his old age, the German people combined to make him a home, and to welcome his face

among them. No King, perhaps, would have offered him a pension; neither was there, as among the Athenians, a prytaneum, or public table, for those that had served their country faithfully. But the German nation, to whom he had long been dear, might bestow on him a tribute such as he without shame could accept. He returned home in June, 1868. His journey along the Rhine was a beautiful and poetic progress, in which the greeting he received became ever more loving and honourable, for it was bestowed by men of all opinions, and might be called the verdict of Germany, declaring that he had spent, as befitted the first of her living poets, a noble, unselfish life. After moving hither and thither for a space, he settled in Stuttgart. To his beloved early home in the Teutobergian Forest he paid a visit in 1869. I have spoken of the poem that tells us how he felt on beholding again the woods and hills of Detmold, and the quiet, pleasant plains; and how he thought once more of Hermann and the Archivrath Clostermeier. He little dreamt, perhaps, as he looked over the beautiful country, that a second Hermannschlacht, with all its far-reaching consequences, was near at hand. But when 1870 came, and Prussia proved herself to be a modern Götz von Berlichingen, with an iron hand that could and would protect the Germans, though smiting them occasionally a little hard, Freiligrath was ready as of old, and sang his "Hurrah, Germania," like a soldier marching to his first campaign. He sent, likewise, his eldest son to the front, but to tend the wounded and wear the Red Cross instead of the sword. For the Republic he yearned even now; but in the hour of national wisdom and insight that united "the seven princes" of Germany, Brandenburg with Suabia, and Bavaria with Saxony, the poet had an insight of his own, and could exclaim with fervour that now the German's Fatherland was all Germany from north to south. The collected edition of his poems, issued "in the year of honour, 1870," he dedicated with a full heart to the country he had loved from youth to grey hairs. Nor was it "without the Divinity" that his closing eyes should behold Germany united, if not altogether free—a queenly woman, as he sings, crowned and with victorious sword in hand, but in the weeds of mourning still, and longing for the day when she might restore her sword to its scabbard and put on the raiment of peace. He was not to see more of the time to come; the destiny of that famous German nation is not clear even yet to those that love her. To the social enigma no answer has been given. But Freiligrath, in his old age, confessed that something, though not all, had been accomplished of his early hopes; that, if Germany was neither the Promised Land nor the Garden of Eden, it had changed greatly for the

better since those days of humiliation when the sword of France and the sceptre of Austria made it the least among nations. He had not attained his ideal; but the dreams of his youth were not wholly unfulfilled. What of the morrow? he asked. Now that Prussia, in the eyes of Europe, is Germany, will it become German indeed, and put on the large humanity, the fine old German heart and spirit, without which it may inspire fear but cannot conquer love? It was not for Freiligrath to know. With whatever mistakes in judgment, he had, in the honourable sincerity of his life, in the true brotherly tone and simple purity of his writings, done his utmost towards uniting the people into a nation upon the noble pattern of the ancient "Deutsche Treue." His work was accomplished. At an age that still promised happiness and gave scope for moderate and seasonable activity, he was summoned away. He died, suddenly and painlessly, of heart disease, March 18, 1876. He had not completed his sixty-sixth year. The mourning of Germany was such as became a great nation at the tomb of a great poet, of one whose life and writings combine to show us, emphatically, a man; tender-hearted, brave, and loyal; neither a misanthrope nor an inhuman fanatic, but cheery and practical in his own calling; and if too sanguine of the virtues that would create a golden age of Freedom and Fraternity, yet in this to be pardoned, as a poet whose vision must ever include the Divine possibilities still left in our nature.

What he wrought in song of his own composition I have already noted. It remains to indicate, with the utmost brevity, his success and exceedingly wide range as a translator. He has taken in hand the most renowned and difficult of English poets, beginning with Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," and coming down to Longfellow's "Hiawatha," to Bret Harte and the extraordinary writer of prose-poems who styles himself Walt Whitman. Again, he has rendered into expressive German many of the Poems and Ballads of the "Oriental Sketches," and the "Autumn Leaves," of Victor Hugo, a feat which those that are well read in the originals will regard with astonishment, so difficult is the undertaking, and achieved with such apparent ease. In like manner, the gay and passionate verses of Alfred de Musset are turned with a poet's skill, and, if they lose in petulance, they must needs gain by their translation into a more rhythmical language than their own. For no one will deny the sweetness and feeling of the German ballad. To Felicia Hemans and Thomas Moore the attention paid by Freiligrath seems disproportionate; but he has made up in part by his dainty renderings from the contemporaries of Shakespeare, from Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and Lord Surrey. Tennyson, again, has excited his wonder, and we have many characteristic early

poems, in which the German renders back the richness and stateliness so familiar to the Laureate's readers. Robert Burns is tender and jovial in German as in his Lowland Scotch; and the democratic appeal to Nature in "A man's a man for a' that," was sure to waken the deepest echo in Freiligrath's breast. Accordingly, not only did he translate it with almost equal spirit in "Trotz Alledem," but he gave his own version of it for German revolutionaries in the Book of his Confessions, and so it has begun a fresh life among strangers, who have shown they can welcome it kindly. But I must end here. The significance of Freiligrath's translations is that they held a practical purpose in them, like all he did, and were intended to bring about a closer intimacy between the men of all countries to whom a change in the policy and social organisation of Europe seemed indispensable. They were meant to further that alliance of nations, *from beneath*, which is surely and swiftly growing, and of whose consequences no man living can see the end.

WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

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#### ART. IV.—ADRIAN IV. AND IRELAND.

1. *Analecta Juris Pontificii*. Mai-Juin, 1882. Paris: Victor Palmé, Editeur.
2. *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. Nov. 1872. Art. I. "Bull of Adrian IV."

FOR more than two centuries England justified its claim to rule Ireland on the authority of a well-known "Bull" of Pope Adrian IV. By this instrument the first and only Englishman who sat in the chair of St. Peter, Nicholas Breakspeare, who took the title of Adrian IV., gave the sovereignty of the island to our English king, Henry II.; and, although at the present day, and indeed since the close of the fifteenth century, this grant has nothing to do with the relations existing between the two countries, still the question of the genuineness of the "Bull" possesses an historical interest for the people of both nations.

From time to time the "fact" that an English Pope made a donation of Ireland to his own countrymen is used by un-Catholic Irish Nationalist writers for the purpose of trying to undermine the inborn and undying love and devotion of the Irish people for the sovereign Pontiffs. These attacks were met by the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* in the article named above, in which Dr. Moran, the learned Bishop of Ossory, adduced many powerful,

if not conclusive, reasons for rejecting the "Bull" as spurious. English historians have universally taken the genuineness of the document for granted; and Dr. Lingard, for example, thus describes the origin and purpose of Pope Adrian's grant:\*

The proximity of Ireland to England, and the inferiority of the natives in the art of war, had suggested the idea of conquest to both William the Conqueror and the first Henry. . . . Within a few months of his (Henry II.) coronation, John of Salisbury, a learned monk, and afterwards Bishop of Chartres, was despatched to solicit the approbation of Pope Adrian. The envoy was charged to assure His Holiness that Henry's principal object was to provide instruction for an ignorant people, to extirpate vice from the Lord's vineyard, and to extend to Ireland the annual payment of Peter Pence; but that, as every Christian island was the property of the Holy See, he did not presume to make the attempt without the advice and consent of the successor of S. Peter. The Pontiff, who must have smiled at the hypocrisy of this address, praised, in his reply, the piety of his dutiful son; accepted the asserted right of sovereignty which had been so liberally admitted, expressed the satisfaction with which he assented to the king's request, and exhorted him to bear in mind the conditions on which the assent had been grounded.

Irish historians also appear generally to have taken the same view as Dr. Lingard expressed in the foregoing passage, and to have had little suspicion about the authenticity of the "Bull." On the contrary, the "Student's Manual of Irish History," published in 1870 by Miss Cusack, declares that "there can be no doubt whatever of the authenticity of this Bull," and this would seem to be the general verdict of Irish authorities until comparatively recent times.†

The Abbé MacGeoghegan, it is true, in his "History of Ireland,"‡ appears somewhat inclined to discredit the document, though at the same time he takes special pains to defend the Irish clergy and people against the censures implied by it. It was only in the year 1872 that the first indictment of the evidence upon which the "Bull" had been accepted as genuine, was drawn up by Dr. Moran, and published in the pages of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. To the arguments against the "grant" stated in that article, the editor of the *Analecta Juris Pontificii* has added fresh and almost conclusive evidence of the forgery of what has been so long left unquestioned and accepted as genuine by historians.

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\* "Hist.," vol. ii. p. 177, 5th ed.

† See also speeches in Ireland and elsewhere, on the Pope's recent "Circular to the Irish Bishops," and Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's recently published "Outline of Irish History," where the authentic character of the Grant is assumed.

‡ Duffy, 1844.

The following account is given by the author of the researches in the *Analecta* of the reasons which determined him to undertake the study of the question :—

Many years ago, an Irishman living at Montreal, in Canada, wrote to me for the purpose of calling my attention to the subject of Adrian IV. and his pretended donation of Ireland to the English. He begged me to treat this important question for the honour of the Holy See, and to clear the name of Pope Adrian, upon whom this grave accusation had rested for so many centuries. At the time I was travelling, but happening to stop some time in a city rich in libraries, I commenced my researches, and conducted them to some length. When obliged to continue my journey, I entrusted my papers to the librarian ; and on my return, after an absence of two years and half, I learnt, to my great regret, that the librarian had died, and that all my notes had disappeared. I was, consequently, obliged to begin again ; but I have been fully compensated for the mischance by an unhopèd-for discovery, that of the true letter of Adrian.

The circumstances under which Henry II. is said to have asked and obtained this famous “Bull” are well known. He was anxious in his restless spirit to have occupation for his arms. The slave trade against which the Conqueror and Bishop St. Wulstan had striven, and which they had for a time succeeded in suppressing at Bristol, was again carried on during the disturbed times of Rufus and his brother, the first Henry, and was allowed to grow unchecked during the civil dissensions of Stephen’s reign. Thus it came to pass that Ireland, on the accession of Henry II., was full of Englishmen who had been kidnapped and sold into slavery. This would have furnished a pretext sufficient for war, had a pretext been needed by the ambitious mind of the English king ; and shortly after his accession to the throne John of Salisbury was, according to his own account, despatched to Rome to obtain the Papal sanction and blessing for the proposed expedition to Ireland. Adrian IV. was then Pope, and from him was obtained, as is supposed, the famous grant, by means of which Henry and his immediate successors were created sovereign princes over the island. Those among Irish historians who have accepted John of Salisbury’s account of the donation have considered that Adrian was purposely deceived as to the state of the country and the necessity of the English interference by the king’s envoy, and have regarded the “Bull” as a document granted in error as to the real circumstances of the case. Dr. Lingard takes a view less creditable to the reputation of the Pope, when he represents him as smiling “at the hypocrisy of the address” made by John of Salisbury, while still acceding to the request he proffered in behalf of his royal

master. It can be now shown, almost conclusively, that though a request of the nature described by Salisbury was indeed made about this time to the Pope, he was not the envoy sent to make it, and the answer was very different to that of the supposed "Bull," which we now give in the words of Dr. Moran's translation.

Adrian Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our most dear Son in Christ, the illustrious King of the English, greeting and Apostolic Benediction.

The thoughts of your Highness are laudably and profitably directed to the greater glory of your name on earth, and to the increase of the reward of eternal happiness in heaven, when as a Catholic Prince you propose to yourself to extend the borders of the Church, to announce the truths of Christian faith to ignorant and barbarous nations, and to root out the weeds of wickedness from the field of the Lord; and the more effectually to accomplish this, you implore the counsel and favour of the Apostolic See. In which matter we feel assured that the higher your aims are, and the more discreet your proceedings, the happier, with God's aid, will be the result; because those undertakings that proceed from the ardour of faith and the love of religion are sure always to have a prosperous end and issue.

It is beyond all doubt, as your Highness also doth acknowledge, that Ireland, and all the islands upon which Christ the Son of Justice has shone, and which have received the knowledge of the Christian faith, are subject to the authority of S. Peter and of the most holy Roman Church. Wherefore we are the more desirous to sow in them an acceptable seed and a plantation pleasing unto God, because we know that a most rigorous account of them shall be required of us hereafter.

Now, most dear Son in Christ, you have signified to us you propose to enter the island of Ireland to establish the observance of law among its people, and to eradicate the weeds of vice, and that you are willing to pay from every house one penny as tribute to S. Peter, and to preserve the rights of the churches of that land whole and inviolate. We, therefore, receiving with due favour your pious and laudable desires, and graciously granting our consent to your petition, declare that it is pleasing and acceptable to us, that for the purpose of enlarging the limits of the Church, setting bounds to the torrent of vice, reforming evil manners, planting the seeds of virtue, and increasing Christian faith, you should enter that island and carry into effect those things which belong to the service of God, and to the salvation of that people; and that the people of that land should honourably receive and reverence you as Lord; the rights of the churches being preserved untouched and entire, and reserving the annual tribute of one penny from every house to S. Peter and the most holy Roman Church.

If, therefore, you resolve to carry these designs into execution, let it be your study to form that people to good morals; and take

such orders both by yourself and by those whom you shall find qualified in faith, in words, and in good conduct, that the Church there may be adorned, and the practices of Christian faith be planted and increased, and let all that tends to the glory of God and the salvation of souls be so ordered by you that you may deserve to obtain from God an increase of everlasting reward; and may secure on earth a glorious name throughout all time.

Given at Rome, &c.

This document is not dated, but John of Salisbury, who claims to have been the ambassador who obtained it for Henry II., gives the year 1155 as the date when it was granted. There are however grave, if not overwhelming, reasons for questioning the value of this testimony, since the biography of Salisbury makes it exceedingly improbable that he was ever entrusted with such a mission to Rome. Educated out of England, which he left in 1137, John of Salisbury did not return to his native country till 1149, and then only for a very short time, as he can be proved to have returned almost immediately to the Continent, where he became occupied in teaching at Paris. It is hard to believe that Henry would have made choice of an unknown and untried man to conduct so important and difficult a piece of diplomacy as negotiating with the Pope about the expedition to Ireland. This much is certain indeed that Henry did, at the beginning of his reign, send ambassadors to Adrian, who was then almost at the close of his pontificate; but this mission was given to three bishops and an abbot—namely, Rotrodus,\* Bishop of Evreux, of whom we shall have more to say; Arnold, Bishop of Lisieux; the Bishop of Mans; and Robert, Abbot of S. Albans. John of Salisbury, if he were with this embassy, could not have played the important part he claims to have done, but would have gone only in the capacity of a simple clerical retainer. It is a curious fact that the date of this mission to the Pope from Henry is the same as that claimed by Salisbury for his visit, A.D. 1155; and it is most unlikely that the English king would have sent two different embassies at the same time. The old chronicles give as the object of the visit of these prelates to Rome at this time the wish of Henry to obtain from Adrian absolution from an oath made by him to his father Geoffrey. Apparently other English business was treated of at the same time, as we judge from a letter bearing the date of February 27, 1155, written by Adrian to the Scotch bishops. Nothing whatever appears as to the proposed expedition to Ireland.

Other circumstances also tend to throw discredit upon the account given by John of Salisbury. When he finished his work

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\* "*Gallia Christiana*," tom. ii. pp. 557 and 776.

called "Polycraticus," he dedicated it to Thomas, afterwards S. Thomas à Becket, then Chancellor of England, who at that time was with his royal master at the siege of Toulouse. This was in the year A.D. 1159; and in that year, apparently for the first time, Salisbury was presented to Henry by S. Thomas. If, as we may suppose from this fact, he has been up to this time unknown to the king, it is most improbable that four years previously the same monarch had entrusted him with so private and confidential a mission to Rome.

Moreover, although Salisbury speaks in the "Polycraticus" of his having passed three months at Beneventum with Pope Adrian—a fact rendered itself most unlikely by reason of the details he gives of the extraordinary familiarity with which the Pope treated him—he makes no mention whatever in that work of the important grant of Ireland accorded to his petition. Such an omission is all the more curious because the work in question was intended by its author as a means of securing the favour and patronage of the Chancellor; and had Salisbury been the means of obtaining for England so signal a favour, this mere fact would have been a certain pass to the countenance and protection, not alone of S. Thomas, but of King Henry himself. This omission is sufficient to make us suspect either that the chapter in Salisbury's subsequent work, the "Metalogicus," in which mention is made of Adrian's grant, is not his work at all; or that the grant was inserted by him at the instance of the king, and to gain his favour.

It is fair to say that some consider it probable that John of Salisbury was known in England before he became secretary to S. Thomas as Chancellor in 1159. It is thought also that he was secretary to Archbishop Theobald, the predecessor to S. Thomas in the See of Canterbury; but this belief is founded upon the fact that there are in Salisbury's works many letters written by Archbishop T. to Pope A., which may equally stand for Archbishop Thomas and Pope Alexander as for Archbishop Theobald and Pope Adrian. It is true that the last chapter of the "Metalogicus" declares that he was the secretary of Theobald, as well as mentioning the "Bull" of Adrian; but grave suspicions are entertained as to the honesty or genuineness of this part of Salisbury's work. As this concluding chapter in the "Metalogicus" is rightly considered the most important evidence upon which the authenticity of the "Bull" rests, it will be necessary to consider it at some length. It has been sometimes supposed that Salisbury wrote the chapter containing the important declaration of Pope Adrian's grant to him in order to favour the designs of Henry on Ireland; and that the price of this deceit was the Bishopric of Chartres bestowed upon

him by the king. There is very little doubt that the character of John of Salisbury is not altogether such as to place him beyond suspicion. Some of his letters show that he could play a double part, and was in reality not the straightforward friend of his master S. Thomas that he pretended to be.\* We are, however, inclined to think that the editor of the *Analecta* is right in exonerating Salisbury from the charge of fraud, and in supposing that the last chapter of the "Metalogicus" was an interpolation at some subsequent period.

It is undeniable that the forty-second chapter of the work has absolutely nothing to do with the rest, which had for its object the defence of the study of logic and metaphysics. The forty-first chapter finishes this subject in a natural and Christian manner by a quotation from the Book of Wisdom, and it is a strange contrast in the next chapter (forty-second) to come upon a lament over the siege of Toulouse and the evils likely to arise out of the quarrel of the two kings, oddly mixed up with records of a most unlikely familiarity existing between himself (Salisbury) and Pope Adrian. The Pontiff is represented as insisting on eating off the same plate with him and drinking from the same cup, while he is supposed to have declared publicly that he loved Salisbury more than his own mother and brother. These curious details are immediately followed by the declaration of Adrian's gift of Ireland, to which is added a repetition of what he had said in the prologue about his occupation as chancellor and secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The whole chapter is thus so strange in itself, so different in style to the other writings of John of Salisbury, and so oddly tacked on to a work on philosophy, that it is highly probable it was not his work at all. This probability is increased by the fact that the circumstances of the interview with Pope Adrian described in the "Metalogicus" differ so much from those in the "Polyeraticus," where no mention is made of Adrian's donation; nor of the "fine emerald ring" sent from the Pope to Henry to convey some strange sort of investiture. Moreover, the hand of the impostor is betrayed by one or two expressions such as "usque in hodiernum diem" and "jure hæreditario possidendam." Lastly, if the last chapter of the "Metalogicus" is genuine, it was written about the year 1159, since the illness of Archbishop Theobald, who died in 1161, is mentioned. At latest the date of the work is 1160; while it is a matter beyond dispute that no mention whatever

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\* John Bale, a Protestant, in a biographical notice attached to an edition of the "Metalogicus," Leyden, 1639, says: "Archiepiscopo Thomæ quandoque familiaris fuit et in exilio comes: sed non propterea omisit suas objicere pervicaces in regem benignum dementias."

was made by Henry of this "grant" of Ireland by the Pope till at earliest A.D. 1175,\* or fifteen years after it was published in the "*Metalogicus*." This is inexplicable, except on the ground that the chapter is a subsequent interpolation in order to give colour to Henry's claims on Ireland. We must here note that the possession of such a "Bull" would have been most useful to Henry in 1167, when his followers first joined Dearmaid, in order to justify English interference; it was of vital importance when he went over to receive the homage of the Irish, and could never have been withheld or concealed at the Council of Cashel in 1172, at which the Papal legate presided. Such silence can only mean that the "Bull" did not exist, and as yet Henry was unable to forge it for a reason which will be obvious later.

It was said† (observes Fr. Burke, the Dominican orator,) that Henry kept the letter a secret, because his mother, the Empress Matilda, did not wish him to act upon it. But if he had the letter when he came to Ireland, why didn't he produce it? That was his only warrant for coming to Ireland. He came there and invaded the country, and never breathed a word about having the letter to a human creature. There is a lie on the face of it.

From what has been said, it will be allowed that, at best, John of Salisbury's works do very little towards establishing the authenticity of Adrian's Bull. It can also be shown that other authorities for it are not more reliable. Salisbury, though speaking, as we have seen, of the existence of the Papal grant, if the genuineness of the last chapter of the "*Metalogicus*" be conceded, still does not give its text; and it was at least thirty years after Adrian's death that the "Bull" itself first appeared in the "*Expugnatio Hibernica*" of Giraldus Cambrensis. It is important to estimate the value of this testimony, as we believe it can be shown that every subsequent English chronicler who mentions it has simply accepted it on Giraldus's authority. Giraldus was twenty years of age when, in 1150, he went to study in Paris. Twenty-five years later (1175) the Archbishop of Canterbury sent him into Wales and named him Archdeacon of Brecknock; and it was not till 1184 that Henry II. took any notice of him. He was named chaplain of the Court, but for some reason or other got no other preferment, though actively and by his pen he served the king's purposes both in Wales and Ireland. His fixed idea was to remove his native country from the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and apparently to get himself appointed Archbishop of St. David's. With this object in view he refused two bishoprics—Bangor in 1190 and Llandaff in 1191—

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\* "*Cambrensis Eversus*," vol. ii. p. 440, note.

† "The Sophistries of Froude Refuted"—"The Normans in Ireland."

as well probably as others. In 1198 he got himself named to the See of St. David's, and set out immediately to Rome to obtain from Innocent III. the realization of his pet projects. The Pope would have done what Giraldus wished; but the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury strenuously opposed the scheme, and it fell through, and Giraldus returned, enraged against the King and Court, without having effected his purpose.

He devoted the rest of his life to writing the "*Expugnatio Hibernica*," publishing three editions of it—the first in or about the year 1188, and the last, dedicated to King John, in 1209. It is to some date between these two that the publication of the "*Bull*" of Adrian IV. is to be referred. Another copy is also found inserted in his autobiography ("*De rebus a se Gestis*"), which was written in 1295.

There is, however, little reliance to be placed in the works of this author as regards historical facts. In his "*Expugnatio*" he candidly declares that truth was not his only object, but that he took up his pen to glorify Henry II.,\* "*Topographicam Hibernicam . . . . in partris vestri laudem triennii labore digessi.*" In fact, according to the late editors of Giraldus's works in the "*Rolls*" series (Dr. Brewer and the Rev. J. Dimock), it is fair to regard the Irish history as having been written with a purpose—that is, to win the king's favour, and hence justly to be accepted with suspicion, and looked upon more as an epic poem than as sober relation of fact. From the tone of mind Giraldus manifests, it is not at all unlikely that he would accept unquestioned any document which would favour the pretensions of his royal master, or promote the interests of the Welsh adventurers in Ireland. The preface to tom. v. of the "*Opera Giraldi Camb.*" completely and for ever demolishes his claim to be considered an historian. From it we quote the following:—

In the fifth chapter of the second book the early manuscripts give, under the year 1174 or 1175, a privilege long before obtained from Pope Adrian IV., authorizing Henry II.'s invasion of Ireland, and a confirmatory one of the then Pope, Alexander III., with some prefatory matter principally relating to the persons employed in bringing the privilege for publication into Ireland at this time, and to the agency of John of Salisbury in having procured the first from Pope Adrian IV. in 1155. All this in the early manuscripts is clear and consistent; agreeing perfectly, moreover, with the evidence of contemporary authorities, and as regards the account of the procuring of Adrian's privilege fully corroborated by John of Salisbury himself. But the later manuscripts omit Alexander's privilege and all mention of him, and give Adrian's privilege only. The prefatory matter had to be altered accordingly. In doing this they marvel-

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\* Opp. tom. i. p. 70.

lously contrive to make Henry in 1172 apply for and procure this privilege from Pope Adrian, who died in 1159; and with equally marvellous confusion they represent John of Salisbury, who had been Henry's agent in procuring the privilege in 1155, as sent, not to Ireland, but to Rome, for the purpose of publishing it at Waterford in 1170 or 1175. But the cause of the suppression and the germ of the blundering in the prefatory matter were both perhaps supplied by Giraldus, in his copy of this chapter, as given in the "*De Instructione Principum*." He there states, in introducing Alexander's privilege, that some asserted it to be a forgery; and hence, perhaps, its suppression afterwards in the "*Expugnatio*," by some rectifier of his history of Henry's papal rights over Ireland. . . . \*

I think I have said enough to justify me in refusing to accept Giraldus' history of the Irish and of their English invaders, as sober, truthful history. . . . Truth was not his main object: he says he compiled the work for the purpose of sounding the praises of Henry II.†

It would, indeed, almost seem as if succeeding English annalists were suspicious of Giraldus as a writer of sober history, as his record of events is made very little use of in other chronicles. The influence, however, of the publication of Adrian's "*Bull*" by Giraldus can be traced to the historical writings of Matthew of Paris, through the records of Ralph de Diceto,‡ who compiled his work about A.D. 1210. Matthew of Paris contributed more than any other to spread the "*grant*" of Adrian; but his mention of it in no way adds to the authority in support of its genuineness. He did not live till nearly a century after Pope Adrian; and in his "*History*" he for the most part, till the year 1235, only makes a compendium of Roger Wendover, his fellow religious at St. Albans, whose chronicle again only professes to be, down to the thirteenth century, an epitome drawn from other sources, and is thus worthless as an independent witness.

Besides the Bull of Alexander III., confirmatory of the "*grant*" of Adrian IV., given in the works of Giraldus, and, as remarked by Dr. Brewer, rendered doubtful even on the authority of the same author, there are three letters attributed to the same Pope which have reference to the invasion of Ireland. They were first published in 1728 by Hearne in the "*Liber Niger Scaccarii*"—the Black-Book of the Exchequer—and are addressed respectively to the Irish Bishops, to the English king, and to the Irish princes. Dr. Moran remarks that "*they are certainly authentic.*" They all bear the same date of the 20th September, are written from Tusculum, and are attributed to the year 1170. Although

\* Preface, tom. v. pp. 69, 70.

† *Ibid.* Pp. 42, 51, &c.

‡ "*Imagines Historiarum.*" Raoul de Diceto.

the author of the article in the *Analecta* does not agree with Dr. Moran as to the authentic character of these documents, he admits that they, at least, form some very powerful arguments against the genuineness of Pope Adrian's Bull. In the first place, they completely ignore its existence, and although entirely taken up with the affairs of Ireland, recognize no other title or claim of Henry to dominion in that country except "the power of the monarch, and the submission of the chiefs." They speak moreover, of the Pope's rights over all islands, and ask Henry to preserve these rights. On this matter the *Analecta* points out that in the whole Bullarium there is no authentic document containing this claim. Again, no mention is made of Peterpence, which Adrian is supposed to have charged Henry to establish in Ireland by his Bull, and this although Alexander was writing twenty years after Adrian, and specially mentions certain papal rights. This would prove that the "grant" of Adrian was unknown in Rome as completely as in England and Ireland. Such a deduction is confirmed by the action of Pope John XXII. with the Ambassadors of Edward II. at the beginning of the fourteenth century. King John in 1213 had given England over to the Holy See, to be held by him and his successors as a fief from the Pope. Neither Edward I. nor Edward II. troubled himself about the matter, till in A.D. 1316 the latter sent ambassadors to John XXII. on his accession, to offer a thousand pounds sterling promised by John, and to excuse the English for past neglect in the matter of this tribute. No distinction is made in the payment between that for England and Ireland, and the fact that the Pope did not take advantage of so favourable an opportunity for reminding the English king that he had not done homage for Ireland, nor paid tribute for it, seems to show that the "Bull" of Adrian was unknown at the Court of John XXII. It is certain also that historians of this time were ignorant of the existence of such a document, for during the residence of the pontifical Court at Avignon two \* Lives of Pope Adrian IV. were written. One was composed in A.D. 1331, and the second in 1356, and in neither is there any mention of this important act of the Pope, although the authors find a place for many less important documents.

It is true that Baronius inserts the "Bull" in his Annals, and his authority is consequently claimed for the authenticity of the document, especially as it is given with the additional information that his copy was taken "from a Vatican manuscript." Until lately this note had been taken as proof that an authentic

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\* Muratori, "Scriptores rerum Italicarum," tom. iii.

copy was to be found in the Roman Archives. Dr. Moran, however, completely disposes of this evidence.\*

During my stay in Rome (he says), I took occasion to inquire whether the MSS. of the eminent annalist (Baronius), which happily are preserved, indicated the special "Vatican Manuscript" referred to in his printed text, and I was informed by the learned archivist of the Vatican, Monsignor Theiner, who is at present engaged in giving a new edition and continuing the great work of Baronius, that the "Codex Vaticanus" referred to is a MS. copy of the "History of Matthew of Paris," which is preserved in the Vatican Library. Thus it is the testimony of Matthew of Paris alone that here confronts us in the pages of Baronius, and no new argument can be taken from the words of the eminent annalist. Relying on the same high authority, I am happy to state that nowhere in the private archives, or among the private papers of the Vatican, or in the "Regesta," which Jaffé's researches have made so famous, or in the various indices of the Pontifical Letters, can a single trace be found of the supposed Bulls of Adrian and Alexander.

We have been obliged more than once to refer to this Bull of Alexander III., which has been considered by most historians as absolutely certain proof of the authenticity of Pope Adrian's original "grant." The fact is that the second Bull rests on no better, if as good, evidence as the former which it is supposed to confirm. Giraldus Cambrensis states that it was granted by Alexander III. in 1172 to Henry, in confirmation of Adrian's original donation of Ireland to England. The author of the "Macariæ Excidium" (p. 247)† considered that this fact "set at rest for ever all doubt as to the genuineness of the 'grant' made by Adrian IV." This second Bull, however, rests on no other authority than Giraldus, who himself throws some discredit upon the document. It was originally published as part of the "Expugnatio Hibernica," though many later editors have separated it from that work. In another tract, "De Instructione Principum," written towards the end of his life, Giraldus refers to the Bull in doubtful language. "*Sicut a quibusdam impetratum asseritur aut confingitur: ab aliis autem unquam impetratum fuisse negatur*"—"Obtained, as some assert or imagine, while others deny that it was ever obtained." On the original and sole authority for it, then, the genuineness is at best doubtful, and it becomes a very poor prop to support the claims of Adrian's "grant." To this we may add that the date and style of Alexander's Bull tends to throw discredit upon it. The three letters of the same Pope referred to are dated from Tusculum, in

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\* *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, ut sup. p. 61.

† Apud Dr. Moran, *Ecclesiastical Record*, p. 59.

A.D. 1172, where we know from history that Alexander then was. The Bull, on the other hand, is supposed to have been issued from *Rome* in 1172, to which city Alexander did not return till six years later, when the disturbances which drove him into exile were quelled.

It is thus clear that the evidence upon which the existence of the confirmatory Bull of Alexander rests, is not only doubtful at its source, but the place from which it is dated betrays the fact of forgery. And, moreover, it is very improbable that Alexander would have been induced to give such a letter to Henry. The Pope must have known well that in 1159 the English king had supported the anti-pope Octavianus, and, again, in 1166, another Guido against his own undoubted claim to the Papacy. This was well known, as Matthew of Westminster says that Henry forced every man, woman, and child in England to renounce his allegiance to the true and go over to the anti-pope. Only two years before the king had appeared as the bitter persecutor of S. Thomas and the abettor of his murder. It may consequently be argued with reason that Pope Alexander would not have been likely to issue a "Bull" in favour of Henry's pretensions to become the apostle of order and religion in Ireland. He must, indeed, have known the king too well to trust him to act honestly, having already had samples of double-dealing in the long quarrel between the Archbishop S. Thomas and his sovereign. A notorious instance of Henry's capability of deceiving took place at the time of the coronation of the young prince, which was carried out while the Archbishop was out of favour at the Court. Nine years before, when the See of Canterbury was vacant, Henry had obtained from the Pope a grant allowing him to get any prelate to perform the ceremony; the reason assigned for asking this favour being that the coronation would take place probably before the See of Canterbury was filled up, and that the king wished to defeat any claim of the Archbishop of York to perform the ceremony. On the ground of this permission Henry now sought to make the Archbishop of York usurp the undoubted right of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Alexander, at the instance of S. Thomas, wrote several letters\* forbidding any prelate, and particularly his Grace of York, to usurp the office of crowning the prince. There is notwithstanding, preserved among the papers of S. Thomas, a mandate from the Pope addressed to the Archbishop of York, ordering him to perform the ceremony. This document is a manifest forgery,† and is worth recording as evidence, if any were required, that Henry was quite capable of

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\* "Ep. S. Thom." ii. 45, 47.

† See Lingard, "History," vol. ii. p. 153 note (5th ed.)

manufacturing or adapting documents to serve his own purposes, and that consequently we should be justified in accepting with caution the alleged "Bull" of Alexander or that of Adrian, which it was supposed to confirm, unless they were supported by independent testimony.

Giraldus Cambrensis, it is true, asserted that both these Bulls were produced in a Synod of Irish clergy at Waterford, in A.D. 1175, and most historians have looked upon this assertion as a proof that they must both have been authentic. It would of course be fair to argue from their production at this assembly only their existence; but Dr. Moran has shown that at best it is extremely unlikely that any such synod was ever held at this time. In Irish annals there is no record of such meeting, which, indeed, the very disturbed state of the country would have prevented at that time. In the same year, A.D. 1175, Henry seems to have appointed the first Bishop of Waterford, and so it is possible that a meeting of the Anglo-Norman clergy, assembled for the purpose of election or confirmation, may have been magnified by Giraldus into a national Synod. In that case the production of the Bulls before an assembly of this character would have no special significance.

We may here note a strong confirmation of our doubts as to the authentic character of Pope Adrian's "grant," even if the subsequent "Bull" of Alexander is not also affected. Directly the murder of S. Thomas became known, Henry crossed over to Ireland with the object apparently of preventing the anger of the Pope finding him out by letters of excommunication or interdict. For five months a strict watch was kept on all vessels coming from the Continent, and not a ship was allowed to reach the Irish coast, even from England, without the king's knowing that it was not conveying any Papal letters. Directly a favourable message was brought to him at Wexford he set out at once, and, crossing England, passed over into Normandy. There, in the cathedral of Avranches, on the Sunday before the Assumption, 1172, Henry swore on the Gospels, in the presence of the legates, bishops, barons and people, that he was not guilty of the murder of the Archbishop. This oath, taken under such solemn circumstances, included the placing of the kingdom of England under the Pope, and the oath of fealty for it to Alexander.\* Had Ireland at this time been really given to England by the Holy See, under such circumstances as these it would have been mentioned. This, however, is not the case. "*Præterea*

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\* This clause in the oath is not found in John of Salisbury's account; but Baronius inserts it as found in the Vatican Archives. Also Muratori, "*Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*," tom. iii. 463.

ego," runs the oath, "et major filius meus rex juramus, quod a Domino Alexandro Papa, et ejus Catholicis successoribus recipimus et tenebimus *regnum Angliæ*, et nos et nostri successores in perpetuum non reputabimus nos *Angliæ* veros reges donec ipse nos Catholicos reges tenuerint." In the following year Henry wrote to Pope Alexander by his secretary, Peter of Blois, and referred to his holding England as a fief under the Holy See, but neither in this is there any mention of Ireland.\* These two facts are strong confirmation of any suspicions of the genuineness of Pope Adrian's Bull.

We have shown that the evidence in favour of the authentic character of the Papal grant of Ireland to the English Crown must be accepted with extreme caution, if not with positive suspicion. The authorities upon which it has been so long received by English historians as a strange but true fact, prove, on examination, to be hardly reliable sources of information. Many external circumstances, as well as the inherent intrinsic improbability of the "grant," confirm the impartial mind in objecting to receive it as undoubted history. Moreover, the labours of the editor of the *Analecta* have now made it possible to show with reason that Adrian IV., so far from giving any encouragement to Henry in his designs on Ireland, in reality refused, when asked, to be a party to the enterprise, and pointed out the injustice of it. The idea of effecting the conquest of the island had suggested itself to the Conqueror and to Henry I., and it was but natural that the project should revive in the restless mind of Henry II. It must have been evident, however, to him that an English Pope would of necessity be cautious in favouring any pretensions of his own countrymen against a neighbouring country. The knowledge that Adrian's approval would in all probability be withheld, if the idea was started as an English scheme, seems to have obliged Henry to look for some other sovereign to help him in obtaining the authorization of the Pontiff for his design, and Louis VII. of France was clearly the only prince in a position to render him this service. On the theory that for this purpose Henry wanted to make a tool of Louis, we can explain a fact that has appeared to puzzle annalists—namely, why it was that these two kings, who had been for a long time avowed enemies, suddenly, and by the advances of Henry, became fast friends, just at this very period, A.D. 1158. After many years of war and contention Henry met Louis at Rouen, and not only made peace, but espoused his son to the infant daughter of the French king. The Pope wrote to the Chancellor of Louis to convey his congratulations to the two sovereigns on their com-

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\* Lingard, vol. ii. p. 191, note.

plete reconciliation. The two proceeded together to Paris, and afterwards made a joint pilgrimage to Mount St. Michael's, in Normandy.\* So complete was their reconciliation that at this time they despatched a joint mission to Rome to ask Adrian's blessing and approval of a hostile expedition they were intending to make together. The choice of an Englishman as ambassador seems to point to the fact that the projected enterprise was of more importance to the English than to the French king. Rotrodus, the envoy selected,† was at that time (A.D. 1158) Bishop of Evreux, and had been one of the witnesses of the reconciliation between the two kings.‡ He was much attached to the interests of the English king, and had, from the time of his coronation, at which he assisted, been employed in several missions for his royal master. Amongst others, as we have noted before, he was in the embassy despatched to Rome by Henry in 1155. It was thus a courtier of Henry who was sent on this joint mission from the two monarchs.

Rotrodus arrived in Rome at the close of the year 1158, or the beginning of the following year, and informed the Pope of the project entertained by Henry and Louis. What this project was does not absolutely appear, but there can be little doubt that it was really the invasion of Ireland upon which the mind of Henry was intent. In order to give colour to the pretensions it was necessary to represent it as being intended in reality as a crusade in favour of religion. The Pope, however, would not enter into the designs of the two kings, and refused to be a party to such an injustice. He not only refused the request of Bishop Rotrodus, but wrote to Louis at some length to point out the reasons that compelled him to take this course. On this letter can be based many arguments to show that the attitude of Adrian towards the proposals of the English king as regards Ireland was one of strong disapproval, and that granting that this letter refers to Ireland, it would be impossible for Adrian to have issued, very much about the same time, the "Bull" of donation at the request of John of Salisbury.

In the first place, the Pope's letter shows clearly enough that his consent had been asked solely on the ground that the expedition had a religious character, and the fact of the reply being addressed to Louis would probably only prove that Henry had taken care not to be too prominent in the business for fear that the real motive might become too apparent to the English Pope. Adrian proceeds to say that he could not give consent to any

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\* Migne, "Patrol." tom. clx. p. 484.

† "Gallia Christiana," tom. ii. p. 776. See also the Pope's letter in reply.

‡ "Gallia Christiana," tom. iv. p. 633.

project of such a nature, unless he were certain that the people and clergy of the country wanted foreign interference. This, be it remarked, is a very different sentiment to that with which the same Pope is credited in the alleged "Bull." The various dangers which Louis is likely to run are then pointed out to him by the Pope, and for every reason he concludes not to give him any "Bull" encouraging the project till such time as he has warned the people of the kingdom of the intention of the two kings in order to see whether they will co-operate with them. In conclusion, the Pontiff begs the king to reflect well on the matter, and not to undertake the enterprise before consulting the bishops and clergy of the country.

It is as well at once to declare that the great difficulty in fixing the reference of this letter to the design of invading Ireland is the fact that the country is not mentioned by name. Unfortunately, it was a common custom in the transcription of documents to write only the initial letter of proper names. Thus, in this letter the envoy is called "R." Bishop of Evreux, and the country the two kings were anxious to obtain the Pope's approval to invade is only "H," which may stand equally well for "Hispania" and "Hibernia." We are thus left to the internal evidence of the document itself to determine to which of these two countries it has reference. Dr. Lingard was apparently aware of the existence of the letter,\* but it did not suggest itself to his mind that it had any reference to Ireland. He says:—"When Louis a few years later (1159) meditated a similar expedition into *Spain*, and for that purpose requested the consilium et favorem Romanæ Ecclesiæ, the answer was very different. Adrian dissuaded him because it was "inconsulta ecclesia et populo terræ illius."

It is, however, clearly shown in the *Analecta* that it is impossible that this letter of Adrian, addressed to the two kings, can have any reference to Spain, while every circumstance in it tending to fix the special country, gives weight to the opinion that it was Ireland about which the Pope wrote. In the first place, the document refers not to a kingdom (*regnum*) but a country (*terra*). Now Ireland was not recognized as a kingdom officially till the sixteenth century, and in all formal papers before that time it is constantly spoken of as a country (*terra*) merely. Spain, on the other hand, was at this time divided into three kingdoms—Castile, Aragon and Galicia; and the most powerful, the king of Castile, had the title of Emperor. King Louis of France had only a year or two before the date of the letter (1155) made a pilgrimage to St. James, and was well received by his father-

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\* "History," vol. ii. p. 178, 5th ed., note.

in-law the Emperor of Castile.\* Hence, not only have we the official title of Spain to be a kingdom at the time when Adrian wrote, but it is impossible to suppose that Louis could have been so ignorant of the feeling of a country in which he had not long before been journeying, and over which his own father-in-law reigned as Emperor.

Again, the country referred to in Adrian's letter clearly had many princes or chiefs, which was quite true of Ireland, but not of Spain, about the state of which the Pope could not be ignorant. It also, undoubtedly, must have possessed its own episcopal hierarchy, capable of free deliberation; for Adrian advises Louis and Henry to consult the bishops and clergy as to their wish to receive foreign intervention in their affairs. The Church in that part of Spain, at this time overrun by the Moors, had almost disappeared, and for the rest it would have been quite unnecessary to ask the advice of the Spanish bishops as to punishing their oppressors. On the other hand, the Holy See must have been well acquainted with the flourishing state of the Church in Ireland at this period. During the hundred and fifty years which preceded the reign of Henry II., numerous and well-attended Councils had been held for the maintenance of discipline and regulation of morals. Only a few years before Henry made his first attempt on the country, several great and renowned Irish saints occupied Sees in the country, and a great council was held at Athboy at which 13,000 representatives of the nation attended to hear what the Church commanded. That Adrian must have known the state of the Church is rendered all the more likely since he had studied in Paris under a celebrated Irish professor, Marianus, afterwards a monk of Ratisbon, for whom he conceived a great affection. It was only to be expected, therefore, that if he had this knowledge of the Irish Church, he should require that the bishops and clergy be consulted as to the propriety of such an invasion as the French and English kings contemplated.

It must be remembered, also, that Adrian desires that the people of the country should be consulted, a thing impossible in the portions of Spain in possession of the Saracens. He also, throughout, repeats his doubts as to the utility and necessity of the enterprise proposed by the kings, which would certainly not have been the case had their wish been merely to drive the infidel out of Spain. It is obvious that Adrian, like all his predecessors, would have been only too glad to grant protection to the kingdoms of France and England, had the wish of the kings been merely to fight against the Moors in Spain.

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\* Robertus de Monte. Migne, "Patrol." tom. clx. p. 478.

Lastly, a comparison of the alleged "Bull" of Adrian and the authentic letter brings out one or two strange facts. In the first place, the document, as given by Giraldus, does not express the name or even initial of the prince to whom it was granted: "Adrianus episcopus servus servorum Dei, carissimo in Christi filio illustri anglorum regi salutem." Next, the preamble of the "Bull" is almost word for word the same as that of the letter written to Louis VII., in 1159, and although it might happen that a few words of two official documents would be the same, there is no other example of such a singular similarity, extending as it does over ten or fifteen lines. As this curious fact is the basis of a theory, we shall state in brief, to account for the forgery of the "Bull" of Adrian, it is worth reproducing the two documents in order that our readers may judge for themselves.

LETTER TO LOUIS VII.

Satis laudabiliter et fructuose de Christiano nomine propagando in terris, et æternæ beatitudinis præmio tibi cumulando in cœlis, tua videtur magnificentia cogitare, dum ad dilatandos terminos populi Christiani, ad paganorum, barbariem debellandam et ad gentes apostatrices, et quæ catholicæ fidei refugiunt nec recipiunt veritatem, Christianorum jugo et ditioni subdendas, simul cum charismo filio nostro Henrico illustri Anglorum regi, in H. proferare intendis, et studes assidue (ut opus hoc felicem exitum sortiatur) exercitum et quæ sunt itineri necessaria congregare. Atque ad id convenientius exsequendum, matris tuæ sacrosanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ consilium exigis et favorem. Quod quidem propositum tanto magis gratum acceptumque tenemus, et amplius sicut commendandum est, commendamus, quanto de sinceriore charitatis radice talem intentionem et votum tam laudabile processum credimus, ac de majori ardore fidei et religionis amore

"BULL" TO HENRY II.

Laudabiliter satis et fructuose de glorioso nomine propagando in terris, et æternæ felicitatis præmio cumulando in cœlis, tua magnificentia cogitat; dum ad dilatandos Ecclesiæ terminos fidei veritatem, et vitiorum plantaria de agro Dominico extirpanda, sicut catholicus princeps intendis; et ad id convenientius exsequendum, consilium Apostolicæ sedis exigis, et favorem. In quo facto, quanto altiori consilio et majori discretione procedis, tanto in eo feliciorem progressum te, præstante Domino, confidimus habiturum; eo quod ad bonum exitum semper et finem solent attingere, quæ de ardore fidei et religionis amore, principum acceperunt, etc. Significasti sequidem nobis, fili in Christo carissime, te Hiberniæ insulam, ad subdendum illum populum legibus et vitiorum plantaria in de extirpanda, velle intrare, etc. Nos itaque, pium et laudabile desiderium tuum cum favore congruo prosequentes, et petitioni bonæ benignum impendentes as-

propositum et desiderium tuum principium habuerunt.

sensum, gratum et acceptum habemus, ut pro dilatandis Ecclesiæ terminis, pro vitiorum restringendo decursu, pro corrigendi moribus, et virtutibus inserendis, pro Christianæ religionis augmento, insulam illam ingrediariis.

It is almost impossible to compare the two documents here given without coming to the conclusion that the similarity is not the result of a mere accident. The idea consequently suggests itself as possible that the text of Adrian's actual refusal, as conveyed to the kings in the letter brought back by Rotrodus to Louis, was made to serve as the basis of the forged "Bull." What is certain about the matter is, that Louis and Henry having applied to the Pope for his approbation of a proposed invasion of a country called by its initial letter "H," the Holy Father refused to grant any such approbation, and grounded his refusal upon reasons similar to those by which he is supposed, about the same time, to have been induced to grant permission to Henry to invade Ireland. The two documents are strangely like in form and expression, and every circumstance, by which the country referred to by the letter "H" may be identified, points to the conclusion that it also was meant to refer to the proposed Irish expedition. Of course, had Adrian really refused the permission asked for, as he clearly did in his letter to Louis, the French king would have known that any pretended permission was a forgery; and had the refusal been intended to prevent any expedition to Ireland, the "Bull," which is supposed to have sanctioned it, could never have been produced during the lifetime of the French king. A reference to dates will show that this is so, and that all mention of the existence of the document was carefully avoided before the year A.D. 1180, when Louis died.\* The silence which was kept for so many years about so important a document, and one which would have been so useful to Henry, has been often remarked upon as suspicious, and has puzzled many historians to explain. May it not be accounted for by the knowledge that such a forgery would be at once detected by Louis?

In fact, although the secret of the negotiations of Rotrodus with Adrian in behalf of Henry and Louis was kept so well, that the text of the Pope's refusal was until lately almost unknown, still

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\* In A.D. 1177, Henry was chosen to arbitrate between two Spanish kings. In this office he styled himself "King of England, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and Count of Anjou." No mention is made of Ireland (Rymer, tom. i).

the annalist of Archin who continued the chronicle of Sigebert appears to have had some suspicion of the fact. Speaking of the year A.D. 1171, about the preparations made by Henry for the invasion of Ireland, he says :\*—" Henry, king of England, puffed up with pride, and usurping things *not conceded* ; striving for things he had no business to do, prepared ships and called together the soldiers of his kingdom to conquer Ireland."

Whether this theory as to the origin of the " Bull" be correct or not, it can safely be said that the evidence upon which the authenticity of the document has so long been held, is at best very doubtful, and should be accepted with extreme caution. A careful examination will, we believe, induce most inquirers to reject the " Bull" as an undoubted forgery, and to consider it more than probable that Pope Adrian IV., so far from granting any approbation to Henry in his designs on Ireland, or making any donation of that country to the English crown, in reality positively refused to be a party to such an injustice.

FRANCIS AIDAN GASQUET, O.S.B.

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#### ART. V.—JANE AUSTEN.

THOSE of our readers who have visited Winchester Cathedral may perhaps have had their attention directed to a plain black marble slab let into the north wall of the nave of that fine building. This modest monument is all that marks the spot where the remains of the bright and talented, the lovable and well-loved Jane Austen are interred ; and for many years it attracted but little notice. To-day, however, few visit the building without requesting to be shown " where Miss Austen is buried ;" and at length, we think, even the verger, who not very long ago asked an inquirer after the grave, " Pray, sir, can you tell me if there was anything remarkable about that lady, so many people want to know where she is buried," must realize that the plain slab marks a spot of greater interest than many of the large and ambitious monuments which stand near. We read, in Mr. Austen Leigh's Memoir of his Aunt, that it was Lord Macaulay's intention to have written a life of Miss Austen, which, with criticisms of her work, he would have prefixed to a new edition of her novels. With the proceeds of its sale he had purposed to erect a suitable monument in Winchester Cathedral to her memory. His death prevented this plan from being carried into effect, which to many, no doubt, is cause of regret. For our-

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\* Migne, " Patrologie," tome clx. p. 307.

selves we cannot but see in the simple black slab, which yet is worthily set in one of the grandest monuments of English Catholic art, a fitting record of one who never sought public distinction or popularity, and whose life and character were as unassuming as the plots of her stories were quiet and unsensational, and whose very genius lay in the faithful portrayal of homely and every-day scenes.

For half a century Miss Austen was little more than a name to the multitude of her readers, and few were acquainted with any particulars of the life of one whose novels were yet the delight of an ever-increasing number of those who could appreciate subtle and delicate humour, pure English, and healthy pictures of English upper and middle-class life in the beginning of this century. We owe a debt of gratitude to her nephew, Mr. Austen Leigh, for having lifted the curtain, and for giving us a picture of Jane Austen, which he has also been kind enough to frame in its appropriate surroundings, many of which he drew from his own memory. Without an effort to realize the life of the last generation, we can hardly, with any approach to truth, imagine Miss Austen's; and Mr. Austen Leigh's digressions are, therefore, doubly welcome.

That the last fifty years have changed our domestic and social conditions more than any previous period of the same length is a truism which we all accept, but one which such descriptions as Mr. Austen Leigh gives us of English life at the beginning of the century helps us more fully to master. As we tear through the country in an express train, on a journey perhaps only thought of and decided on an hour before it commenced, it is difficult to realize the slow pace, the amount of thought given to, and the time consumed by the same journey when undertaken by our grandparents. So, too, when we settle ourselves comfortably in an armchair, for an hour's reading, we do not often compare our present luxurious resting-place with the hard, stiff, and upright-backed chairs, against which our grandmothers did *not* even rest, whilst the ornaments and numberless useless nicknacks of a modern drawing-room seem to have been altogether absent from their rooms. Mr. Austen Leigh tells us that a small desk and a still smaller work-box were all that, as a rule, each lady possessed, and these were naturally more useful than ornamental. The valuable china, which is hidden away in such large quantities in English country homes, was the ware actually in use by the family; and the idea that the proper place for a handsome china plate was to hang suspended by a wire against the drawing-room wall, would, we suspect, have appeared far-fetched a hundred years ago. Considering the value of much china, which we ourselves have seen in unpretending old-fashioned houses, we are

not surprised to hear from Mr. Austen Leigh that the lady of the house would often herself wash up the tea-service, after it had been in use, rather than allow anything so precious to be touched by servants. Again, when our tradesmen call regularly each morning to know what may be required for the day, and when the most careful housewife need literally "take no thought for the morrow," we are apt to forget the care and forethought that were necessarily taken by a lady, half a century ago, if she wished her family to be comfortable. Of all such changes Mr. Austen Leigh discourses pleasantly, and his description of country life in Jane Austen's day is a useful help to us, and allows us to enlarge in our own minds the slight sketch of his aunt which is all that it is in his power to give.

Jane Austen was born on December 16, 1775, at the parsonage of Steventon, near Basingstoke, in Hampshire, of which parish her father was rector. He belonged to an old and respectable, but hardly an aristocratic, family, and was himself in infancy left an orphan. Owing, however, to the kindness of an uncle, he seems to have been cared for as a child, and to have been provided for early in life by the purchase of the living of Steventon. This living, with the neighbouring rectory of Deane, presented to him by his cousin, must have placed Mr. Austen in comfortable, if not affluent, circumstances; and we hear of no trials from straitened means, nor any pecuniary cares having fallen to Jane's share, nor even that the profits of her writings were ever much sought after or thought of by her. The Hampshire downs, near Basingstoke, are not beautiful; though when we now visit the neighbourhood and walk over the desolate and bare fields, we must not forget that they probably were never so ugly as to-day. Most English downs, a hundred years ago, were one unbroken green expanse; no ruthless plough had yet disturbed the soft turf, which the slow growth of years had left fine and mossy, as no other grass of which we know; and the soft undulating lines of the slopes, which are supposed to have been left by the receding waters of pre-historic days, were yet unbroken. Though no country can well be uglier than cultivated downs, yet we may imagine that in Jane Austen's day she may have been able to enjoy a walk, or still better, a canter across miles of unbroken and open country, which, in spite of being treeless, was not without a beauty of its own, and one in which atmospheric changes afford great and pleasing variety. Still, there is no doubt Steventon does not lie in what may be called a "pretty country." Nor were the neighbours remarkable for culture or intelligence. Indeed, if we may judge of them by the anxious inquiry made by a many-acred squire of Mr. Austen, their ignorance must have been greater than that of any class now

living. He brought the following problem to him for solution :— “ You know all about these sort of things. Do tell us. Is Paris in France, or France in Paris; for my wife has been disputing with me about it?” The Austens, no doubt, were of a different intellectual calibre, and Mr. Austen Leigh assures us that the family talk was full of life and fun, and that Jane found plenty of fuel for her genius in her everyday life. If we except Miss Austen herself, however, none of the family appear to have been especially talented. We read, indeed, of a witty great-uncle, Dr. Leigh, who was master of Balliol College, Oxford, for over fifty years, and whose *bon-mots* and short repartees were known far beyond the bounds of the university, in the latter half of the last century; but though her two brothers were distinguished naval officers, and the mere fact of her finding a congenial companion in her dearly loved sister Cassandra, is an evidence of the intelligence of the latter; yet the positive talent of the family seems to have been concentrated in Jane.

Her childhood and youth were passed in as commonplace and ordinary a manner as are those of most clergymen's daughters. Her family was all in all to her, and the outside world was very little. Indeed, her own life seems often to be reproduced in her stories, where no external excitements, no thrilling events happen, but which are yet as full of genuine human interest, as must be all true painting of human lives. Her father and mother, five brothers and one sister, the last the best loved of all, formed Jane's family circle, which, however, was gradually enlarged by the marriage of her brothers. For the first five-and-twenty years of her life the rectory of Steventon was her home, and we are told no details of any journeys from her, though she visited cousins both in Berkshire and at Bath during this period.

Mr. Austen Leigh's picture of life a hundred years ago can here supply us with much wherewith to fill in this scanty outline. When we read of ladies personally superintending the curing of the home-killed pig, or the making of the elderberry wine, we feel sure that Jane was too good a daughter to have allowed her mother to labour unassisted at these household duties. Indeed, though we fail to remember any instance in her tales where in the person of her heroines she descends into the kitchen, she yet, *in propria persona*, is not above writing a long letter, the real purport of which she tells us, is contained in the postscript, where she asks for a receipt for orange-wine. However, although Jane may have busied herself in household duties more than is usually done by a nineteenth-century young lady, yet the home at Steventon was enlivened by more intellectual pursuits. We read of frequent private theatricals taking place, organized probably by one of her cousins, who had been educated

in Paris. This lady had married a French Count, who perished by the guillotine during the Revolution. She escaped from France, found a home in her uncle's rectory, and afterwards married, as her second husband, Jane Austen's brother, Henry. From the first her society must have been a great and pleasing addition to the quiet family in Hampshire, where her varied experience and very different, if not superior, Parisian education, must have brought fresh and enlarged views of life and interest into a peaceful English country home. The prologues and epilogues for these performances were written by Jane's eldest brother, and are said to have been both vigorous and amusing. She herself seems first to have tried her power of writing by composing short, nonsensical plays, which no doubt were received with affectionate mirth by the partial home critics for whose eye they were alone intended. She also appears in very early life to have written short tales, for by the time she was sixteen a considerable number were already finished. Of these, Mr. Austen Leigh assures us that, although the plots may be flimsy and slight, they were always written in pure and simple English; and that even then her style was entirely free from the pretensions and over-ornament which are so common a failing with youthful writers. Although, therefore, we may picture Jane to ourselves as romping with, as well as kindly advising, her little nephews and nieces; as helping her mother and elder sisters in their household duties; as tending, and perhaps physicing with home-prepared medicines, her poorer neighbours; for, although of this side of a clergyman's daughter's duties, strange to say, we hear nothing, we feel sure so kind a heart as hers cannot have been witness of poverty and suffering without making an effort to relieve them—we may yet be certain that for many hours each day she must have sat before "the little mahogany desk," her bright wit taking shape, her busy brain creating, and her pen slowly (for we can hardly fancy her perfect style of composition being of quick growth) rounding sentence after sentence of those tales which will delight their readers as long as the English language exists.

In this quiet way the first years of Jane's life slipped away, till, at the age of five-and-twenty, her father having resigned his living, the whole family removed to Bath. Although she appears to have visited the city before, the minute knowledge of Bath and its neighbourhood which she shows in more than one of her tales must be owing to her four years' stay in the place; for it was her home from 1801 to 1804, when her father died there. Here she appears to have gone a good deal into society; and, no doubt, many of the eccentric ladies and life-like gentlemen in her stories may owe their origin to some evening party at which Jane was

present, whose members would have been not a little startled if they had been told all that the bright hazel eyes of the tall, slender girl were quietly taking in, and all the mental notes which she was making of the conversation, which would possibly make them immortal in the character of a Thorp, or a Morland, or a Bennet. From Bath the ladies of the Austen family moved to Southampton, but here they remained only a short time. In 1809 we find them once more settled in a Hampshire village, Chawton, near Alton. This was Jane's second, as well as her last home; for her stay both at Bath and at Southampton she considered as mere visits. At Chawton she resumed her habit of writing, which had been interrupted during her sojourns at Bath and Southampton; and here she wrote or rearranged all the books by which she is known to fame. Except for a few visits to London, she hardly ever left this second home, until, in the last stages of her fatal illness, she was persuaded to move to Winchester, in the hopes that the care of a celebrated doctor in that city might cure her. It was, however, in vain. She died quietly and peacefully in lodgings in College Street, Winchester, on the morning of July 18, 1817, only forty-two years of age. Such is a brief outline of Jane Austen's life; and this, with a few letters, is all that Mr. Austen Leigh can tell of his highly gifted aunt.

Miss Austen's literary fame during her lifetime was of slow growth. Had even her partial friends been told that so competent a critic as Lord Macaulay considered that, in one respect, and that no insignificant one, she was amongst those few whose genius approached Shakespeare, they would have been surprised. This flattering comparison is made a second time by Archbishop Whately, in an article in the *Quarterly Review*, published in 1821. We will quote his words as evidence that very shortly after her death her works were fully appreciated:—

Like Shakespeare, she shows as admirable a discrimination in the character of fools as of people of sense—a merit which is far from common. To invent, indeed, a conversation full of wisdom or of wit, requires that the writer should himself possess ability; but the converse does not hold good; it is no fool that can describe fools well, and many who have succeeded pretty well in painting superior characters, have failed in giving individuality to those weaker ones which it is necessary to introduce in order to give a faithful representation of real life; they exhibit to us mere folly in the abstract, forgetting that to the eye of the skilful naturalist the insects on a leaf present as wide differences as exists between the lion and the elephant. Slender and Shallow and Aguecheek, as Shakespeare has painted them, though equally fools, resemble one another no more than Richard and Macbeth and Julius Cæsar; and Miss Austen's Mrs. Bennet, Mr. Rashworth, and Miss Bates are no more alike than her

Darcy, Knightley, and Edmund Bertram. Some have complained indeed of finding her fools too much like Nature, and consequently tiresome. There is no disputing about tastes; all we can say is, that such critics must (whatever difference they may outwardly pay to received opinions) find the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Twelfth Night" very tiresome, and that those who look with pleasure at Wilkie's picture, or those of the Dutch school, must admit that excellence of imitation may confer attraction on that which would be insipid or disagreeable in the reality. Her minuteness of detail has also been found fault with, but even where it produces, at the time, a degree of tediousness, we know not whether that can be reckoned a blemish which is absolutely essential to a very high excellence. Now, it is absolutely impossible, without this, to produce that thorough acquaintance with the characters which is necessary to make the reader heartily interested in them. Let anyone cut out from the "Iliad," or from Shakespeare's plays everything (we are far from saying that either might not lose some parts with advantage, but let him reject everything) which is absolutely devoid of importance and interest in *itself*, and he will find that what is left will have lost more than half its charms. We are convinced that some writers have diminished the effect of their works by being scrupulous to admit nothing into them which had not some absolute and independent merit. They have acted like those who strip off the leaves of a fruit tree, as being of themselves good for nothing, with the view of securing more nourishment to the fruit, which in fact cannot attain its full maturity and flavour without them.

When these lines, however, were written, Miss Austen's reputation was fast growing; and the days when a publisher hesitated and even refused to publish her works was over. The want of appreciation at first shown by more than one of these gentlemen we cannot but think surprising. In 1797 Mr. Austen offered "Pride and Prejudice" to Mr. Cadell, a London publisher of high calibre. The proposition to publish it was declined by return of post, though in explanation, if not in excuse, we may add that Mr. Cadell had not then read the manuscript. But what are we to say to a publisher at Bath, to whom "Northanger Abbey" was sold for £10, and who, on second thoughts, so little liked his bargain, that he decided to abide by the first loss of £10 rather than risk any greater expense by publishing the book, and the charming tale lay hidden away in his drawer for years. It is, moreover, no thanks to him that it ever saw the light, for the work was not published until Miss Austen again became possessed of it. After four of her works had been published, and each one had been followed by a steadily growing success, she was anxious to recover the manuscript of "Northanger Abbey." One of her brothers negotiated with the Bath publisher, and found him willing

and ready to relinquish his manuscript on receiving back his £10. When the bargain was concluded, Mr. Austen had the satisfaction of informing the unappreciative publisher that the work he had so lightly valued was by the authoress of "*Pride and Prejudice*," an already famous novel. We trust that he suffered a pang worthy of his sin; for it is not easy to forgive a want of enterprise that so nearly cost us the loss of all acquaintance with the Tilneys, Thorps, and Morlands. Miss Austen does not appear to have suffered keenly from this early neglect. Indeed, she possessed a cheerful and humble mind, which could never resent that which was a slight on herself. Moreover, we cannot help suspecting that she may have been sustained by a secret knowledge of the real worth of her writings; not by conceit, which supposes an undue valuing of our own performances, but merely by the just appreciation which her keen critical faculty must have given her of their actual merit. A good judge in such matters, and a man of remarkable intelligence, was once heard to say that he had established a new test of ability in his mind—viz., Whether a person *could* or *could not* appreciate Miss Austen. We cannot but believe that so clever a woman as our authoress was amongst the former, and that she must have suspected that if neither publishers nor the public cared for her novels it was not with *her* that the fault lay.

The usual complaint made with her writings was the *common-place* nature both of her characters and of the incidents of her stories. An earlier critic than Archbishop Whately in the *Quarterly Review* complains that she devotes too much care to the portraying of "fools," amongst whom he would class such delightfully humorous and living personages as Miss Bates and Mr. Wodehouse. They no doubt are not very wise; but is not the picture of their every-day village life worth volumes of unreal description, after the well-known "two cavaliers on white horses" style, and touching the comparative merits of what may be called the romantic and the every-day class of fiction, it may be worth while to quote the opinion of the greatest master of the former, Sir Walter Scott. The following extract is taken from his diary for March 14, 1826:—

Read again, for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of "*Pride and Prejudice*." That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary common-place things and characters interesting from the truth of the description, and the sentiment, is denied me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!

Although written in the early years of this century, in tone and sentiment Miss Austen's stories seem rather to belong to the temper of the eighteenth century, a period when the realistic school both in art and literature was alone appreciated, when the romantic element was wanting to every phase of life; an age which, as we have been lately told, "accepted domestic materialism as the final cause of the entire universe." They were written in, and paint the feelings of, the days before Sir Walter Scott had stirred our enthusiasm for the Middle Ages, an enthusiasm of which we still reap the benefit, and which, although he may himself speak slightly of it as "the big bow-wow strain," influenced the national religion in the form of the Tractarian movement, English architecture in the Gothic revival, and English art in the pre-Raphaelite school of painting. Although there had been novels of the romantic school written before Miss Austen's day, they were not of such pre-eminent talent as to create the taste which has revolutionized our national culture. Mrs. Radcliffe's romances bordered too much on the burlesque and caricature to exercise any lasting influence. It required the genius of the great Scotch novelist, the philosophical revolt of Coleridge, and the weariness of a whole class with the common-place, to work the revolution which reached its high tide shortly after the middle of this century, and which has, if we may judge by much contemporary art and literature, already exhausted itself.

But in every age romance has great attractions for the young; and when we consider the early age at which Miss Austen's masterpieces were written, their entire freedom from the romantic element is surprising. It is usual that the interest in, and careful observation of the minutiae of every-day life is only acquired late in life. Young ladies are apt to be captivated only by the flash of great incidents, as their brothers are by the flash of military events. Later on our taste becomes more mellowed and purer, our observation more acute and nicer, and we then discover noteworthy traits and circumstances in the characters and lives of our common-place neighbours which before were hidden from us. Indeed, our earliest impressions of life may be compared to our first view of a picture or landscape, when the salient features alone catch the eye. Then as we look longer we discover more and more to interest us, and each moment unveils some new object taking shape either in the hazy distance or in the deep shadow of a foreground. Jane Austen, however, seems to have pierced both haze and shadow at an early age; for "*Pride and Prejudice*" and "*Sense and Sensibility*," those perfect photographs of every-day life, in which no uninteresting incident is related, and yet none which might not easily befall any upper or

middle-class family in England, were both written before she had reached the age of two-and-twenty.

The only story in which Jane Austen touches on the popular taste of the day, fostered by Mrs. Radcliffe, is in "*Northanger Abbey*," and she only does so to turn it into ridicule. This tale, although amongst the latest published of her writings, was amongst the earliest written. In it we are taken to a real old abbey, and the heroine is overjoyed at finding a real old oak chest, in which, on opening it, she discovers what she fondly hopes are real old and secret papers. At the moment of this discovery, a storm bursts over the abbey, her single candle is extinguished, and—— Had we been in Mrs. Radcliffe's hands we may imagine the further and thrilling horrors of the situation. In "*Northanger Abbey*," however, the climax is quickly followed by a melancholy and disenchanting anti-climax. The heroine gropes her way to bed, sleeps soundly, and on the following morning a bright sun discloses the floor strewn with the old washing bills of the last occupant of the room. In this story Mr. Austen Leigh sees the last remains of Miss Austen's childish style of writing, which, instead of presenting faithful copies of Nature, were generally burlesques, exaggerating and ridiculing the improbable events and sentiments which were described in the popular novels of her day. In no other work do we see any trace of this. We are taken in succession to smiling parks and sunny mansions, to cheerful cottages and commodious houses in London and in country towns; but we visit only one abbey, no old castles or moated granges, still less any sombre dungeons or wild and solitary spots in the recesses of a lonely forest.

Before she reached twenty Miss Austen's genius seems to have received its decisive and final bent. The three stories already mentioned—viz., "*Northanger Abbey*," "*Pride and Prejudice*," and "*Sense and Sensibility*," were written before she left *Steven-ton*, and strange to say, during the nine years which elapsed between her doing so and her settling at *Chawton*, her pen was completely idle. This is curious, and we cannot account for the fact, for during these years she had plenty of leisure, and she wrote with so much ease and facility, that during the five years she was at *Chawton* she not only revised for the press the novels she had already written, but she also began and finished "*Mansfield Park*," "*Emma*," and "*Persuasion*." It is worth mentioning that these stories were written in the family sitting-room, amidst constant interruptions, with servants and visitors (who yet were never allowed to guess what Jane was busy over) coming and going, and nephews and nieces playing round her and disturbing the process of composition. Poor children! They little guessed the mischief they were doing, for their kind aunt never scolded

or even shewed any sign of impatience, however sorely she may have been tried. Her first work on settling at Chawton was the final correction of "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility." This occupied a year, and "Sense and Sensibility" appeared in 1811. Her books now followed one another in quick succession, and the four published during her lifetime were given to the public between that date and 1816. The profits which she herself realized hardly amounted to £700. "Persuasion" and "Northanger Abbey" were published only after her death.

Although from the first her novels were favourably received by the public, yet Miss Austen in no way became famous during her lifetime. She was sought after by no contemporary literary celebrities, and was never in the company of any who could be compared intellectually with herself. One only mark of distinction was vouchsafed her—viz., a request, or rather we should say, a permission, from the Prince Regent, who was a great admirer of her writings, that her forthcoming novel, "Emma," should be dedicated to himself. This was accordingly done; but otherwise Jane Austen seems to have been left unnoticed by all who were celebrated for genius, or noticeable from rank. Had she been brought into contact with Southey, S. T. Coleridge, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Holland, or Macaulay (to mention but a few of those whose appreciation of his aunt's writings is noticed by Mr. Austen Leigh) how much enjoyment would she not have both given and received? But she never lived in the literary world, and her fame may be considered to be mainly posthumous.

Before speaking of her books in detail, we may be allowed a few words on their general characteristics. We have already called them life-like and vivid pictures, or, more truly speaking, unidealized photographs of upper and upper middle class everyday life, as seen by one who appreciated most keenly its humorous side. We are never taken amongst the very great nor amongst the very poor; nor are we ever asked to sympathize with any higher joy or any deeper sorrow than the gain or loss of a lover. We encounter no scenes which move our deepest feelings, nor troubles which we cannot but share, so sympathetically are they drawn. Indeed, we do not think a single death is mentioned in any tale, if we except the convenient one of Mrs. Churchill in "Emma," a lady whom we know only by hearsay, and whose removal is necessary for the happiness of a pair of interesting young lovers. With unmoved face and calm voice the most impressionable might venture to read Miss Austen's novels aloud from beginning to end; no deeper emotion than those of amusement and interest would be excited. The plots are generally straightforward and simple; and they avoid any complicity of motive or complication of circumstances, in which it is impossible

that all should act rightly, or such entanglements as leave a stain on all who are involved in them. They are absolutely free from the morbid sympathy with ill-doing, which is described as being but half voluntary, or with sins committed from the "highest motives," which is so common in the novels of to-day, and which has the mischievous effect of obscuring the definite distinction between right and wrong, and blurring the sharp line always drawn in a well-instructed conscience between virtue and vice. It may be that life was simpler, and that motives were less involved in the eighteenth century than they are to-day; but we cannot believe that had she lived in any age Miss Austen would ever have placed us in such positions as those so well loved by George Eliot, who often, as in the "Mill on the Floss," asks our sympathy for wrong-doing, and disgusts us with the unaimable sternness of conscientious rectitude. Though there may be an occasional coarseness of expression, which can be explained by the different standard of language a couple of generations ago, yet Miss Austen's works are essentially healthy and pure. Nor is the vulgarity of some of her characters (and in each of her tales there is at least one vulgar person who serves as a foil against which the refinement of the others shines out more prominently) other than that which it in no way degrades a lady to draw; no slight test in itself. Indeed, Miss Austen never paints vulgarity without its comic side being so decidedly the most prominent, that we must generally decide that the scene or person, is even more amusing than it is vulgar. Miss Austen's stories are decidedly healthy reading; and this alone, when comparing them with the works of many living authors, or, we fear, still more authoresses, is a feature which, we hope, will induce parents to place these novels, rather than more modern ones, in their daughters' hands. That young people require amusement is a truism, and that they can be amused without being contaminated is certain when these books are borne in mind. That they deal mainly with the vicissitudes of lovers and the chances of love is, of course, as they are novels, necessary. But this necessity granted, nothing that could offend a fastidious taste is recorded. Of course, the young people fall in love with one another, and the interest of the plot consist in the happy *dénouement* of their love. But we have no descriptions of headlong passion, which, in the author's eyes, seems so overpoweringly strong as to warrant a disregard of all decorum and self-respect, and to make its victims careless, not alone to propriety, but even to elementary virtue. In one story alone, "Sense and Sensibility," is such an inordinate attachment described; and there the girl is very far, indeed, from being held up as an object of admiration, or even of more than momentary pity. Her selfish folly is

made evident, and it is only after she has cured herself of her reckless passion that she is allowed to settle happily with a man whose quiet and disinterested attachment throughout the story has been a contrast to the heartless flirting of the lover on whom she believed she had bestowed her heart for ever. Once Miss Austen's heroines are married, and we have no description of scenes in which they receive with pleasure the attention of any man other than their husband; nor are we asked to sympathize with those who morally, if not actually, overstep the line between virtue and vice, on which they have been hovering through three volumes. Can as much be said of nine out of ten of the popular novels to be seen on the tables of average English ladies?

Genius has been defined as "a power of taking infinite pains." If this be true, then none can hesitate to award to Miss Austen a very large share of genius; for there is not a line of her works which is carelessly or hastily written, nor a character, however slightly it may be sketched, which has not evidently been drawn with deliberate thought and care. Not that the style is ever laboured, or the skill which has been bestowed on it too evident, for Miss Austen is mistress of that highest form of art, which conceals art itself. But the excellence of the writing will be at once apparent to any who should strive to improve on the style, and to give her meaning in fewer or better words. They would find it almost impossible.

One special charm of Miss Austen's books is the way in which they help us to picture the lives of our grandparents. What Trollope's stories of the family life of to-day will be to our grandchildren, Miss Austen's are to us; and though we can hardly imagine changes as great happening within the next fifty years as those which the last half century have witnessed, yet we all feel how useful the popular novelist whom we have just lost will be to the future Lord Macaulay or Mr. Green in their descriptions of the social side of our contemporary history. In Miss Austen's realistic pictures of life, we are transplanted into the early years of this century, and we breathe the quiet and leisurely atmosphere of that period. The absence of all haste, bustle, or undue excitement in the lives of our heroes and heroines is noteworthy. It is evident they never had to scramble to catch a train, or to rush to despatch a telegram; and does not the want of any such hurrying imply a very different phase of existence to that of to-day? There seems to have been far more time for everything in those days, and yet, strange to say, everything took a much longer time in the doing. To-day a post-card answers the purpose of an elaborate long letter, generally a model of good English and almost a composition in itself; a sewing-machine will, in ten minutes, do the work of an afternoon; and a bicycle

will take us a five-mile walk in not much longer a time. And yet life seems to have been so much roomier in those days; individuality had time and space in which to develop; folly had every opportunity of exposing itself; and wisdom had every chance of making itself known. People must have been very patient then; they evidently listened to one another in a way which made real conversation possible, and even absolute folly was allowed to utter itself without interruption, whilst it rounded its lengthy periods, the correct English of which almost makes us forgive its poverty of idea. Fancy a pompous clergyman to-day being allowed to deliver himself of the following long speech of Mr. Collins', spoken in an evening party, and apparently listened to without any interruption or great surprise by the whole company: "If I were so fortunate as to be able to sing, I should have great pleasure, I am sure, in obliging the company with an air, for I consider music as a very innocent diversion, and perfectly compatible with the profession of a clergyman. I do not mean, however, to assert that we can be justified in devoting too much of our time to music, for there are certainly other things to be attended to. The rector of a parish has much to do. In the first place, he must make such an agreement for tithes as may be beneficial to himself and not offensive to his patron. He must write his own sermons, and the time that remains will not be too much for his parish duties, and the care and improvement of his dwelling, which he cannot be excused from making as comfortable as possible. And I do not think it of light importance that he should have attentive and conciliatory manners towards everybody, especially towards those to whom he owes his preferment. I cannot acquit him of that duty, nor could I think well of the man who should omit an occasion of testifying his respect towards anybody connected with the family;" and, with a bow to one member of the family to whom he himself owes his living, and who chances to be present, Mr. Collins concludes a speech which we need hardly say to-day would have speedily been cut short, and the poor man's self-assurance at any rate endangered.

In Miss Austen's day the immediate neighbours were the all-important people to those living in the country. They were content to be amused by country friends, to be cured by country doctors, to be advised by country lawyers, and to be dressed by country milliners. To-day all this is changed, and it is to London that the same class look for amusement, for treatment, for advice, and even for clothes. How little did the inventors of railways understand the revolution they were preparing in our social life! We have heard that in the early days of railways it was expected that once the lines round London were finished,

everybody would live in the country. It seemed self-evident that all would wish to combine the pleasures of country life with the business of London, when such combination should be possible. As a fact, the reverse has been the result; and instead of London being taken into the country and ruralized, the country is more and more being absorbed by London. It affects those at a distance each year more decidedly, till we find ourselves as completely surrounded by London culture, London comfort and London ideas in a country-house in Devonshire, as we do in Hyde Park. This has its disadvantages, amongst which the disappearance of marked individuality and originality is not the least. When every part of the country and every characteristic of its people is formed after the same model, much sameness is a necessary result. In Miss Austen's tales we are hardly conscious of the existence of London. In one tale "*Sense and Sensibility*," the greater number of the characters, it is true, do pass one winter there, but otherwise the metropolis is hardly ever mentioned. Bath, the provincial capital, both in "*Northanger Abbey*" and in "*Persuasion*," plays a considerable part in the stories; but in nothing does the beginning of this century differ more with its close than in the relative importance which London, and the centralization of all interest in one spot, play in the latter period and their insignificance in the former.

As we have already stated, the common-place nature of Miss Austen's tales was an early objection made to them. At best, it was said, they are but as so many Dutch pictures: they are exquisite copies of scenes too homely to be of universal interest, which are worthy of comparison with pictures where we have to deplore years of skill wasted over the delineation of a recently killed pig, the leaves of a cabbage, or a bunch of carrots and turnips which are being cooked by a woman, the main interest of whose appearance lies in the wonderfully realistic painting of her neckerchief. To this, however, we may answer, that human nature differs in an essential manner from the material world. It is simply not worth while to spend time and skill in painting things so destitute of all intrinsic beauty as joints of meat, vegetables, and cooking utensils; that even after we have reproduced a leg of mutton so exactly that a dog might be deceived and snap at it, or painted the light shining from a copper kettle so that we may almost fancy we see ourselves reflected in it, we have succeeded in doing nothing which in any way either elevates or benefits mankind. We have merely exhibited ingenuity and skill. But, in successfully describing even the most common-place of our fellow creatures it is different. "*The proper study for mankind is man.*" Mrs. Bennet may be vulgar, and Lydia Bennet may be unutterably foolish; but neither are unnatural

improbabilities, and they at least serve as a contrast against which the superiority of the other characters in the novel stands out in relief. Again, Mr. Collins' pompous peculiarities which are exaggerated to the borders of caricature, are most mirth provoking. Under every form human nature is worth drawing, and even when nothing is to be found in a character by the mere reading of which we feel elevated, it may yet teach us a lesson as exhibiting what to avoid; and if it cannot show us how noble a woman or a man can be, we may yet learn how meanly it is possible for them to behave. It were better in all cases that the truth were known; and if in fiction we only studied characters whose aims were lofty, whose tastes were refined, and whose conduct was entirely praiseworthy, we should be living in an ideal world, very far indeed removed from actual life. In truthful and painstaking pictures of every-day characters, placed in every-day scenes, and living every-day lives, human nature is best studied, and as it is in giving us such that Miss Austen pre-eminently excels, her books will be valued as long as the study of our fellow-creatures interests us.

"*Pride and Prejudice*" is perhaps the best known of Miss Austen's novels, and as it is impossible for us to give any outline of all her tales, we will select this one, as being the most characteristic, and allow our readers to gather from it some idea of her general style and manner. It is invaluable as a picture of family life in the beginning of this century; and in it we may see not only wherein our ways and habits differ from those of eighty years ago, but also the general likeness of human nature in every age. For example, we are to-day constantly hearing of the sins and enormities committed by the "girl of the period," of her fastness, wilfulness, and her disregard of all the restraints of propriety. But in Lydia Bennet, a girl of a past generation, we see the picture of a young lady whose folly could hardly be exceeded, and whose absolute viciousness is, we trust, rarely equalled in these days; whilst no mother now living, let her anxiety to dispose of her daughters be never so great, can exceed Mrs. Bennet in her match-making schemes.

The story is mainly concerned with the fortunes of the Bennet family. It consists of parents and five daughters, in the two elder of which are united all the virtue and good sense, and the greater share of the beauty which are wanting to the rest. Mr. Bennet has had the misfortune to marry an underbred and uneducated woman, and being a man of good parts himself, he soon discovers that his only chance of a peaceful, if not a happy life, lies in isolating himself as much as possible from his family, and he therefore spends his life in his library. His wife and daughters, however, contribute to a certain extent to his grati-

fication, for being a man of keen and caustic humour, although he can neither admire nor approve of them, he is yet able to enjoy their absurdity, which he is ever busy in drawing out and encouraging when he is in their company. Mrs. Bennet's main object in life is to marry her daughters—advantageously if possible, but, at any rate, to marry them; and the story opens with the advent of an agreeable and wealthy young man, who takes a house in the neighbourhood, and who, Mrs. Bennet at once determines, shall become the husband of one of her daughters. He so far meets her views as to fall in love with the eldest, Jane, and for a time all looks propitious for Mrs. Bennet's scheme. Meanwhile, two events happens: a regiment of militia is quartered in the neighbouring town, and a distant cousin of Mr. Bennet's, on whom, failing sons, his property is entailed, writes to propose a visit. For this cousin, Mr. Collins, although he is unknown to her, Mrs. Bennet has always entertained an inveterate dislike, caused merely by the fact that her home, Longbourn, is to become his on the death of her husband. His letter, however, proposing a visit, somewhat disarms her, for in it he expresses a wish "to make amends," in some mysterious way, to his young cousins for inheriting to their detriment, their father's property. Mr. Collins' letter is sufficiently pompous and absurd to give rise to the expectation of keen amusement which the foibles of his fellow-creatures always cause Mr. Bennet. To his second and favourite daughter, Elizabeth's question: "Can he be a sensible man, Sir?" he answers, "No, my dear, I think not. I have great hopes of finding him quite the reverse. There is a mixture of servility and self-importance in his letter which promises well. I am impatient to see him." Nor is Mr. Bennet disappointed. Mr. Collins arrives, and his object is not long in disclosing itself. He means "to make amends" to the family for inheriting the property by marrying one of the daughters. This is his business. His pleasure seems to consist in discoursing in lengthy speeches and with extravagant sentiments of gratitude on the unparalleled excellencies of his patroness (for he is a clergyman), Lady Catherine de Bourgh; of her condescension and other amiable qualities; of the magnificence of her house and park, and of the charms of her daughter.

"Lady Catherine has one only daughter," he explains at dinner, "the heiress of Nosings, and of very extensive property."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Bennet, shaking her head, "then she is better off than many girls. And what sort of a young lady is she? Is she handsome?"

"She is a most charming young lady, indeed. Lady Catherine herself says that, in point of true beauty, Miss de Bourgh is far superior to the handsomest of her sex; because there is that in her

features which marks the young woman of distinguished birth. She is unfortunately of a sickly constitution, which has prevented her making that progress in many accomplishments which she could not otherwise have failed of, as I am informed by the lady who superintended her education, and who still resides with them. But she is perfectly amiable, and often condescends to drive by my humble abode in her little phaeton and ponies."

"Has she been presented? I do not remember her name among the ladies at Court."

"Her indifferent state of health unhappily prevents her being in town; and, by that means, as I told Lady Catherine myself one day, has deprived the British Court of its brightest ornament. Her ladyship seemed pleased with the idea; and you may imagine that I am happy on every occasion to offer those little delicate compliments which are always acceptable to ladies. I have more than once observed to Lady Catherine, that her charming daughter seemed born to be a duchess, and that the most elevated rank, instead of giving her consequence, would be adorned by her. These are the kind of little things which please her ladyship, and it is a sort of attention which I conceive myself peculiarly bound to pay."

"You judge very properly," said Mr. Bennet, "and it is happy for you that you possess the talent of flattering with delicacy. May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment, or are the result of previous study?"

"They arise chiefly from what is passing at the time, and though I sometimes accuse myself with suggesting and arranging such little elegant compliments as may be adapted to ordinary occasions, I always wish to give them as unstudied an air as possible."

Mr. Bennet's expectations were fully answered. His cousin was as absurd as he had hoped, and he listened to him with the keenest enjoyment, maintaining at the same time the most resolute composure of countenance, and, except in an occasional glance at Elizabeth, requiring no partner in his pleasure.

Mr. Collins' correct views on the privileges of seniority would have determined him to select Jane as a wife, from amongst his young cousins; but on hearing from her mother that she is likely to be soon engaged to Mr. Bingley, he at once transfers his attentions to Elizabeth, the second both in age and beauty, and in liveliness and intelligence the superior to all. Although Elizabeth is "fancy free," we need hardly say that Mr. Collins is not likely to succeed in inducing her to marry him. He proposes, nevertheless, in due form, and can hardly be induced to believe that Elizabeth's decided refusal is other than the hesitating acceptance, which is all the answer which her modesty will allow her to make. To a very decided request from Elizabeth that he will never again mention the subject, he answers: "I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first

application; and, perhaps, you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

Elizabeth's mother, however, is not so easily convinced that a positive refusal is only "an elegant female's" roundabout device for making sure of a second proposal; and on hearing an account of the interview from Mr. Collins, is seriously alarmed lest the cup of happiness actually at her lips—the having a daughter married—should be dashed to the ground by Elizabeth's unaccountable perversity. In fear, and trepidation, she rushes to her husband, in order to beg that he will "speak to Lizzy about it, and tell her that you insist upon her marrying him." Elizabeth is summoned, and upon Mrs. Bennet declaring that should she persist in her refusal, "She will never see her again," Mr. Bennet pronounces the following characteristic verdict: "An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr. Collins; and I will never see you again if you *do*."

Mr. Collins consoles himself by marrying Elizabeth's intimate friend, who is less particular than herself, and thus ends his project for "making amends" to his cousin's family for inheriting his property. Meanwhile, Mrs. Bennet's hopes of marrying her eldest daughter to Mr. Bingley, are hardly prospering any better. Mr. Bingley has with him two sisters and a friend, a man of even greater wealth and consequence than himself; and it is he who supplies the book with the first word of its title, "Pride," whilst Elizabeth's feeling for him furnishes the second, which is "Prejudice." Mr. Darcy certainly does not appear in a very favourable light during the first portion of the book. He gives himself all the airs of a man of fashion, and treats with open contempt the provincial society in which he finds himself placed, a contempt which however well it may be merited by the greater part of the Bennet family, is too plainly expressed to be well-bred. He scorns Elizabeth's beauty within her hearing on the occasion of the first ball at which they meet, and for the future she and the rest of the neighbourhood resent his behaviour by simply ignoring his existence. Circumstances, however, throw Elizabeth and Mr. Darcy together; and so little is he used to being slighted, that her indifference has all the piquancy of novelty, which first attracts him; and this, joined to much beauty and a liveliness which amuses him, captivates him in spite of himself. He is still, however, so much disgusted with the rest of her family, with the exception of Jane, that on discovering that Bingley is becoming seriously attached to her, he considers the evils of such a connection so great, that he carries off his friend before he has

actually committed himself; and the family which had caused such great expectations on its first arrival, leave the neighbourhood in much the same condition as they found it. The regiment of militia, however, stay on yet a while, and the younger Miss Bennets continue to commit every act of indecorum and indiscretion which it is possible for the presence of a single regiment of officers to allow of.

Months go by, and Elizabeth is induced to pay her friend, Mrs. Collins, a promised visit, and to be a witness of all the comfort and snugness which she has refused. She also makes the acquaintance of the alarming though condescending Lady Catherine de Bourgh, who is discovered to be an aunt of Mr. Darcy's. Whilst Elizabeth is staying at the Rectory, he is visited by his aunt at the park; and as the greater part of Lady Catherine's condescension consists in forcing the party at the Rectory (though it must be owned Mr. Collins is quite ready to be forced) to place their evenings at her disposal, and either to help her to form her card tables, or otherwise to make themselves socially useful; Elizabeth and Mr. Darcy are constantly thrown together. Whilst this has the effect of making Mr. Darcy's inclination for Elizabeth stronger than ever—and he ends by being absolutely in love with her—it in no way diminishes Elizabeth's dislike of him. Indeed, by an accidental discovery that it was he who had separated her sister from her lover, Elizabeth's dislike is still further heightened. Just after she has learnt this fact, and when her whole nature is hardened against the man, Mr. Darcy astonishes her by making her an offer of marriage. The moment is inauspicious, and his manner and words are hardly conciliatory. Feeling certain of success, he is at no pains to conceal how much against his grain is the idea of marrying her, and how keenly alive he is to the disadvantage of being connected with her relations. Beginning his proposal with, "In vain have I struggled," he concludes his answer to Elizabeth's reproaches at having separated her sister from the man who loved her with—"Towards *him* I have been kinder than towards myself." Elizabeth naturally resents the insults with which his expressions of love are mingled. Indeed, the whole scene reads more like a quarrel than a love scene; and, considering Mr. Darcy's words, on the part of Elizabeth, a legitimate quarrel; and we feel that her concluding words, which at length produce some effect on Darcy—"had you behaved in a more gentleman-like manner"—are not unmerited.

Besides his haughty and uncivil manner, and even more blameworthy than his conduct to her sister, Elizabeth thinks she has further reason for condemning Darcy. She believes him to have acted in an unprincipled manner towards one of the officers quar-

tered near her home, a certain Mr. Wickham. The latter is a great favourite with Elizabeth, and she is doubly interested in him by his telling her of the harsh treatment he has received from Mr. Darcy. The son of Darcy's family steward, and his father's godson and favourite, Wickham represents himself as having been deprived of all the benefits the father had intended should be his, by the son. The elder Mr. Darcy had specially promised him a family living as a provision for life; when, however, the living falls vacant, which it does after Mr. Darcy's death, the son, in spite of his father's wishes, bestows it elsewhere, and the injured Wickham has to fall back on the army as a profession. This story has been known to Elizabeth for some time; she had been told it by Wickham, and had gladly believed it, on the first evening of their acquaintance; for, as she had always disliked Darcy, and been prejudiced against him, she had been happy to discover so good a reason for her feeling as was given her by Wickham's ill treatment. When Darcy proposes, therefore, she explains to him, that not only would his insolent manner and his behaviour to her sister have prevented her listening to his addresses, but that his usage of Wickham had forfeited even her common respect.

At the time Mr. Darcy offers no explanation; but on the following day he finds an opportunity of giving Elizabeth a long letter, in which, without renewing his offer, he explains his conduct both to her sister and to Wickham. His excuses in the first case are rather lame, and consist in his assurance that, believing Jane herself to be indifferent to Bingley, he had seen no harm in persuading his friend that such was the case, and in therefore preventing his returning into her neighbourhood and proposing, after he had once left it. Concerning Wickham, however, it is different; and, if he is to be believed, far from having sinned against him, Darcy had behaved with forbearance and generosity towards a worthless scamp, whose handsome person and agreeable manners constituted his sole merit. At first, Elizabeth is incredulous; but by degrees the truth of Darcy's account is forced upon her, and she is convinced that she has been mainly influenced by her prejudice against Darcy in her judgment of him. She sees him, however, no more, and shortly afterwards returns home. Here she finds her younger sister in a state bordering on despair, for the regiment which has so long absorbed all their interest is ordered to Brighton, and the dismal prospect is before them of having to spend the long summer months without there being a single red-coat to enliven the neighbourhood. This terrible future is averted, however, for Lydia, the youngest and wildest of the girls. She receives an invitation from the colonel's wife to spend the summer with her, and this

invitation, in spite of Elizabeth's warning to and remonstrance with her father, as to the danger of Lydia's seriously misconducting herself, she is allowed to accept. Mr. Bennet listens to Elizabeth attentively, but merely replies: "Lydia will never be easy till she has exposed herself in some public place or other, and we can never expect her to do it with so little expense or inconvenience to her family as under the present circumstances;" and on Elizabeth's still urging him to prevent a visit so full of risk, he concludes his refusal with, "At any rate, Lydia cannot grow many degrees worse without authorizing us to lock her up for the rest of her life."

Lydia, therefore, leaves home in rapturous spirits, and Elizabeth soon after accompanies an uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gardener, on a tour into Derbyshire. Here she finds herself in Mr. Darcy's county, and is soon close to his property, which, on being assured that its owner is not in the country, she is induced, at the pressing wish of her aunt, to visit. Who can doubt the result? Of course, Mr. Darcy returns unexpectedly; and, just after they have been listening to his praises from his housekeeper, who assures them of his perfections as a landlord, a brother, and a man, they meet him himself in his grounds, and Elizabeth finds herself as much surprised by the change in his behaviour as she had been by the housekeeper's unqualified praise. All pride has vanished, and his manner is civil and cordial, not only to herself, but to her uncle and aunt, which, considering his former treatment of her relations, is still more astonishing. His sister arrives on the following day, and at once calls on Elizabeth and her party, and schemes for constant meetings during their stay in Derbyshire are being arranged, when sudden and distressing news brings their visit to an abrupt termination. Elizabeth hears from home that the terrible Lydia has eloped from Brighton with Mr. Wickham, and grave doubts are felt as to his having any intention of marrying her. Elizabeth is wanted at home at once. Mr. Darcy is with her when she receives her letter, the purport of which, in her agitation, she cannot conceal; and they agree that, from the knowledge which they both have of Wickham's character, the worst results are to be feared. Elizabeth reproaches herself keenly for not having disclosed all she knew of Wickham when last at home, a reproach which his subsequent conduct shows Mr. Darcy thinks he ought to share. He had known Wickham to be a scamp, and yet he had not denounced him when he appeared in a neighbourhood where he was a stranger, and had so fair a field for his ill-doings open before him, and Mr. Darcy therefore feels responsible for the mischief which has followed his being admitted into respectable society. Elizabeth hurries back to Longbourne, and finds her home in a distressing state of confusion. Her father is

away in London, vainly trying to discover the whereabouts of the runaway couple. Her mother has taken refuge in illness, and is keeping her room; and whilst her eldest sister is still hoping for the best, the younger ones are sulking. For some days nothing is heard. Mr. Bennet returns home, leaving the search in the hands of his brother-in-law. After a short suspense, Mr. Gardener is able to send news of the fugitives. He has discovered them living in London, unmarried, and Lydia indifferent to her position. Wickham, however, is prepared to marry her, Mr. Gardener says, if Mr. Bennet will consent to make certain trifling promises, which seem, under the circumstances, so moderate, that Mr. Bennet can only conclude that Lydia's kind uncle has made it worth Wickham's while to marry her. Of course the father consents, and he spends the rest of the day in wondering how he is ever to repay Mr. Gardener.

On hearing the news of Lydia's approaching marriage, Mrs. Bennet speedily becomes her own self again. Her indisposition vanishes, and her delight that at length she will have a daughter married, swallows up all the shame attending the circumstances of the wedding. "To know that her daughter would be married was enough. She was disturbed by no fear for her felicity, nor humbled by any remembrance of her misconduct. 'My dear, dear Lydia,' she cried, 'this is delightful indeed! She will be married! I shall see her again! She will be married at sixteen! My good, kind brother! I knew how it would be. I knew he would manage everything. How I long to see her! to see dear Wickham too! But the clothes! the wedding clothes!'" &c. &c. &c. We cannot linger over Mrs. Bennet's folly, Mr. Bennet's perversity, or more fully describe Lydia's impudent frivolity, when, against her father's wish, she is received as Mrs. Wickham, at Longbourne. *She* at any rate is unchanged, and on entering the dining-room exclaims, "Oh, Jane, I take your place now, and you must go lower, because I am a married woman." Lydia and Wickham shortly after leave, and we see them no more, and Mr. Bingley and Darcy reappear. Mr. Darcy continues to behave as amiably as he had done in Derbyshire, and Bingley, it is evident is still in love with Jane, and Darcy having removed his embargo, before long they are engaged. Then comes a highly humorous visit to Longbourne from Lady Catherine de Bourgh, who has been alarmed for her nephew by the rumours which have reached her of his admiration for Elizabeth, but which we have no space to describe. This is shortly followed by a second proposal from Mr. Darcy to Elizabeth, an offer couched in very different terms and made with a very different manner to the first. Elizabeth has now no hesitation in accepting him. Her prejudice has for a long time been dying away, and indeed

on discovering that Lydia's real preserver was none other than Darcy himself, who—by paying Wickham's debts and otherwise assisting him—had brought about the marriage, it had been changed into deep gratitude and affection. And so the book closes with Mrs. Bennet's joy and delight, that she can at length boast of having three daughters married.

We have spoken at some length of "*Pride and Prejudice*," because it is characteristic both of Miss Austen's merits and of her shortcomings. It is life-like, well-written, and sparkles with epigram and wit, and is a model for novels of its class; but we ourselves cannot reckon the class of fiction to which it belongs as the highest, for in no sense can it be said to appeal to universal human sympathy in every age and in every country as do the works of the highest genius. If all interest and every problem of life were centred in the behaviour of young men and women in easy circumstances between the ages of twenty and thirty, then we need ask no more. But when we see that even in the upper classes all events in life do not finish like the third volume of a novel; when we consider the fierce passions to be fought against, and the noble self-abnegation daily to be seen, in others besides young lovers, we feel that there is a wider side to life on which Miss Austen never touches. The date of her writings may to some extent account for this; and her own quiet life may explain it. In the past generation ladies of her class were content to lead lives which, whilst perfectly innocent, would to-day be considered by many uninteresting, and even unworthy. It was not an age of deep spiritual feelings and longings, of undefinable yearnings, which, even though they may now be caricatured by a sickly and sentimental æstheticism, have yet a true side in our nature. Notwithstanding the existence of exceptions, whose charity, like Mrs. Fry's, almost approached the heroic, but who during their lifetime were often more criticised as eccentric than admired for their devotion; all that was asked of a good woman a hundred years ago was that she should avoid gross faults, attend her parish church on a Sunday, and, if she lived in a village, be charitable to the poor.

Although, when she wrote, the Wesleyan movement had already stirred the religious sense of the nation, the circle in which Miss Austen lived and from which she drew her characters seems to have been wholly unmoved by the spiritual and devotional feelings which it excited. Miss Austen was the daughter of a clergyman, and of a man who actually resided in the parish for the ministering to which he was paid (an unusual fact a hundred years ago), and therefore one of whose piety and respectability we have reason to think well, and her letters occasionally show that religion was more than a mere name to her.

Yet, after studying her six stories, would any one suppose that Christianity was the great fact of the last eighteen hundred years?

We are no advocates of what are styled religious novels; they are generally mere tirades of unreal sentimentality, often written mainly to air the author's special and generally heretical views or crotchets on some particular question. But there is some medium between the obtrusiveness of the one, and the utter want of all feeling of the spiritual or supernatural in Miss Austen's work. Nothing could give us a more complete, though unconscious, picture of the religion of the upper classes a hundred years ago, than do these tales; a period in England during which we literally believe religion to have been more absolutely dead, than in any other Christian century or country since the dawn of faith. We are far from wishing to find incongruous expressions of piety in novels; yet "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh," is always and everywhere true. Let us best judge Miss Austen by the books of to-day, when, whatever may be the faults of the age, religion, at any rate, excites a keen interest. Two of the most decidedly popular writers of to-day are Miss Yonge and George Eliot, names no doubt of very unequal power, but which can be yoked together for our purpose. We are no particular admirers of Miss Yonge's school of religious thought; there is no doubt too much of an atmosphere of mere "church decorations," and all the unreality of High Anglicanism in her books; yet, that religion underlies the lives of those she paints, and that a genuine even if limited piety speaks to us through her favourites is undeniable. Religion is either denied or accepted, it is crushed out or it vanquishes, but it is not ignored. Indeed, the outer life of her characters is often the mere veneer of their real and religious natures, which appears at every break or emergency in their conventional existence. George Eliot again, though viewing both life and religion from an opposite pole to Miss Yonge, still less ignores the spiritual side of life. She had developed her own views both of religion and philosophy; and she used her tales, specially her later ones, merely as a lay figure may be used to display drapery, as a means to exemplify and popularize her ideas. Her novels are mere parables, by which she hoped to teach certain deep spiritual realities, which she believed to be truths, and to pour forth the message which she imagined she had to deliver to her generation.

But, innocent and healthy as are Miss Austen's books, might they not have been written by a kindly and upright-minded woman, who had never even heard of Christianity as a revelation? And do they not paint a state of society to which all religion seems foreign? We see this the more distinctly as she is

fond of introducing us to clergymen. We believe there is one in each of her tales; and, as Lord Macaulay has remarked, each one stands out as a distinct individual, differing from the others in all but as belonging to the same profession, and, we may add, in the small demand their profession apparently makes both on their time and their thought. In the summary which Mr. Collins gives of the duties of a clergyman, which we have already quoted, the only duty which we can distinguish from those of a layman is "the having to write his own sermons." Had he said, "write his own articles," the life depicted would have done for any *littérateur* living in the country. Of Mr. Elton, in "Emma," much the same might be said. He is sociable and active; he dines out and attends balls; and though he certainly shares with the modern curate the doubtful honour which appears to be attached in perpetuity to the office of a young Protestant clergyman—viz., that of being the favourite of *all* the young ladies of a neighbouring boarding-school, there is little else about him to remind us of his supposed sacred office. In "Northanger Abbey," the hero is also a clergyman. We are informed of it as a fact ascertained by the heroine's *chaperone*, but like her, when she meets him first at a Bath ball, we should never have guessed that such was the case, had we not been told of it. He comes and goes from Bath in a free, unfettered manner; and when the scene shifts to his father's home, Northanger Abbey, he is still always present except when he rides over to his parish to perform the short Sunday service. In "Mansfield Park" and in "Sense and Sensibility," we are introduced to two men, who, during the greater part of both books, are only intending to take orders; and in fairness we must add, that the hero of the former does annoy the lady to whom he is attached by taking this step. She is a lively flirt, and she fears that with a clergyman for a husband she would not be allowed a life of such reckless and perpetual gaiety as with a layman. This is the only indication which we have that there was a limit to the pleasure-seeking worldliness of an English clergyman in the eighteenth century.

We may therefore say, in conclusion, that although we can recommend Miss Austen's stories as likely in no way to injure or corrupt the young, they will exercise no more elevating influence over them than that of healthy amusement. It is true, that no religious sensibilities can be hurt by reading these books, for in them no Christian truth is denied, nor is any Catholic custom lightly spoken of; but this arises not so much from respect either for religion or for the Church, as from the ignoring of both. Their value for Catholics is therefore a negative one. But considering that the greater part of modern English litera-

ture is the work of Protestants, and that no small portion of it is positively offensive and dangerous reading for Catholics, we cannot afford to despise books of so high a calibre which possess even this qualified merit. We trust therefore that the handsome and complete *edition* of Miss Austen's works which Messrs. Bentley & Co. have lately published, in six volumes, and which is called the "Steventon" edition, may find its way into many a Catholic library.



#### ART. IV.—THE TSAR AND HIS HOLY SYNOD IN 1840.

*Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years 1840, 1841.* By the late WILLIAM PALMER, M.A. Selected and arranged by CARDINAL NEWMAN. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

ALL English-speaking Catholics must be grateful to His Eminence Cardinal Newman for publishing what we may term a legacy of the late Mr. William Palmer, an account at once so interesting, so life-like, and so succinct, of one of the three "Branch" Churches. The Russian Church is the modern representative of Eastern Christendom as compared with its other division, the Greek Church, whose spiritual life has been well-nigh stifled out of it by the Grand Turk. With regard to the view taken of Eastern Christendom by our Anglican fellow-countrymen, *omne ignotum pro magnifico* is most specially pertinent. It embodies to them the ideal position and capability of being Catholic without the Pope. In the course of a volume of 554 pages a typically Catholic mind, fettered and hampered in the bondage of an Erastian communion, photographs the present aspect of the Russian Church. The hours are declining, the shadows of evening are gathering, and there is no prospect of a new dawn after the darkness.

Believers in the branch theory will at once realize Mr. Palmer's position and the motives which actuated him in seeking communion at Petersburg. His conscience sought for the magnificent though indirect testimony to the English Church which a passport to the sacraments in Russia would have given to him. Together with this triple division of the Seamless Garment, and by a strange anomaly of mind, he fully recognized what has come to be known as geographical Christianity. He would have only one orthodox church in each place, which goes far towards making nationality paramount in religion. This was the one weak point

in a mind otherwise deeply and profoundly Catholic, and he gives the view clearly in a letter to the Ober-Prokuror of the Holy Synod. "As regards myself personally, I think it right to add, that from the time I have come within the dioceses of the Russian bishops, I recognize no other church as true and legitimate in these countries, nor adhere, in will at least, to any other jurisdiction than theirs. Not as if I came from any heresy, or schism, seeking to be reconciled by the Church of God which is in Russia, but being a Catholic orthodox Christian, as I trust, and coming from a Catholic and orthodox and apostolical church, I seek from the legitimate and canonical bishops of the country, in whatever country I may be, and from each one of them in his own diocese, the common right of communion."\* It is well to remember that this explanation occurs in the same letter as the following magnificent profession of Catholicity: "I well knew that I had been baptized, not into any English, or Roman, or Western, or Eastern, but into a Catholic or Ecumenical faith, religion and church."† This ideal existed in his mind before he contemplated it on earth, filling the world from end to end with the majesty of a divine presence; but it was a peculiar property of his own, not bestowed upon him by his communion. An adulteress, who has cast off the true matrimonial yoke to seek strange lovers, can no longer teach obedience to her legitimate lord and bridegroom.

There is some fatal wound in a communion when it becomes a body instead of *the* Body, when it sacrifices catholicity to nationality, and zeal to liberalism; when it is prouder of its title than of its essence, and more eager for an antiquated conservatism than for natural development. The Church, which Mr. Palmer went to contemplate, was like a majestic oak, which lightning from heaven had long ago stunted in its growth. There it stands, no longer sheltering the creatures of God's creation in its outspreading boughs, but a sad memorial that Troy was. The growth of the Russian Church unto its final stature as the chief representative of Eastern Christendom, was a very gradual one, and all along its fortunes were more or less influenced by the rulers, who also were striving after a firm footing in their huge empire. During the early centuries of Christianity in Russia (988-1250) the spiritual power was represented by a hierarchy with a single metropolitan, subject to the Patriarch of Constantinople, but fairly independent of the Russian princes, whom it guided. In 1327 the Prince of Moscow requested the Metropolitan Peter to transfer his residence from Vladimir to

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\* "Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church," p. 129.

† P. 126.

Moscow, and it was through the influence of the Primate and his successors that the power became concentrated in one autocratic ruler. Very gradually grew the Russian hierarchy's independence of Constantinople, but after 1328 the Russian Bishops were wont to elect their own Primate, who was confirmed by the Patriarch of Constantinople. Lastly a new phase was entered upon from the reign of John III. (1462-1505), by which the Synod of the Bishops elected the Metropolitan, and the Grand Prince gave to him the staff of confirmation. "Thus from 1462 to 1589 the Metropolitans of Moscow and all Russia were *de facto*, but not *de jure*, independent of the chair of Constantinople."\*

But as the Church had helped on the establishment, or rather the dominion of the Grand Princes of Moscow, so the Primate became, to a certain extent, and contrary to the ancient canons, a sort of king amongst the bishops. The enormous size of Russia, and the vast dioceses formed a hindrance in the way of frequent Synods. The bishops, therefore, used to leave their written consent to what the Metropolitan, aided by a few bishops near at hand, should enact, provided that it was not contrary to the faith or to the canons. It is a signal instance of the fatal working of a practice, which was begun with good intentions, being itself intrinsically weak. All spiritual power grew to be concentrated in the Primate, to the detriment of clergy and people, till in the seventeenth century it was a bitter fact that the Church had become, so to speak, one neck for the State to strike off when it felt so disposed. The weakening of the Patriarch or his fall, meant the weakening and the fall of the spiritual power. No country can be governed by two despots. In this race for dominion all chances of mastery lay with the Tsar. He began by using the outward forms of courtesy with the Patriarch, and at first the two were polite to each other for mutual convenience. But in course of time the balance of power showed itself in the aggressive acts of the Tsar, who began to nominate directly to dignities and offices. He did more than this. He sanctioned a code of laws by which the State not only appropriated Church property, but placed the clergy, and even the Patriarch himself, under the jurisdiction of the secular courts. It was at this juncture of affairs that the Tsar Alexis Michaelovich, in 1652, insisted on making Nikon patriarch. Nikon understood this dignity in a Catholic sense, and fearing lest he should not be allowed to exercise it according to his conscience, demurred. Pushed on by Alexis, he finally exacted a vow from the Tsar and his Syneclete that they would obey him in all things spiritual, suffer him to correct abuses, and to govern the Church according

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\* Preface to "Per Crucem ad Lucem," by T. W. Allies, vol. i. p. 56.

to the canons. After three years of office a torrent of worldliness and hatred broke over the Patriarch's head. No heretical body, as such, can fight the battle of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and the proof of it lies in the fact that Nikon's struggle benefited his own soul alone, and not his communion, whose patriarchs after his time degenerated into mere tools, and finally became simply impersonal in Peter the Great's Holy Synod. Fifteen years of degradation and imprisonment (from 1666 to 1681), an obscure tomb, and a memory scarcely handed down to posterity by his own people, were the portion of this great man, one which is only possible in an heretical communion; for if in the bosom of His Church Almighty God allows the confessor to sow in tears, those who follow reap in joy, and its treasury is never defrauded of the fruit of one single combat. Nikon was deposed in a Synod attended by two of the four Eastern Patriarchs, and ratified by them all. He had no See of St. Peter to espouse his cause as the cause of God, but only the "Ecumenical Patriarch, receiving his pastoral staff from the Grand Turk."\* We say that in the Catholic Church so noble a combat as that of Nikon would have produced a golden harvest. In the Tsar's Communion "the outward form of the hierarchy and of the Church, after it had been thus nationalized and enslaved to the State, remained at first the same as before, but the true life and spirit were gone."†

Worse was to come. The Holy Synod was shadowed forth in the Tsar Alexis' doings, but invented and "stitched together" by his son the Tsar Peter. On the death in 1700 of the last of the Patriarchs of Moscow, he by an *oukaz* appointed "an Exarch Guardian and Administrator of the most holy patriarchal chair." After keeping the See vacant for twenty years, he explained the nature of its new administrator. This was nominally a bench composed of "one President, two Vice-Presidents, four Counsellors, and four Assessors,"‡ in reality an instrument by which the whole spiritual power was lodged in the sovereign of all the Russias. The presence of a personal Primate was studiously avoided in this collegium, and the Presbyters purposely made to outnumber the Bishops. Peter had found a bishop willing to act as his tool in the process of making up, and one day he said to his creature, "Will our *Patriarch* be finished soon?" "Yes," answered Theophanes, "I am just putting the last stitches into his gown."§ There is a curious similarity between heretical bodies. Peter's Holy Synod, and Elizabeth of England's bishops, whom she threatened, mere woman that she was, to unfrock, belonged to the same family.

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\* *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 60.

† *Ibid.* p. 61.  
§ *Ibid.* p. 62.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 64.

Impersonal as was this Bench, Peter instituted an *Ober-Prokuror*, a special officer of his own, who should act as the Tsar's *Eye* over its fettered proceedings. In Mr. Palmer's time the post was occupied by Count Pratasoff, with whom he had many conversations and arguments. What strikes us as most inexplicable in the career of the patriarch Nikon, is that in his devotion to the great cause of the Church he should not have sought communion with the Mother and Mistress of all Churches. He protested that by the establishment of State supremacy in the Church, the scriptures, the law of God and the canons were "trampled under foot," and in his "Replies" in 1663, he argued forcibly that such "State supremacy, to say nothing of any ulterior development in time to come, if maintained and continued, was an *apostasy* even from Christianity itself, vitiating the whole body of the Russian Church from the least of its members to the greatest."\*

The best aspirations of the individual are quenched and defeated in an apostate Church, which lives, as it were, in a perpetual state of spiritual interdict. God's anger is over it. The effects of the Russian interdict upon its people are twofold: the lukewarm fall away, and the pious become superstitious. There is, on the one hand, amongst the lower orders, an excessive attachment to the outward forms of religion, and amongst the higher, a liberalizing tendency, which emulates Protestant sectarianism, declares itself desirous of the religion of the heart, and loses the fire and charity of the apostolic spirit. Whether or not Seraphim, the Metropolitan of Petersburg, was merely a "cypher," as the Sergiefsky monks in their longings after a real Patriarch pretended, the words which he was wont to utter in condemning the Latin doctrine of the *Filioque*, "our Church knows no developments,"† are intensely insignificant. To own to a want of proper development, which manifests the working of active life in spiritual bodies, is to admit the presence of crystallization, an arrest of life.

As the basis of his argumentative operations Mr. Palmer took with him to Petersburg the "Thirty-nine Articles," with a Latin commentary by himself, but apart from the serious nature of his talks with various personages in the Russian Church, much and varied is the information which he picked up in daily intercourse with people of all classes. He noted it down at the time, and thus a clear notion is formed of the practical working of religion among them, which a grave history might well have failed to convey.

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\* "Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church," p. 101.

† P. 327.

What will at first strike the most casual observer is the small capital, if we may use the expression, which they make of the very seven Sacraments themselves. They do not sin through want of reverence, rather it is an excess of fear which keeps out perfect love, instead of the reverse. The consolation of possessing Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist is overshadowed by the cruel discipline of yearly communion, for, in point of fact, the outward observances which belong to a participation of the Blessed Sacrament are such as to make this greatest favour depend on the capability of fasting three or four times during the previous week, and on being present at services faithful to antiquity in their length, but totally unsuited to modern requirements. Under Mr. Palmer's sharp-shooting, the Russian authorities had to put off some of their traditional and shadowy vagueness. Whilst Metropolitan and *Ober-Prokuror*, Peter's strange creature, discovered the slovenly teaching of Anglicanism on the subject of the Eucharist, though it came to them through the clear medium of Mr. Palmer's mind, and denounced it as "a terrible heresy,"\* they gravely did Rome the compliment of siding with her in the matter of Transubstantiation, but as men who had never before viewed the subject as one which had to be decided upon at all. Pressed as they were by a battery from without, it would have been derogatory to their communion to have exhibited a want of definition in a matter so grave. As far as belief in the Blessed Sacrament goes, they are, then, strictly orthodox, but their practice, as we have said, is exceedingly faulty. Their growth was stunted, not in the early ages of the Church, when daily communion was the privilege of all Christians, but in medieval times, when the fire of charity had grown cold, and popes sighed over the degeneracy which could only be restored by contact with the heavenly flame of love exhibited in the Blessed Eucharist. The guard of honour which is found in the true Church round the altar has given way to a married priesthood, who, struggling with wives and poverty, must of necessity give the marrow of their lives, not to the things of God, but to the narrow cares of housekeeping. Scanty means may be accepted in the spirit of penance by an ascetic, but a married priest can no more command piety in his home than he can in the world at large. If he keeps ordinarily good, and if he avoids the snares encompassing any marriage which is contracted with few worldly goods, he is worthy of commendation. The superabundant energy which a Catholic priest would give to the service of the altar is swallowed up in petty cares, and then he must walk on the beaten way, resting satisfied with

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\* P. 180.

the yearly sacraments of his parishioners. If, in the Russian Church, priests are a caste of peasant birth, so is the virginal life which is the exclusive inheritance of the regular or black clergy. M. Fortunatoff, the pope with whom Mr. Palmer passed some of his time at Petersburg, is a fair type of the average Russian priest. He was the son of a priest of the diocese of Vladimir, and from eight to fourteen years of age was in one of the district clerical schools, then for six years more in the diocesan seminary. Vladimir and Scondal own the largest seminaries in Russia, containing 1,000 students, of which number only 600 were in-boarders in M. Fortunatoff's time. Being the son of a priest, and poor, he had an allowance of fifty roubles a month from the clerical education fund, out of which he had to find clothes and lodging. The next step in his career was the Spiritual Academy at Petersburg, which he entered at twenty, and went through the usual four years' course. Here he was pursued by abject poverty, slightly relieved though it was by his capacity for singing, and so earning a little additional money. Most of the students became secular clergy, either professors or parish priests; vocations to the religious state are in a very small minority. The dogmatic training offered by the Academy is in keeping with the whole character of a Church which rests chiefly, if not entirely, on tradition, and has no living theology of its own. The students are allowed to draw very largely from German and French works, there being no school proper to Russia, so that the clerical mind becomes either stunted or goes out into the worst forms of pestilential liberalism in religion, and the primary teaching of catechetical truths amongst the people is entirely lacking. A priest, M. Mallof, who was introduced to Mr. Palmer as above the average type of pope, remarked to him in course of conversation, "*You have, I suppose, education for your clergy? We have scarcely any. There are two parties among us; and there are some of the clergy, thank God, who seem sincerely to seek Christ, but I fear the greater number are mere bigots to their outward forms, and think all religion to consist in them. The people, for instance, would think a priest without a beard to be a heretic.*"\* Mallof's statement was confirmed by a great lady, the Princess Potemkin, who was sincerely desirous of introducing Church principles amongst her country tenantry.

There is no catechetical instruction in our Church, she said, the religion is *only handed down, one does not know how*;† the people learn from one another, and from their customs. It is scarcely possible

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\* P. 177.

† The italics are ours.

to give you an idea of the want of religious teaching. Certainly I can say for myself that the doctrine of salvation by Christ alone was new. I see now that it is not, and ought not to be thought opposed to Church doctrine; but unless it be taught to the people, ceremonies and forms, the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin and Saints, will overthrow it and obscure it.\*

Tradition left to itself is a process in which life declines, for inversely as the wicked goddess Fama grows, the mere traditional knowledge of divine things waxes dimmer and fainter from age to age. But to return to M. Fortunatoff. During his so-called training his greatest wealth was an allowance of £9 a year, and then, according to his notions, he lived well. At this juncture he took upon himself ordination, and a wife with no private resources, and they were living with their two children in a four-roomed house at Petersburg when Mr. Palmer made his meritorious stay with them. He thus records some of his nocturnal sufferings:

The first night I slept not a wink. When I confessed this to the priest, he said, "I guess what it is;" and taking a lighted tallow candle, he examined the crevices and corners of the room, and found long clusters of the vermin wedged in and hanging together like bees in a hive. They frizzled and fell into the candle, and almost put it out. This clearance is no doubt much, but still my nights are bad enough. There is a shallow round brass pan set on a chair for washing; a great bottle of water, a drinking-glass, a candlestick, and a small deal table at the window; a second chair, and an old cupboard, complete the furniture. Cleaning of shoes or washing of linen there is here none.†

Poverty need not entail so great a disregard of the proprieties of life as Mr. Palmer describes, but for us this detail is only important as bearing testimony to the unkempt state of the Russian clergy. M. Fortunatoff was a worthy man withal, "thoroughly Russian, quite ignorant of everything foreign, good-natured, open, talkative, simple-minded, by no means wanting in intelligence, quite free from liberalism and from any sort of private views." Yet between the narrow means imposed upon a family-man, and that mere conservatism which is cramping the very life of the Russian Church, there was no scope for the apostolic spirit. M. Fortunatoff's penitents sought him out chiefly in Lent, when, according to his own account, "there may be sometimes a thousand to confess in one day, or at least in two or three days, in one week; and it is unavoidable that there should be many bad confessions."‡ He denounced the practice of

\* P. 540.

† P. 288.

‡ P. 320.

frequent communion, because, he said, "you cannot serve God and Mammon," and by "Mammon" he understood business or occupation. Carried out in all its bearings this theory precludes the great majority of men from following the divine ideal set up by Our Lord in the words, "Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect," and a frequent participation in the Holy Eucharist. Our richest source of grace is thus confined to a very small minority, not necessarily holy because not engaged in worldly business. The outward preparation required by custom recalls Mdme. de Sévigné's remark on one of the Jansenist productions, "*De la Communion fréquente*," which she wittily turned into "*De l'infréquente Communion*." It consists in fasting for a week beforehand, confession, and in attending the Church services three times daily. What this implies no Catholic ignorant of the state of the case would ever conjecture. Matins are sung at four or five A.M. and last three hours; then comes the Liturgy or Mass for another two, and lastly, hours and vespers, properly occupying three, which sometimes precede, sometimes follow, the Liturgy. A great many concessions have to be made in practice to bring these services at all within the compass of modern capacity, but the lower orders cling as tenaciously to the outward forms as if they constituted an integral part of doctrine. To make, therefore, the offices as short as seven hours daily the priests have, in truth, to perform them in a very slovenly and unsatisfactory fashion. The *Kathisms* of the Psalter, and the hours and the greater part of the Kanons and some other portions of the service, are read with the utmost rapidity possible; antiphons are sung once instead of several times, and quickly; reading is substituted for singing, and many appointed lectures are omitted, and still, where the higher orders are in the habit of attending, the priest has to use his own discretion as to a further curtailing of the ritual. It may well be surmised that only the very devout go to church, and that the higher orders, in face of so impossible a religion, are fast becoming Protestantized by their contact with German Lutherans or Freethinkers at Petersburg. The same difficulties attend the law of fasting, which nominally is never relaxed. The peasants fast with the same tenacity with which they attend a portion of the services, Matins for instance, peculiarly adapted to them on account of the earliness of the hour, and Mr. Palmer relates a curious anecdote as illustrative of their narrow ways of passing judgment.

There are two roads from Petersburg to Archangel, one well known and the other less frequented by foreign merchants and traders. By some chance, not very long ago, a German took the

less frequented road. It was during the great Lent. Arriving at a village, he went as usual to the starost, or head-man, to quarter him somewhere where he might pass the night, paying for what he needed. The old peasant told him that he would himself take him in, that he was welcome, and need say nothing about payment; there was stable-room and fodder for his horses and plenty of bread and salt. So the horses were stabled, and the stranger was soon seated in the house, where the best they had, but that only fast fare, was set before him. The German, however, did not relish this fare, and getting out of a basket of his own some cold pork, he began to eat. The Russian looked at him as if he scarcely believed his eyes, and then, drawing a hatchet from his girdle, without a word, he cleft the man's skull. For this he was knouted and sent to Siberia; but the villagers were far from regarding him as a murderer.\*

With regard to the seven Sacraments, M. Fortunatoff complacently remarked that "they existed and we had them from the beginning, and at length the Pope counted them for us. Well, that is no great matter."† The Church, however, is wise with the wisdom of the Holy Ghost, and since the Pope has stopped "counting" for the Easterns, they are only faintly conscious of the treasures which they possess in the crown of seven. The Tsar is now the "counter," and if, as the great patriarch Nikon declared, his supremacy in things spiritual was "an *apostasy* even from Christianity itself," he cannot valiantly carry on the Pope's work. When a mind sincerely Catholic comes to realize that such reformers or schismatics, who have revolted from St. Peter's See, have by no means done away with the power of the Keys as abnormal, but simply transferred their allegiance, either adjudging it to themselves or to the representative of the temporal power under whom they live, there is for that man no longer shadow of hesitation as to whose banner he shall choose. When the original union of Church and State of which we have spoken had run its course and given way to the dominion of one, the Tsar Alexis may or may not have said, like others before and after him, that the authority of the Pope was sinful and worthy of being swept away from the face of the earth. However that may have been, he simply transferred to himself Our Lord's gift to St. Peter, and, by a terrible blasphemy in action, called upon his subjects to respect his power to bind and to loosen. We know, too, of an Anglican clergyman, to whom the account of the simple transfer to Henry VIII. of the Papal authority was the ray of heavenly light which led to the mid-day warmth and peace of the Catholic faith.

\* P. 57.

† P. 324.

The sacraments are worked feebly wherever a plausible liberalism is superseding charity, and the great idea of the Church, that fundamental dogma of Catholic life, is departing. The same condition of inanity may be reached either by negligent Catholics through their own fault, or by the rigidity of heretics, who, having a great part of the Sacramental system, fail to use the means of grace in the Catholic manner. The latter are a living illustration of the importance of belief in the Church, with which inheritance of faith no heresies can come. What interest has the Tsar raised on the treasure of the spiritual supremacy by himself given into his own imperial keeping? During the whole of his stay in Russia Mr. Palmer was endeavouring to make the Russians confess themselves to be Catholics, and to give such name to the Latin Church as should convict it of heresy and schism. He was not successful, neither could he pass off upon them the title-deeds which his eminently Catholic mind assumed for itself. Questioned one day as to his creed, he replied: "I am a Christian, and my Church not Greco-Russ, but Catholic and Apostolic;" whereupon a Russian priest, who was present, drew the instructive conclusion, "He is then Catholic, and under the Pope."\* We think we are not mistaken in asserting that not once in the course of this volume does any one of the eminent persons with whom he came in contact do spontaneous homage to his Church by calling himself freely a Catholic. There is always a flaw in their profession of faith. It is "Greco-Russ," "Orthodox Church," "Eastern Catholic," or some statement which belies St. Augustine's title-deeds. But how should the word be preserved there where the thing is no more? In contradiction to the plain terms of the Creed, the Metropolitan of Moscow assured Mr. Palmer that the Church "*ought* to be one, but it is *not*."† Even when in communion with the centre of unity it is the tendency of particular countries for their Church to become national. Josephism in Austria, Gallicanism in France, were incipient heresies, informal rather than formal, because they were not pushed to their final consequences, separation from the Mother of all Churches. The Josephites and the Gallicans were jealous of interference from without, and were thus disposed to overrate the power of the sovereign in matters spiritual. Anglicanism consummated nationality in religion, and Anglicans abroad are the illogical observers of geographical Christianity. The Tsar's supremacy has borne the same evil fruits in Russia. In London, as Cardinal Newman has observed,

\* P. 536.

† P. 351.

the Russian does not ask for the Catholic, or *Capholic*,\* but for the Russian Church, and his so acting bears testimony to the national character of his communion. This feature is often the most prominent one in their very belief. "From ignorance they (Russian chaplains abroad) too often have no idea of their religion beyond that of nationality," so testified M. Mouravieff, Unter-Prokurator of the Holy Synod; "and when out of their own country, among Protestants, they think it fine to be like gentlemen, like ministers or pastors, and they cut off their beards (this, however, they are allowed to do), and wear a lay dress."† In this capacity it would not be their character as priests which would strike others. In a nondescript crowd they may be Russian or anything else: they are not first and foremost priests. As Mr. Palmer remarked of the English Church when a Russian lady was deprecating their supposed want of nationality: "In religion it has been our ruin; it has made us all but apostatize from the true faith, and we in England are struggling now to crawl out of that pit into which I hope you may never fall deeper than you have fallen already."‡

Liberalism is another dissolving element of a Church or communion. Its formula is in this wise: all religions are good, provided that we seek Christ, and whether we seek Him in our hearts or through outward forms is a small matter! With all their tenacity of rites and sacraments the Russians are profoundly liberal in this sense, and although we may not of course admit the testimony of a single priest as conclusive proof of the fact, it is remarkable that a certain pope at Petersburg should have used these very words of liberal formula to Mr. Palmer, that they were echoed by great ladies, and borne through the religious atmosphere of the place as a pervading ingredient. The pope we allude to was M. Mallof. "There are Christians everywhere" (*i.e.*, in all the Churches and Sects), he told Mr. Palmer, "the great thing is the religion of the heart."§ M. Skreepitsin, as forming one of the staff of the *Ober-Prokurator*, speaks with more authority. His words are chronicled. "Our Church has, and we have, one good point; that is its *tolerance*. We are not like Rome, which anathematizes all others; we have our own rite, but can be at peace with others, for they are all essentially one. *The same Christ is worshipped by us all*, and all things else are matters of comparative indifference."|| Such was the logical consequence in the body of what the Metropolitan

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\* The Russians make a fine distinction between *Capholic* and *Catholic*, *Capholic* as applying to themselves, and *Catholic* to the Latins. His Eminence Cardinal Newman here remarks that "*Capholic* is as local as *Russian* is, and far less intelligible."

† P. 167.

‡ P. 403.

§ P. 175.

|| P. 373.

of Moscow had ventured to lay down as a fact—viz., that, “the Church ought to be one, but it is not.” Tolerance of this nature in a communion is a confession of abject weakness. It reduces dogma to a matter of opinion, and suffers fellow-men to labour under soul-destroying ignorance without making an effort to enlighten them. “Such moderation is cruel to others and suicidal towards herself” (the Russian Church), was our Anglican’s comment on this pusillanimity, which so often puts on the garb and language of charity. Liberalism in religion has become obnoxious to all Catholic minds, but where it is found in a church at large, as it is at Petersburg, it becomes worse than repulsive. It is a mark of error as opposed to the true charity of the Church, which burns to enkindle the holy fire Our Lord came to spread upon earth. From the time when a body ceases to say of itself, “I alone am the Catholic Church,” it no longer calls forth ardent love or bitter hatred, and to be well hated for the sake of Our Lord has always been the privilege of the Truth. To be liked well enough by members of its own communion, without exciting ardent love, to be courted and vaunted by other national churches, to have lost the power of anathematizing error, these are the marks of decrepitude and decay in a spiritual body. The Russian standing-point with regard to the Latin Church is in itself equivalent to a surrender of the fortress of Catholic Truth. Mr. Palmer saw the weakness of their position, and pointed it out to them, but could not obtain a satisfactory answer. “Either,” he argued, “the Latins are in heresy or they are not, and if they are, you ought to anathematize them.” The power to pronounce anathema belongs to the one Body on earth which teaches and speaks with authority, is hated by the world as intolerant, and loved by its own as the mother of divine charity.

There are many proofs in this volume that the Russian Church neither claims to be the whole truth nor anathematizes the Latins, who do claim it, and that besides the existence of the deadly poison of Liberalism, or as a natural consequence of it, the apostolic spirit is no more. What would have been the true Mother’s reply to so burning an appeal as this from a man thirsting after the visible Church upon earth?

If you are a part only, where is the whole? Show us that mother which we confess in the Creed, and to whom obedience from you and from us is alike due. There cannot be a part without a whole. There is one Communion claiming distinctly to be the whole, and in point of extent and numbers having better claim than any other, which is named the Catholic Church by your own lips, and by those of all her other enemies, and she boldly says that you belong to her; that you are a separated *part*, a dislocated limb, a

rebellious child, a sheep that has strayed. Does not your conduct and language justify her? You admit that you are only a part; she says that she is the whole. You seem to confess it; for you call her Communion "the Catholic Church," and you can never bring yourselves to say distinctly what is that *whole* of which you are a *part*. Does not this look as if you were indeed what she says you are? You may say that you call yourselves *Capholics* and the Latins only *Catholics*. We, too, make sometimes a similar defence of ourselves—viz., "*They* are only Roman Catholics, but *we* are the real Catholics." But in spite of all such excuses there is a real weight in popular language.\*

The authority thus appealed to coldly replied, "Come to us if you like, but stay away if you like. You can save your soul without embracing the Greco-Russ religion, and that, after all, is the thing of greatest moment. All we can say is that we are faithful to Greek orthodoxy and the ancient canons, because they are our birthright. Other men, who are not so privileged, may find the road to heaven without them." These were the sentiments they expressed—not in so many words, but in the apathy which allowed them to forbear from showing the slightest zeal to convert Mr. Palmer to Greek orthodoxy. To act upon the principle of nationality in religion is to make it a caste or an estate, which it falls not to the lot of every man to enjoy. Probe this evil, and we find it is a want of the theological virtue of faith, which outward forms are insufficient to feed. Contrasted with this branch of the Greek Church, probably with the Greek Mother herself, Protestant Dissenters make a fine show of proselytizing ardour. The difference between it and the apostolic spirit of the true Catholic is, that the British Nonconformist's zeal proceeds often from an intense belief in himself, whereas the Catholic's is built up upon the divine claims of his Church. The Dissenter, indeed, professes to say that there are many roads to heaven, yet he acts as if he were leading the way; and that which the Dissenter claims as a personal grace, the Catholic attributes to his communion.

It is different with the Russian, for he believes neither in himself nor in his confession so much as to make joining his party or his Church a matter of salvation. His formularies tell him that for a man to "flee, as from the flood into the ark, from heresy and the way of damnation into the true Eastern Church, out of which no one can possibly be saved," is a matter of deep thankfulness to Almighty God; but since the day on which the Russian Church renounced its claim to be heard as forming part of the only Ark, the formulary has become a dead letter and the

thankfulness obsolete. Mr. Palmer has chronicled this mortal apathy, and it will bear witness to the sickness of the body:—

Your own forms for receiving proselytes set up for you just as exclusive a definition as that of the Latins, only you are inconsistent, he told the Princess Dolgorouky. "You all of you disbelieve the sense of your own books and formularies, and your danger lies in this, that when your common sense has carried you out of the exclusive Orthodox-Catholic Eastern definition of the Church, you know not where to stop; and so your practical disallowance of the formal pretensions of your own Church degenerates into liberalism and indifference. Here, for instance, *I have not met with a single person who has shown solicitude to bring me to the orthodox communion for the salvation of my soul.*"\*

We are not only what we call ourselves, we are also in a measure what the world calls us. It was Joseph de Maistre's argument, long ago, when he said that a man's going to Madeira and calling himself a Howard would not make him one. Mr. Palmer's volume has a very special pertinence for Englishmen, as portraying the view taken of Anglicanism by the strongest branch of Eastern Christendom—a branch, too, which Anglican sympathies, always true in their instincts, are ready to cherish. The Anglican at Petersburg is much in the position of Joseph de Maistre's Howard at Madeira; and by Anglican we mean one who fully believes in the true Orders and Catholicity of his communion, in the feasibility of the Branch theory, and in that distorted notion of a Church, universal yet geographical, apostolic whilst governed by the secular power. We venture to say that such a man is not in reality a typical Anglican. He does not truly represent the Erastian nature of a communion built up on a royal supremacy of the civil power which has displaced the sacerdotal idea. Thus it happens that, whilst many men intend by Anglicanism to notify their belief in the Church, they are expressing a dogma which they have not received from the English Mother. They are external Catholics, for they grope after that which makes the Catholic; not belief in any one particular dogma, but a full apprehension of the great doctrine of a visible and teaching Church on earth. That there should be errors and misconceptions in the manner of grasping is human and accessory. The foundation is there and is ready for the builder so soon as the right architect shall appear.

The Russian authorities carefully abstracted Mr. W. Palmer from his communion, though it was a puzzling process. He possessed an astonishing knowledge of the Howard pedigree, but not for this was he necessarily a member of the family. He had

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\* P. 377. The italics are our own.

indeed acted as many Anglicans do act under the circumstances, taken the letter of the Prayer-book, and filled in the outline partly by private study, partly by listening to the suggestions of his own Catholic aspirations. To claim for himself, as an Anglo-Catholic, participation in Eastern communion, and in so doing to shed honour on his Church, was his praiseworthy aim at Petersburg. One remark occurs to be made at the outset. If Mr. Palmer's logic should have acted as a whetstone to Russian apathy clothed in blind conservatism of outward garments, the unanimous opinion expressed about the wholly adulterous nature of his English Church might, if God had so willed it, have been a guiding light in the path which led him only fifteen years later to the true Mother.

Mr. Palmer one day met at dinner the French ambassador, M. de Barante, who, questioned as to what constituted the peculiarity of the English Church, made this reply, "Simply this—that it has preserved the Hierarchy; in all the rest they are like the other Protestants."\* It is a significant fact, too, that the English who die at Petersburg, are buried in the German or Lutheran cemeteries. In Mr. Palmer, then, the various personages in authority saw a man with profoundly Catholic instincts on most subjects, coming from a body hitherto known to them only as a hierarchy without Catholic teaching, as M. de Barante expressed it. How were they to reconcile his assertions with the bastard origin and Protestant characteristics of a State establishment, about which history had already spoken in unequivocal terms? They judged him and his claimed right of communion by the written formula of Anglicanism, the Thirty-nine Articles, not by the Latin commentary, which expressed his personal interpretation. To cite only one instance in which he and the Articles are completely at variance: "In the English Liturgy," he says, "both the Mystical Lamb is truly immolated, and there is a sacrifice propitiatory, both for the living and the dead."† The 31st Article runs:—

The offering of Christ once made is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction, for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual; and there is none other satisfaction for sin, but that alone. Wherefore the sacrifices of Masses, in which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.

The whole difference between the Russian and the Anglican Churches is the retention in the one of a great part of the

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\* P. 413.

† P. 154.

sacramental system. The loss of it in the other explains the contempt which it excites in the orthodox Russian mind. The men who fail to see that it was not what they call "the great question of the Procession," which caused their own separation from unity, but human passions, are not slow to discover the nature of the Anglican schism. The Metropolitan of Moscow, Philaret, Count Pratasoff, Ober-Prokuror of the Synod, M. Mouraviass, Unter-Prokuror, and the Sergiefsky monks, were all unanimous at least in not recognizing the Church there where it is not. There was a negative force against false claim, which was good as far as it went, whilst the Metropolitan, Philaret, frankly met Mr. Palmer's grave expounding of the Branch theory by saying, "I cannot in the least understand that: a heretic in one place is a heretic everywhere." The Unter-Prokuror expressed his perfect apprehension of the circumstances when he said, "It is painful to contemplate, but manifestly it was a violent eruption into the Church of laymen who mangled and altered their religion to suit their own purposes. Union with such a Church is impossible."\* Again, in return for his clear definition of the term Catholic, Mr. Palmer would be met by the objection, "But you are only an individual, what do your Bishops say?" or, "If this is really the teaching of your Church, why are the English here so ignorant and Calvinistic?" The admissions which were thus forced from Mr. Palmer are somewhat ludicrous, making still more striking the sharp contrast between the individual man and the Anglican communion. Alluding to the Episcopal Bench, he was obliged to own that it would be easier to name "the *least* than the *most* Catholic bishop," that "very nearly all the men of the last generation speak of their Church as Protestant and call it the Established Church, or even the Establishment or our Protestant Establishment;"† and of the Anglican mother herself the Sergiefsky monks drew from him the humiliating confession that with regard to the Invocation and Relics of Saints, and in "numberless other things the Anglican Church has by successive violences and other influences been stripped perfectly bare."‡ The sharpest stroke of all was perhaps not the formal refusal to admit him to communion, for his conversations with the Metropolitan, Philaret, must have prepared him for this issue, but the suggestion that the Pope, as the Western Patriarch, was, if anybody, the only fitting person to bring about a reconciliation, either individual or collective, between East and West.

There are palpable analogies between heretical bodies, and one of the most prominent is the large amount of negation and denunciation on which they live. Thus the Russian Church,

\* P. 364.

† Pp. 170, 171.

‡ P. 213.

nominally governed by the Holy Synod, which was "stitched" together by Peter the Great, has lost the conception of unity and is only able to say where it is not. When called upon to make a decision it might well answer, with an exclusiveness not apostolic: "We are what we are—viz., the Orthodox Eastern Church. If it came to the point we would sooner acknowledge the Latin than any other portion of the Church." The Pope's Communion being, as a Russian pope\* put it, *presque hérétique*, well expresses the Greek mind in its regard. It is ashamed and powerless to anathematize, so it compromises by a "presque." As a body which still possesses so large a portion of Catholic truth, the Russian Church shelters itself in ambiguity where other heretical communions would boldly deny. Has not the English Church lived and flourished by openly denouncing the Pope as the Man of Sin, and the Church as the Scarlet Woman? The principle of negation has been its life, for if we look for what the king's spiritual supremacy built up, we find a bare semblance of hierarchy founded on a single axiom: "Curse the Pope; this do, and thou shalt live." Whilst the Easterns are feebly ambiguous with regard to the Pope's position, Mr. Palmer shows them to be perfectly alive to the violent nature of the Anglican schism. They see in others what they fail to apprehend in themselves—a breaking away from the centre of unity—and all that was involved in England's great revolt is as clear as day to them—viz., a renunciation of Sacramental life, of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and of the whole sacerdotal idea. What occurs to those who are neither Greco-Russ nor Anglican, but Catholic, is the curious spectacle of two communions, equally schismatical, though by no means equally heretical, nor, in some particulars, fit to be compared; the one dying of stagnation, nourished as it is by true Orders and Sacraments; the other famishing for want of definite religious belief. Many noble aspirations are born in Anglicanism. Sons and daughters rise up in her bosom, asking her for the milk of Catholic doctrine which she cannot give to them. Her storehouses are empty, her sacraments tottering and insecure, her "life is an Act of Parliament."† The peculiarity of her position presents an extraordinary snare even to the elect, for we may thus designate hosts of men and women whose deepest conviction it is that she forms part of the whole Catholic Church on earth, whereas of sacerdotalism she possesses only the outward semblance, the hierarchy. The Catholic ideal is filled up by her Catholicizing members, but they do not draw from their Anglican Mother's source. Their

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\* M. Mallof, p. 177.

† Card. Newman, "Anglican Difficulties."

teacher is the Holy Spirit, who plants in every heart which is sound and upright a yearning for His truth. Hence the perpetual discrepancy which meets Anglicans of Mr. W. Palmer's stature between its formularies and its practice, between the communion's Protestant interpretation of religion and the individual's own apprehension of the Church as set forth in the Gospels and spoken of by St. Augustine and the Fathers as *toto orbe diffusa*. Strangely enough, the lifelong estrangement of master minds in Anglicanism from the Catholic Church often has its explanation in their intense belief in it, a belief so strong that they apply to the stepmother what St. Paul said of the true Mother: "Though we or an angel from heaven preach to you any other gospel than that ye have received, let him be anathema."

The angel is to be interpreted by these visible things of which our world is composed: barren sanctuaries, whitewashed walls, no perpetual sacrifice, neither priesthood, Orders nor Sacraments, nor Invocation of Saints, nor definite teaching. So persistent is the Catholicism of these men that they still cling to the communion which has given them a doubtful baptism, and sent them forth into the world with few weapons other than the divine ideal engraved by the Holy Spirit in their hearts. The day on which such an Anglican learns what he is called by what to him is a large portion of the Church, or, in his language, a Branch of the Vine, should contain in its radiance the bright light of dawn. Let the Russian Church be what it may, a State communion resting no longer on the Grand Turk at Constantinople, but on the Tsar of all the Russias; let it, despite its true orders and sacraments, be "an apostasy from Christianity itself," its testimony as a religious body is unanimous against the Anglican Church. Philaret was, it must be noted, far more lenient than the first authorities of the Eastern Church to whom Mr. W. Palmer afterwards submitted the Articles. At Constantinople they were pronounced to be "thirty-nine heresies." The Metropolitan of Moscow saw in them many "erroneous propositions such as could not be allowed by us," and he distinctly refused Mr. Palmer's claim to be admitted to communion. "You are the excellent defender of a bad cause"\* was his manner of expressing his opinion of the creed and of the man who applied to him in virtue of a Catholicity which existed not in it, but in that man's own heart.

Possibly this volume may suggest a new mode of writing history, one more vivid, more trustworthy, and less arduous than that to which we have been hitherto accustomed. To string

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\* Pp. 395, 396.

together facts, dates, wars, and events of a given era is to history what the scale is to music. It gives you the factors with which melody is made, but it has in itself neither harmony nor melody. Mere chronological order in history without the knowledge of men is barer of interest than a mathematical problem. These pages will most surely serve as precious landmarks in Russian Church history, not the less valuable because they serve to measure more familiar scenes. In judging a communion in which a State supremacy, superadded to a separation from the centre of Christian unity, does so much to quench the operation of that life which the original sacramental system would maintain, an unbiassed reader spontaneously establishes a comparison. His mind is drawn to contrast it with that other State establishment, which, as it took its rise from the adultery of its first Head, so maintains its typical descent from him by putting the civil power in the place of the divine Pastor, and is called by Russia and the world Protestant and Anglican.



#### ART. VII.—THE HOLY SEE, AND THE CLERGY OF IRELAND.

1. *The Pastoral Letters and other Writings of Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, &c. &c.* Edited by the Right Rev. PATRICK FRANCIS MORAN, D.D., Bishop of Ossory. 3 vols. Dublin: Brown & Nolan, 1882.
2. *Ireland and the Holy See, a Retrospect; 1866 v. 1883. Illegal and Seditious Movements in Ireland, contrasted with the Principles of the Catholic Church, as shown in the Writings of Cardinal Cullen.* Rome: Printed at the Propaganda Press, May, 1883.
3. *Rome and Fenianism; the Pope's anti-Parnellite Circular.* London: R. Washbourne, 1883.
4. *De Rebus Hiberniæ nuperrima Apostolicæ Sedis Acta.* Romæ: typis Propaganda Fide, 1883.

IT is probably too early, as yet, to pretend to pronounce on the results of the now famous Circular of May 11, addressed by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda to the Bishops of Ireland. The bishops themselves have not spoken. Not one, so far as we are aware, has said a word in public, either in furtherance of the Holy Father's instructions, or—what was not to be expected—in opposition to them. As there are certainly a large number of the bishops who are well known to be quite

ready to welcome the Circular, their silence simply means that they are waiting to take part in that joint action of the whole Episcopate which may soon be expected.

The Circular\* condemns the "Parnell Testimonial Fund" collection, and states that it is not allowable for ecclesiastics to recommend or promote it. The grounds of this exceedingly grave pronouncement are laid down in the Circular itself. Whatever may be the case with regard to Mr. Parnell himself, it says, there can be no doubt that many of his followers have acted in a way distinctly opposed to the recent instructions of the Holy See. These instructions were, that it is sinful to further a just cause by unjust methods; that the people must be calmed and moderated, because there was great reason to fear that cupidity (or the desire of other people's property) was leading them into false views, and that they were hoping for national prosperity through the instrumentality of crime; class-hatred was stirred up, persons in authority were vilified, horrible crimes were not reprobated, and men were terrorized by the threat of holding them up as enemies of Ireland, unless they subscribed their money to the fund in question. No words could describe more accurately, and at the same time with greater moderation, what it is precisely that is blameable in the present and late Irish agitation.

It is worth while to observe, first of all, what the Holy See, in this communication, does *not* condemn. It does not condemn, but explicitly asserts, the right of Irishmen to endeavour to obtain an alleviation of their present troubles, and to agitate for their rights. It explicitly states that it is perfectly permissible to collect money to relieve Irish distress. It does not condemn Mr. Parnell personally, or his policy, and explicitly declines to do so.† It does not disapprove of the tenant-right agitation, of the fair-rent agitation, of the movement for buying out the landlords, of Home Rule, or even of the repeal of the Union. In one word, there is not the least foundation for the heated and stupid protests which have appeared in some quarters, that the Holy See was interfering in Irish politics. In one sense, this is no doubt true. Politics are a branch of ethics, and depend upon the principles of morality. And it is just in regard to those points in which the existent agitation infringes the law of morals, and in regard to no others, that the Pope has spoken.

The Circular consists of two parts, very distinct. In the former the Holy Father repeats in general terms the condemnation of

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\* The original text is given in our present number, p. 166.

† "Quidquid sit de persona Parnelli ejusque consiliis."—*Litt. Circulares*.

lawlessness and violence, and the assertion of Christian principles which he has in so many ways already enforced upon the clergy and people of Ireland. But in the latter he leaves generalities, and comes down to a particular case; he condemns by name the "Parnell Testimonial Fund." This is, undoubtedly, a very grave step to take. The Pope's words have touched the Irish nation in a very sensitive place. Beyond any doubt, this sentence of condemnation is a distinct challenge, and a rude check. It is not one of those commonplaces thrown out by a popular preacher or a writer of articles. It is a word spoken to an excited and enthusiastic nation; a command uttered in the very stress and heat of a people's march to battle. The Vicar of Christ tells them that the vast majority of them are in the wrong; not in their ultimate purposes and aspirations, but in their immediate ends and acts. He tells them they are on the path of evil, of recklessness, and of injustice. From a merely human point of view, he has done a thing which places his supremacy and his influence over Ireland in the gravest danger. But he has done it; and whatever we say about it, we cannot say that it is a trivial matter. He has done it, and he has intended it; intended to challenge the Irish people in the plainest possible words to obey him, or to take the consequences. The Parnell Testimonial Fund was about £10,000 on May 11; it is about £16,500 to-day. That is to say, the Pope's word has divided the Irish people into two parties; the one, and the great majority, have obeyed the spirit of his instructions; the other, the minority, have subscribed £6,500 in eight weeks in his despite. But we do not for the moment try to estimate his success; we point out the magnitude of the stake. Whether he succeeds or does not succeed, in either case the destiny of Ireland will have been affected till she ceases to exist. •

There are persons, sympathizers as we are with the aspirations of the Irish people, to whom it has appeared to be almost a gratuitous piece of high-handedness on the part of the Holy See to condemn so flatly a "tribute" to a man who is not himself condemned, and who is by no means the most violent of his party. But the reason of it appears upon a moment's consideration. The Parnell "tribute" was to be national, and it was to be virtually compulsory. It was to be national—that is, it was to be promoted simultaneously all over Ireland; it was to be pushed on by meetings and speeches of every kind, and by the influence of priest and laymen, rich and poor. That is to say, a new campaign of inflammatory language was to set in in Ireland. Denunciation of the Government, of the Castle, of the landlords, old histories and new, vituperation and unscrupulous assertions, were to be employed, as they had been before, over

the widest possible area. Lawlessness was to be all-but counselled, violence all-but commended, crime all-but praised, and assassination all-but eulogized in the hearing of an excitable and inflammable people. The clergy of Ireland, and some of the highest of them, were to sit on platforms where this was being done, and to lend their very sanctuaries for the collections which at once resulted from the agitation and kept it alive. This "national tribute," harmless as it might be in itself, was to be the occasion of a general deluge of speech-making and newspaper-articles, filled with ignorance and folly and highly flavoured with sedition. If any one wants a proof of this, he will find it in what has actually happened. The best of causes—and Ireland has a very good cause indeed—is degraded by being associated with wrongdoing. It is the peculiar character of the present agitation that it is led by men who have no true grasp of moral principle, and eagerly promoted by others who are avowed advocates of revolution, irreligion, and assassination. The leaders of the movement dare not speak to the Irish people in the tones which their own hearts prompt. They dare not openly preach Communism or Jacobinism. If they did, their day would soon be gone by. But they do all they can. They expound theories about land which only the most careful distinctions can save from being held to be socialism and robbery. They lay down general principles about government which their hearers are expected to apply in the sense of the revolution. They use words about the landlords which *may* mean lawful agitation, but which also may easily mean something far more rough and far more ready. And, as we see by recent examples, they are ready to jeer at the Pope himself whenever they get an opening; and they stand on the watch, only waiting till they think their hearers are ripe for their purpose, to vilify the religious feeling which has hitherto been the glory of the Irish race. It is not the "tribute," then, which the Holy See has condemned, but the agitation for which the tribute has been, and was to be, the pretence.

But there was something peculiarly opposed to justice and decency in the way this tribute-collection was to be worked. It was to be virtually compulsory. A man's patriotism was to be judged by his contribution to the Parnell Fund, and he was to stand or fall by his behaviour in the matter of subscription. Its promoters were keen enough to see that nothing commits a man like giving his money, and that no test can be more easily verified than a man's name in a subscription list. The Parnell "Tribute" was a whip that was meant to reach the laggards and the loiterers. There are, naturally, thousands of Irishmen and hundreds of Irish priests who sympathize with the Parnell agitators, but are afraid

of it. They love their country, but they have no love for a leadership which is the source, or the occasion, of violence, perjury, and revolutionary impiety. They cannot in conscience join in fellowship with the Parnells, the Healeys, and the Sextons. And yet there are a hundred reasons for their not opposing or denouncing them. It was to force this large body of neutral persons to declare themselves, that was in great measure the aim and purpose of the Parnell collection. It was intended to terrorize moderate Irishmen. It would have been so easy to brand as an enemy of Ireland every man who refused to subscribe to the cause of Ireland's liberation! This has been perfectly understood at Rome. The collection, says the Circular, will certainly be abused for inflammatory purposes; it will stir up hatred, it will expose honourable men to insult, and it will tacitly excuse crime; but, worst of all, it makes the contributing of money the measure of patriotism, and thereby *places men under the influence of "violence and fear."* And the title under which the Letter appears in the late number of the "*Acta Sanctæ Sedis*" is this: "*Litteræ circulares ad Hiberniæ Episcopos, quibus edicitur probari non posse pecuniæ collectum ad quam adigi quis videtur quâdam veluti vi vel metu.*"

As we have remarked, it is still too soon to pronounce upon the exact results of this Papal Act. But one thing seems certain, and may be set down at once. The Pope's pronouncement will not alienate from the Catholic religion or from the Holy See—God forbid that it should—the loyalty of the Irish people. Eight weeks or thereabouts have elapsed since the letter became public, and although there has been a good deal of heated and regrettable talk, Ireland, though her bishops have not yet spoken, has implicitly acquiesced in the Pope's instruction. There can be no doubt that obedience to ecclesiastical authority has become indefinitely harder since the establishment of the system of universal newspaper reporting. In other days a document from the Holy See reached the bishops first. By them its meaning and its force were carefully considered, and then at the right time, and with whatever preparation and explanation seemed to be required, it was communicated to the clergy and the general flock. But in these days there are three stages of an important Papal instruction. There is, first of all, the period of prophecy. Some correspondent of a London daily telegraphs that in a few weeks there may be expected a Rescript of the Pope, which will all but excommunicate a certain archbishop of the popular party. (It is no matter that excommunications are not pronounced in a Rescript.) This is copied by the whole press of Europe and America. The persons immediately concerned cannot help thinking there must be something in it, and feel sore and aggrieved. The

infidel and Protestant papers sneer, joke, approve, or condemn, as they are paid to do. A number of readers simply take it for granted. Then come a crop of contradictions and rectifications: the English Government is putting pressure on the Vatican; a certain other archbishop has set off in hot haste to Rome; the rector of such a college in the city has been with the Pope for three hours; the correspondent of the *Chicago Illuminant* has interviewed the Prefect of the Congregation of the Fabric of St. Peter's. Meanwhile, home newspapers, members of Parliament addressing their constituents—every one, in fact, at a loss for a topic, alludes to the "report," and, hypothetically, says, wishes, disputes, hopes, and believes, every kind of nonsense about it. At last the letter or instruction appears. It is needless to say that when it does appear it is found to be moderate, careful, and paternal, and that it differs in important respects from all announcements regarding it. But now commences the second stage of its history. Imperative usage demands that every daily paper must have a leading article on it without a day's delay. Gentlemen in London, Dublin, Paris, and Berlin, in the plenitude of their knowledge, prepare in the small hours of the morning a simultaneous set of "articles," in every one of which they describe the nature of the document, its history, the Pope's precise motives, and the exact results it will produce. A very great number of readers never go further than these leading articles. The impression given to Europe and to America is, to state it very mildly indeed, inexact and inadequate. But there are few, very few indeed, who ever arrive at anything better; and, although the views of every man are tinged or distorted according to his party, they all agree in being wrong or imperfect. The consequences of this universal unauthorized commentary are very easy to foresee. A Papal document is prejudged. In all matters in which the masses of the people are concerned, the spirit of an instruction is of equal importance with the letter of it. It is not what the Pope says, but what makes him say it, that excites men's minds. If he is known to speak as a friend and father, out of the *motus proprius* of his own solicitude, he might order anything he likes, and the Irish people at least would obey him. But if he is suspected of being influenced by suspected persons, and of being the tool of hereditary opponents, then the simplest monition has a tendency to become intolerable, and the primal tendency of an Irishman's being is to rebel. And so the document enters its third stage; those whom it concerns take it up with foregone conclusions as to the motives which inspired it, and with the obscurest ideas as to what it forbids or commands. All this has happened in regard to the Circular of May 11; the two first

stages have been gone through, and the Letter is now partly misunderstood and partly suspected. Had the Holy Father been able—but we might as well wish to recall the bows and arrows of the field of Cressy—to come face to face with his flock, and to speak to them before rumour and spite had filled the air with dust and raised everywhere a lying mist, then three-fourths of the feeling which his words have raised would have been impossible.

It is very necessary not to underrate, in this matter, the strength of Irish sentiment. Whenever a just cause has to be distinguished from unlawful means, there must be a difficulty in doing it without raising the feeling that you are disloyal with the cause itself. A letter appeared in the *Tablet*, of June 2, which is so true, and yet, as we are convinced, so mistaken, that it is worth while to print it here, in order to say a word about it. It is signed “An Irish Priest,” and is as follows:—

Your leader headed “The Extreme Nationalists and the Papal Circular,” seems to fasten the feelings roused by the late Circular on those who were lately, with a nice discrimination of Irish politics and considerateness for Irish feelings, called the “Extreme Left” of the Irish National party. The fact, be it a welcome or an unwelcome one, is very different. The *extremists* are, in truth, least affected by the present distressing crisis in the country. This is the very time for them, when desperation in matters civil and religious seems to recommend extreme measures as alone adequate. It is on the moderate, God-fearing, Church-loving Irish Catholics that this blow has fallen with most crushing force. They had welcomed Mr. Parnell’s agitation as one fully within the law. They understood its aims, and whilst condemning very freely its many and inevitable abuses, they recognized its substantial justice, and rejoiced in its wonderful success. If they were Leaguers, so were two out of every three of the Irish priests. The National Conventions were more like ecclesiastical than political meetings, reminding one of a political convention of old in this country, when a Papal Legate presided over the “extremists” of Irish nationality at Kilkenny. The man that had been thus supported, and that had achieved this unprecedented success, had grown poor in the service of his country, and those priests, headed by many bishops—among them the most venerable and loved ones in the land—had joined to give him a tribute of their gratitude, and to save themselves from the eternal shame of his impoverishment. Suddenly all is changed. What was right is wrong; what was fair fight is foul play; what was abhorrent to national feelings, of that are Irishmen accused. Bishops and priests who were leaders are told that they are leading to destruction; men who live with the people, and for them, are told they do not know them or their evil ways. The hand that once blessed is now against them, and the press that ever exulted in their difficulties, now openly and with one accord rejoices in their discomfiture. To desperate men—extremists on either side, right or left—this

situation may be satisfactory. To men who love the Holy Father, and would be hypocrites if they pretended not also to love Mr. Parnell—who cannot, as reasonable men, change opinions deliberately formed, however they may change their actions under obedience—to these this is indeed a time of fearful moment; and these form the majority, lay and clerical, of the Irish race. . . . Those in England, who sail now in smooth water, should, in their charity, think of this, and be sparing of their criticism, and lavish only of their prayers.

If there is any sentiment we cordially agree to in the whole question, it is expressed in this last sentence. We have expressed our conviction on other occasions, that in England the comfortable classes, even Catholics, do not sympathize, or do not sympathize enough, with the feelings of the Irish people, and do not realize the wrongs and the misfortunes under which they have had to suffer up to this very day. Be it far from us, therefore, to presume to criticize. If we venture to make any remarks on this letter and on the whole situation, it is simply out of a genuine wish to make right views prevail, and to clear up misunderstandings.

The writer of the letter says that the vast majority of his countrymen believed in the “substantial justice” of Mr. Parnell’s agitation. But that agitation is not condemned. We are somewhat surprised at what seems a very hasty reading of this important Circular. The expressions we have already quoted from the letter prove clearly that the “substantial justice” of the agitation is even admitted. Indeed, it is simply ridiculous to suppose that the Holy See either would or could condemn directly a movement for fair rents, free sale, Home Rule, or even for the repeal of the Union. That two-thirds of the clergy were leaguers is no doubt true; but the League is not condemned. We are far from saying that the League, on account of its abuses and the inflammatory language of some of its leaders, might not justly have been condemned by the Holy See, as practically inexpedient and the occasion of moral wrong, and especially after the Government had declared it illegal. We neither affirm nor deny this. But at any rate the Holy See has not condemned the League, and therefore has certainly not condemned its fair and legitimate objects. How then can the writer of this letter pretend that the Circular changes right into wrong? How can it be true that the clergy are declared to be “leading the people to destruction,” and that well-intentioned priests, like the writer, must content themselves with outward obedience until the necessarily slow process is completed of altering their “deliberately formed opinions?” The only opinion they have to alter is the opinion that it is a good thing to enforce through the length

and breadth of Ireland a testimonial tribute to Mr. Parnell. A movement may be condemned because, however innocent in itself, it will lead to wrongdoing. This, in the express words of the Papal Circular, is the Holy Father's view in regard to the Parnell collection. No one but the blindest partisan can say there is not *primâ facie* justification for this deliberately formed judgment.

Even the writer of the letter refers to the numerous and inevitable abuses attendant on Mr. Parnell's agitation. If ever there was an occasion for ecclesiastical authority to interfere, this is surely one. When a great crisis arrives, when men's judgments are in danger of following the bent of their impulses and their passions, and when the leaders, whom circumstances have thrown to the surface, are men who are not conspicuous for respect towards Catholic teaching, or, for the matter of that, towards Christian teaching of any kind—at such a time as this, unless spiritual authority steps in to decide a doubtful case of practical morality, then such authority might as well abdicate and be seen no more. The Pope's action is of the mildest. He forbids the clergy to take part in this collection. It is a measure which might be taken in the interests of the clergy, even were the “tribute” perfectly advisable. But we admit, nay, we are insisting, that he both implicitly and explicitly disapproves altogether of this particular form of manifestation. He might have forbidden all his spiritual children to have anything to do with it. He has not done so, and therefore the practical consequence follows that any lay person who continues to promote the tribute cannot *eo nomine* be refused the sacraments, or in any way publicly denounced. Each one is left to his own conscience. But the Pope's mind is perfectly clear. The Irish people now know that he disapproves of this Parnell tribute, and the Irish people, as a body, will acquiesce. Mr. Parnell will get his tribute. The greater part of it was subscribed before the Circular appeared, or at all events before its contents had penetrated into the consciousness of the Irish peasantry. As to what has been collected since, which does not amount as yet, perhaps, to more than £2,000 or £3,000, there is not a Catholic Irishman living who will in his heart believe that it will “bring luck” either to the givers or the taker.

This letter of an “Irish Priest” illustrates, as we have said, the pressure put upon the Nationalist clergy by the Papal Circular; and in spite of what we are convinced are its erroneous views, it illustrates also the fact, which is perfectly certain, that notwithstanding the extremely unpalatable nature of the Holy Father's latest instruction, they have not the remotest idea of turning against him. The idea, indeed, is wild. Yet it is

gravely expressed in more than one quarter. "What the effect" (of the Circular) "in Ireland will be," wrote a prominent American paper a fortnight ago, "cannot be foreseen. We look to see a great weakening of the influence of the Roman Catholic Church over the Irish people. Many who have counted themselves very good Catholics will begin to ask whether the whole misery of Irish subjection has not been due to the Papal See." For our own part, whatever uncertainty may prevail as to the effect of the Papal pronouncement on the Nationalist movement, we consider that the one thing which is quite clear is, that the clergy, and therefore the vast majority of the nation, have accepted it; accepted it not very graciously, not very cordially, perhaps, but substantially and readily. A single proof of this is quite enough. There is one eminent prelate whose name stands at the very head of the Nationalist clergy. Had it not been for Archbishop Croke's support, by word and act, the Parnell Tribute movement would have died in its infancy, and Propaganda would perhaps have been spared the labour of inditing a Circular. The example of the Archbishop of Cashel was followed by, we believe, at least eight of the Irish Bishops; and the parish priests of Ireland, with very few exceptions, made, directed, or allowed collections at their chapel gates. It is no part of our purpose, in regard to a man who has done so much to endear his name to every Irishman, to do more than state certain facts. The quality and the strength of the Archbishop's convictions are shown in the support he has given to Mr. Parnell and his party—as, for instance, when he recommended Mr. O'Brien, the editor of *United Ireland*, to the electors of Mallow, and Mr. Mayne to those of Tipperary. It is a matter of history that Dr. Croke went to Rome at the beginning of May, and that the famous Circular reached Ireland before he arrived at home again. It is instructive to mark what followed. The Archbishop's return, from the moment he landed at Kingstown to his entry into his own cathedral at Thurles, was literally a triumphant progress. Crowds thronged the railway stations and the streets, municipal corporations, town commissioners, and public bodies, pressed round him with addresses, and a whole population hung upon his words. At the King's Bridge terminus (where he had ten minutes of "hand-shaking" with a number of enthusiastic admirers who thronged the platform), at Sallins, at Newbridge, at Kildare, at Monsterevan, at Maryborough, at Templemore (where he found himself in his own Tipperary), and finally at Thurles, the people shouted, the public personages read, and the Archbishop was expected to speak. The addresses, which are given at length in the *Freeman's Journal* of May 25, were probably mere dumb

show to the multitudes. They seem to have been very fervently worded, as such productions usually are; but we cannot find anywhere any sign of want of deference to the Holy See. The Wicklow Town Commissioners, indeed, said they looked for the "speedy rescindment" of the Circular, when the Holy Father learnt the "falsehoods and misrepresentations" by which it had been obtained. At Kildare, where the Very Rev. Dr. Kavanagh, P.P., read the address, no allusion whatever was made to the topic of the hour. At Maryborough, the Town Commissioners assured the Archbishop that a "temporary misunderstanding" would not shake their fidelity to the cause of Ireland and the Chair of Peter. The gentlemen who represented Templemore spoke to the same effect, coupling the expression of their entire trust in Archbishop Croke's leadership with the warmest expressions of devotion to "our friend and father, the noble head of the Church, to whom we cling, and ever will cling, with the fondest love of children." At Thurles, the chairman of the Board of Guardians read a very long address, whilst the Archbishop stood up in his carriage at the railway station (there were five or six other addresses presented at the same time), and took the opportunity of making a most formal protestation of "allegiance to the See of Peter." "Vain must be the hopes," the address went on, "of those who idly dream that the acceptable time is come for them of witnessing the weakening of that union of faith, reverence, and love, which binds the heart of Catholic Ireland to that of Rome." The address from the Corporation of Clonmel, read by the Mayor of that ancient capital of Tipperary, touches so pathetically, and, on the whole, with such a right spirit, on the trouble of the situation, that we quote from it a little more fully, as expressing the sentiments of a very large and important section of the Irish people—the Catholic people of Tipperary. We add italics here and there:—

In the turmoil of agitated feelings consequent on the reception of the recent Papal mandate, which, we are convinced, was the *outcome of British intrigue*—of base efforts on the part of our Saxon rulers, aided by certain West-British partisans, to destroy clerical influence in Irish politics, to sever the links which have through ages bound the clergy and the people together in this country, and, in fact, to put into practical effect the doctrine of "no priest in politics," a doctrine begotten of Communism and condemned by all right thinking men—in so *disheartening a state of things*, foreboding evil to our unhappy country, it is difficult to avoid allusion, even in a time of greeting like this, to the evil that threatens us, *should false impressions at Rome remain unaltered*, and equally difficult to give adequate expression to our feelings on this all-important matter. One thing is plain to us—namely, that *politics should ever be under the controlling*

*influence of religion*; and in the person of your Grace we see the embodiment of that great principle, for you have ever been our guiding star in matters political, encouraging us when in the right, restraining and reproving us when in error. *Our priests* have been, and, let us hope, ever will be, *our natural leaders*. Their co-operation is essential in all that relates to our country's weal. With this holy union our cause will triumph; without it no political cause, however sacred, can continue long without danger of drifting away into foolish secret combinations and irreligious channels. To sever this holy alliance, which in recent days has thrown our pro-Atheistic legislators into mortal terror, has been apparently the unceasing aim of British diplomacy at Rome. But whilst the acts and motives of England are thus transparent, and while those who would not hesitate to call our priests "surpliced ruffians" are jubilant over our apparent disconcertion, and hoping for not alone a severance between priests and people, but probably also for *an actual estrangement between us and the Sovereign Pontiff*, it will afford your Grace satisfaction to hear us declare to-day *our unaltered fealty to Rome in matters spiritual*, our renewed expression of attachment to and confidence in the Irish hierarchy and clergy, and the most thorough determination to continue in the straight paths (which your Grace has so often indicated) of honest strife for our country's welfare, until, with the blessing of Providence, we shall reach that goal for which many an Irish heart has yearned—the *legislative independence of our native land*. During centuries of savage persecution the *soggarth aroon* stood faithfully by the people; but we venture to say that at no period in our chequered history has an Irish prelate done and dared more for his country, and never was prelate more universally beloved than him whom we have come this day to honour, and who is now more than ever the idol of the Irish people, at home and abroad. In every home where beats an Irish heart—whether in the cot of the humblest peasant who starves on seaweed and such garbage, through British misrule in Ireland—whether in the crowded cities of America, in the far-off western prairies, or at the antipodes—the illustrious name of Dr. Croke brings with it untold reverence and love, and rekindles anew long-cherished hopes for the old land—holy aspirations for her independence, which neither time nor circumstance has ever availed to destroy. For your giant efforts in the cause of faith and fatherland we offer to your Grace our undying gratitude; and in bidding you ten thousand welcomes on your safe return home from an audience in the interests of Ireland with the Holy Pontiff, *we venture to express a hope*—nay, a conviction—that through your Grace's earnest, influential, and continued exertions, *the mists, begotten of British misrepresentation, may be removed from before the eyes of the Papal authorities*, so that Truth and Justice may at length prevail.

It will be observed that, as regards the Holy See, nothing stronger appears in any of the addresses than the expression of the conviction that the Circular is the result of a misunderstanding.

ing, and that when the Pope learns the truth there is a good chance that it may be "rescinded." Without making the obvious suggestion that, considering the Archbishop himself had just had speech with the Holy Father, it could hardly be supposed that the latter had not been fully informed, we may note that these addresses are as eloquent in what they omit as in what they express. It may, indeed, be said that the reserve and sobriety of their language was owing to their being perfectly aware that the Archbishop of Cashel would not have stood to listen to anything against the Pope. To our ideas, this is exactly the significance of the demonstration. The Archbishop would not have allowed it, and the clergy and people put restraint upon themselves, if you please, but at any rate they follow their Bishop. And if there were any intemperate spirits who hoped, on that day of tumultuous welcome, to draw from Archbishop Croke any expression of bitterness, or any hint of injured feelings, they were profoundly disappointed. His own speech at the King's Bridge station is so full of instruction to those who read between the lines, that we give in full the concluding part of it, which refers to the hope expressed by the Wicklow Town Commissioners as to the "rescindment" of the Circular :—

As regarded the latter part of the address, he did not care to speak of it at all. That was a matter that concerned the clergy altogether. It had been addressed to the bishops and clergy ; and in doing so, he was sure the Pope meant extremely well. His Holiness's intentions towards Ireland were of the best character. He loved Ireland, and loved it well ; and perhaps, indeed, he (the Archbishop) had no doubt, everything would turn out for the best. Let them show every respect to the Holy Father—never say a word against him. They did not know the difficulties of his position, surrounded as he was by various influences ; but they might be perfectly certain that there was no man who loved Ireland so much as his Holiness loved it. The day, he hoped, would come when he would appreciate their efforts and his own, and that he and they would be living when his Holiness would recognize that Ireland was not only the land of Saints but the land of patriots also.

Some may not see in this speech a very gracious welcome to the Papal instruction. But "'tis enough ; 'twill serve." Consider the circumstances. One of the most powerful and popular men in Ireland is thought to have received from the Holy See a public disapproval, not of his general policy, but of his use of certain means. Speaking in the midst of thousands who are waiting to cheer him, he does not breathe one word of resentment, but, on the contrary, says the Pope is Ireland's best friend. We are so accustomed to see undeviating respect and obedience paid to the Holy See by the bishops of the Church, that we

hardly remark the significance of this. From a human point of view there is nothing more wonderful. Would any great officer of any other church, sect, or polity whatsoever have submitted in the way that Archbishop Croke publicly submits? There is not a man of them who would not, in such circumstances, have wearied the world with his protests, his resentment, and his explanations; and there is not one who would not have made out that his self-respect and his position, and a thousand things besides, entirely justified him in making such a noise about it. We see here how a Catholic Bishop acts; a man with strong opinions, which he has publicly emphasised, and which it is of course impossible that he can alter and reject all at once; a man with a great position; and a man who, if Ireland could be turned away from its allegiance to Rome (which, however, for a thousand other reasons is impossible), is the one leader whom its people in such a crisis would follow.

We might cite Archbishop Croke's words in his cathedral, which would illustrate our position still further. But we prefer to quote one of the most recent of his pronouncements, the address which, as Archbishop, he made to the assembled thousands at the dedication of St. Brigid's Church, in Sarsfield's Rock, on Sunday, June 24. The topics on which it dwells are the self-sacrifice and the Catholic spirit of the Province of Cashel, and especially of his own diocese. The subjects he selected are no doubt chosen for a purpose; if that part of Ireland over which he presides is so pious, so munificent in church-building and in Peter's pence, and so free from secret societies and from crime, then the inference is that the Holy Father's anxieties are superfluous. The premisses of the argument are true and consoling; and the argument itself is specious, until one remembers that Tipperary is not Ireland, and that Archbishop Croke's influence, whatever its nature may be, is mighty far beyond the limits of the diocese of Cashel and Emly. He said:—

Let us confine our glance on this occasion to the diocese of Cashel and Emly alone, and see what has been achieved here for religion in quite recent years. Within the last six years, and in twenty out of the forty-six parishes of those united dioceses, the enormous sum of £76,350 has been expended in building new churches or substantially renovating old ones, in erecting convents, schools, orphanages, and presbyteries, taking no account whatever of any sum less than £400 that may, and in fact must have been, laid out meanwhile in the maintenance, decoration, and other improvements of ecclesiastical buildings in the twenty-six other parishes of the diocese in which no new work has been engaged in. Just think of it, my friends, £76,000 contributed for ecclesiastical purposes by the people of Cashel and Emly within the last six years, to say nothing of

£4,442 given to the Pope, besides supporting their clergy and archbishop in a style and with a generosity that absolutely leave nothing to be desired. Is it any wonder, then, that the clergy of Ireland, notably of the South, and still more especially of this ancient diocese, should feel for the people, should struggle for the people, should love the people, and should, as many of our sainted predecessors did in the past, die, if necessary, for the people? Long live, then, the union of priests and people in Ireland. *Esto perpetua!*

He speaks of the multitudes of Catholic people in the district:—

We build this church of ours for the great Catholic family of this important parish, and which of you, casting his eyes over the mighty multitude of believers brought together here to-day, from far and near, can for a moment doubt that, when we take possession of it in its completed state, we shall have an ample family to bring into it for the sacred purposes of prayer and sacrifice. It is true, indeed, that bad laws and emigration have done a great deal, even in this fertile district, to thin the ranks of our Catholic population. Against both these influences you with one voice protest from this hillside to-day. Nor will the Irish people, as I believe, ever cease their constitutional action till beneficent legislation will have removed the grievances of which they now justly complain, and till every Irishman and every Irishwoman will find a decent livelihood, if they choose to labour for it, in the land they love best.

And he protests that never did religion flourish more in that part of the country.

We shall live and die, please God, in the bosom of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, ever true as steel to the Apostolic faith and ennobling traditions of our fathers. Attempts, no doubt, have of late been made to make strangers believe that the Irish people are fast falling away from their primitive fervour, and that the bond which bound them to the Chair of Peter was likely to be loosened ere long, if not entirely dissolved. But, far from that being the fact, it is plainly demonstrable, and, indeed, notoriously true, that at no period in the modern, or, perhaps, ancient history of Ireland, were the Irish people more thoroughly or more intelligently religious than they are, thank God, to-day. There are more persons approaching the Sacraments in our times in Ireland than at any past period in her annals. Religious communities are being multiplied, confraternities abound, missions are being held for the faithful in almost every parish, the feuds and factions which gave an evil notoriety to certain localities have completely ceased, a neighbourly spirit has taken the place of these unholy contentions; of secret societies we have absolutely no trace in this extensive diocese; while crime and outrage were of daily occurrence elsewhere, we were altogether exempt from them; and so we are in a position to fling back into the face of our

calumniators the false and injurious assertion that we are on the high road to infidelity, and soon to make utter shipwreck of the faith. Our fathers stood many a rude test, and were not found wanting. The confiscation of James and Elizabeth, the sword of Cromwell, the ruthless rapacity of his followers, and the savage legislation of later times, were tried on them in vain. We, too, of this generation have had our own burden of affliction to bear. But though bowed down by the weight that oppressed us, we were not disheartened, much less subdued. We struggled manfully for our emancipation both in Church and State, and the whole world knows by this time that we have come out of the contest with credit, and, I might say, with victory. Apostasy, at any rate, has never stained the ecclesiastical annals of Ireland; and I can answer for it, that in the Church of St. Bridget, of which the corner-stone was laid to-day, the practices of the ancient faith planted here by St. Patrick shall be henceforth fully and fervently carried out.

Let us again remind our readers that the eloquence of such pronouncements as these lies to a great extent in their silence. One reflection alone will suffice to point out how full of meaning was Archbishop Croke's silence at Sarsfield's Rock. He spoke in the very heat of Mr. Healy's election campaign in Monaghan; an election which is looked upon by all parties as the most important and significant of recent Parliamentary battles. Mr. Healy's success proves that even in the North of Ireland the Nationalist movement has taken very deep hold, and that Irish Protestants can lay aside their animosities, and vote for a Home Ruler and a professed Catholic. That under ordinary circumstances the Archbishop should have alluded to the Monaghan contest, was inevitable. He has refused to do so, and thereby given a signal and convincing proof that his duty to the Holy See is the first thing in his heart and thought. No doubt, something more is required than mere reticence. The bishops are expected to speak out, and they will do so, in all probability, not long after these lines have appeared. But in the meantime it is satisfactory to know that hostility to the Papal instruction has been the exception, and that disrespectful utterances have been almost confined to those members of Parliament and leaders of the National League whom Ireland seems bound to trust at this moment.

Nothing, as we have often insisted, is so disquieting in the National movement as the character of its leaders. There is not at this moment a single prominent Nationalist in Parliament whom a good Catholic likes to trust. An agitation for free land and for legislative independence is at its best a dangerous proceeding. By its very nature it must at times approach the confines of communism and revolution very closely indeed. If those who

guide it are God-fearing men, well known to prefer their religious principles to everything else on earth, then the danger of pushing the people too far would not be so great. But when we know that these men are openly the friends of avowed infidels and socialists, and when we suspect that they have no strong antipathy to the gravest political and social errors which have lately been explicitly condemned by the Catholic Church, it is very clear that Catholics can only tolerate and not love them. Many of them are intimately connected with Fenianism; with Fenian leaders and Fenian newspapers. If there is one thing certain, it is that the Fenian leaders have always aimed at the destruction of the Catholic Church. Cannot Archbishop Croke lay his hand on a better set of men than the Parnells, the Sextons, the Healys, the Harringtons, and the O'Briens, who, if they are fighting for the national cause, are fighting, not like Christian knights, but like professional braves? What is more certain than that, if these men obtained power in an independent Ireland, the first thing they would do would be to turn upon the Irish clergy? If the people of Tipperary are as devout Catholics as their Archbishop says they are, many of them must be ashamed to cheer the men who sneer at the Pope. Cardinal Cullen\* has well said that it was the faith of the great O'Connell which won him his true victories; because a national cause which does not rest on religion and is not guided by religion may triumph, but its triumph can be nothing but misfortune.

If we might venture to sum up in one brief sentence what seems to us to be the "spirit" of the recent Papal instructions, it is, "Let the clergy and people of Ireland cling to their cause, but depose their present leaders." It requires no special information to be aware that instructions like these have not been inspired either by Mr. Errington or by Mr. Gladstone. It is what Cardinal Cullen inculcated for a quarter of a century. It is what the present Pope has been saying for three years and more. The two pamphlets at the head of this article will be found to contain ample proof both as to the unvarying tenor of Cardinal Cullen's utterances, and of the consistent teaching of the Pope. These teachings will, we are convinced, bear fruit in a short time. The soundest part of the Irish people are not the noisiest part. That faith and devotion are deepening and spreading in Ireland we believe on excellent authority, although more than one eminent

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\* The three magnificent volumes in which the learned Bishop of Ossory has edited the Pastoral instructions, and other writings of Cardinal Cullen, are before us as we write; one may read in their pages what a true Christian, a true priest, and a true patriot has done and wished for his country, during the twenty and more years of his episcopate.

Irish priest has been heard to express a different opinion. The provocation is very great to fight with the readiest weapons to hand. English politicians have shaken hands with revolutionists and assassins, have extolled crime and rebellion, and have listened to Ireland's voice more attentively when she struck at the same time that she spoke. But it is better that Irishmen—and all Catholics will echo the sentiment—it is better that a nation should suffer, better even that she should perish, than that her people should sin, or her clergy make common cause with men who would not finish with her till they had involved her in political atheism.



LETTER OF THE S. CONGREGATION OF PROPAGANDA  
TO THE BISHOPS OF IRELAND, ON THE PARNELL  
"TRIBUTE" COLLECTION.

Illme ac Rme Domine,

Qualecumque de Parnellio ejusque consiliiis judicium ferre libeat, exploratum tamen est plures ex illius asseclis eam agendi rationem in multis casibus adhibuisse quæ plane abhorret ab iis quæ Summus Pontifex in suis ad Cardinalem Archiepiscopum Dublinensem litteris enuntiavit, quæque in instructionibus hujus S. Congregationis ab Hiberniæ Episcopis in nuperrimo Dublinensi Conventu unanimiter receptis continentur.

Enimvero juxta hæc præscripta *fas est Hibernos fortunæ suæ afflictæ levationem quærere, fas est et pro jure suo contendere*; servandum tamen semper divinum illud præceptum, *quæri primum oportere regnum Dei et justitiam ejus*; turpe autem esse causam quamvis justam tueri non juste. Porro Cleri totius et maxime Episcoporum est incitatos multitudinis animos temperare et ad justitiam necessariamque in omnibus rebus moderationem tempestivis hortationibus revocare, ne vehementiori cupiditate ducti emolumenta rerum fallacibus judiciis videant, aut spem publicæ felicitatis in dedecore flagitiorum ponant. Hinc sequitur nemini clericorum licere ab his regulis deflectere, nec iis motibus, qui prudentiæ et studio placandorum animorum minime conveniunt sese immiscere, aut illis provehendis dare operam.

Haud certe vetitum est pecunias ad conditionem Hibernorum levandam conferre: verumtamen ex prædictis mandatis Apostolicis eæ collecta omnino reprobandæ sunt quæ proclamantur ad cupiditates populi inflammandas, ut iis facile homines abuti queant ad turbulenta consilia contra leges ineunda. Potissimum vero ab illis abstinendum, cum haud obscure patet exinde odia excitari, convicia in virospectatos congeri, neque crimina ac cædes, quibus flagitiosi homines sese polluerunt ullimode reprobari: maxime ubi asseratur mensuram veri in patriam amoris ex collata vel denegata pecunia æstimari, quo fit ut quadam veluti vi ac metu adigi ad hæc homines videantur.

Quibus positis compertum Amplitudini tuæ esse debet, eam pecuniæ collectam quæ *Parnell testimonial fund* audit, ab hac Sacra Congregatione non posse probari, nec proinde ecclesiasticis viris, maxime vero Episcopis licere eam ullo modo commendare vel promovere.

Interea precor Deum uti Amplitudinem tuam diutissime sospitet.

Ex Ædibus S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide, die 11 Maii, 1883.

JOHANNES, CARD. SIMEONI,  
*Præfectus.*

## Science Notices.

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**An African Inland Sea.**—It is not more than ten years since the minds of men were much exercised by a French project for flooding the Sahara Desert. Such a scheme, it was felt, would be wide-reaching in its results; it was even seriously feared that it might have the effect of profoundly modifying the climate of Southern Europe. Practical men looked upon it as a dream, and declared that the inherent difficulties of the work were too great even for modern science. And so apparently it was, for a death-like sleep seemed to settle down upon the project. It was therefore a matter of no small surprise to learn in April last that the irrepressible M. de Lesseps and a committee of experts had returned from an expedition to Africa, to survey the territory over which the inland sea is to be created. The report was, as a very slight experience of the great engineer would lead one to guess, not only encouraging, but enthusiastic; the committee being of opinion that the nature of the soil is eminently adapted for the works in question, and that commercially and politically the advantages of the great lake cannot be too highly extolled.

Coming to the details of the scheme we are rather relieved to find that it is not our old friend the Sahara Sea. Compared with flooding the untold wastes of the Great Desert, the creation of an inland lake of some two or three thousand square miles in extent is a very prosaic matter indeed. And so it is; but even then it will be a feat almost unique in the annals of mankind. It will amount to letting loose the waters of the Mediterranean over an area a little short of the Principality of Wales. The region chosen is the depression lying to the south-east of Algeria, and extending all along the southern limits of Tunis. The maps show the place to be occupied at present with a chain of marshy salt lakes, shallow and unwholesome to the climate; they are known by the name of the "Chotts."

The Mediterranean will be tapped by a canal opening into the Gulf of Gabes, and extending some seventy miles into the interior. The nature of the soil is admirably adapted to the work; it is almost one uninterrupted stretch of sand. There is one limestone reef in the track of the proposed canal, this being, we presume, the mountain ridge between Tunis and Algeria; but this, far from being an impediment, will prove of the highest service in the construction of wharves, piers, and the necessary buildings. It seems incredible that the vast works the scheme will require can all be achieved in the short space of five years. But so says the report. The outlay, M. de Lesseps has most carefully estimated, will not exceed £6,000,000.

To the French this sea will commercially and politically be of the last importance. It will relieve them once and for all of the harassing incursions of the Arabs into Algeria. The southern part of Tunis will regain the smiling fertile aspect that distinguished it in the days of the Carthaginians. Indeed, it is probable enough that the occupation of Tunis itself was not unconnected with this inland sea project. Southern Algeria, too, will be placed in easy commercial relations with the rest of the world. England can have no objection to the possibilities of trade being opened out to our enterprising merchants, and we can fervently join hands with our neighbours in wishing them good speed in so vast and so beneficial an undertaking.

**Secondary Batteries.**—We have to report progress this quarter. The secondary batteries have been applied with some success to the propulsion of a tramcar. It is to the energy of the Electrical Power Storage Company that we are indebted for this very encouraging advance in the application of Electric Motors. The car turned out from the Company's works has the ordinary appearance and fittings of the familiar tramcar. Under the seats, however, are placed fifty accumulating batteries, occupying a space of about 35 square feet, and weighing a little over a ton and a half. Electric bells and, at night, a Swan incandescent lamp are also actuated by the same batteries. By an ingenious arrangement the full power of the batteries or a few cells can only be applied at pleasure according to the load to be moved. It is calculated that the electric energy stored up will be available for about the space of seven hours.

So far the arrangements are admirably adapted for the purpose in hand; it is a pity, however, that the encouraging smile of fortune was withheld on the day of the trial trip. The course chosen was from Acton to Kew, and a number of gentlemen assembled to witness the very interesting experiment. Everything went smoothly on the level, and a speed of six miles an hour was easily attained. At the first ascending gradient the car slackened, and finally stopped half-way; it was necessary to have recourse to horses to draw it up the incline. This was rather unfortunate, but it was explained that the leather driving-belt gave way at the stitches, and could not be properly repaired. It has also been stated that the wheels of the car were a little too narrow for the gauge, and considerable friction and retardation resulted. There was the usual lunch and enthusiastic speechifying afterwards; but still it is much to be regretted that the Company did not take more time, and better precautions to avoid mishaps that cannot fail to throw a cloud upon so desirable an undertaking. The present horse-drawn car is a most costly piece of work. It is stated that the expense of daily horsing a tramcar amounts in some cases to £1 6s., while secondary batteries would hardly average one-third of that sum. Long suffering investors in tram shares can only have one wish with regard to the spirited experiment of the Electrical Power Storage Company.

**Electric Railways.**—Electric Railways have passed from the stage of an interesting scientific toy, and have now entered into

serious competition with steam-power. The successful working of the Lichterfelde Electric Railway of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length, has encouraged Dr. Siemens to undertake a somewhat similar line of six miles in length near the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. As to the success of such railways there can be no manner of doubt; we are more concerned at present to watch the working of two rival systems for laying down electric lines that have already appeared before the scientific world. It will be interesting to observe the struggle of the two rivals, and see which of them will ultimately assert its claim to electric supremacy in the future. The system at present in possession of the field is Dr. Siemens. On the Lichterfelde line, the two rails are insulated from each other, one rail carrying the going current, the other taking the return. Contact is made with the motor by the wheels running over the rails. There are many objections to this plan. There can be no level crossings on such a line; as a horse might easily make contact by treading on both rails at the same time. The leakage of current in wet weather must be very considerable, owing to the difficulty of perfectly insulating so great a length of metal. To these inconveniences, Dr. Siemens was evidently alive; for at the Paris Electrical Exhibition his electric car was driven on a different principle. The return current at Paris was conveyed by a cable raised on telegraph poles some distance from the ground. A very unsightly looking metallic brush protruded from the car and swept the current from the overhanging wires. The going current was of course transmitted by the rails. The system worked well, and so far was a great improvement on the Berlin line; but it is clumsy and cumbersome in the extreme, and can never enter into serious competition with steam.

For simplicity of working and construction the scheme of Professors Ayrton and Perry appears to be far in advance of anything hitherto attempted in electric propulsion. Professor Ayrton proposed to take advantage of the small electric current that is, of course, generated in every rail by the friction of the wheels of the passing train. To utilize this energy he divides the rail into a large number of sections electrically divided from each other. Under the rail, buried and isolated, runs a cable bearing a current of high tension from a central station. In action the train enters on a section, and by an ingenious arrangement contact is at once made with the cable lying beneath. One of the most important features of this system lies in the fact that a train entering on a certain section absorbs all electricity from the section behind it, thereby blocking the line in the most effectual possible way. It will be no longer possible for an overworked signalman, through some slight inadvertence, to hurl a fast flying express on to a blocked section. On the Ayrton system, the train would be drawn up through the absence of motive power. A beautiful and ingenious contrivance, that provoked loud applause from the audience to which it was exhibited, was shown, whereby a train entering on a certain section automatically declares its whereabouts to the central office, a little shadow moving along a diagram indicates its progress over the diverse sections.

The superiority of such a system as this is almost too obvious to be indicated. Not only would the cost of construction of the permanent way be lessened, the strain on the signalmen be removed, and the risks of rapid locomotion be reduced to a minimum.

**Art and Anthropology.**—Mr. T. H. Thomas, of Cardiff, in an interesting Paper contributed to the Naturalists' Society, has pointed out that ancient art can lend itself to some interesting scientific studies in the history of our race. Presuming that an artist in any age will select his human types from the general character of the people among which he lives, Mr. Thomas proceeds to classify the sculptures of the human figure in our oldest monuments. To begin first with the venerable Egyptian carvings, it is curious to note that there is the closest possible resemblance between these types and that of the modern Egyptian. A comparison between them shows the modern fellaheen is endowed with exactly the same facial distinctions that characterized the race in the days of Ramses II. This only confirms what has long been suspected that the Egyptian is one of the oldest races on our planet.

Etruscan and early Grecian art are curiously suggestive. If the Etruscan monuments, the temple of Ægina and Lydia, give us a very marked and similar type of countenance, we cannot resist the conclusion that a tribe of the same race stretched from the shores of the Adriatic to Asia Minor. The type of face itself is not a little curious. These early Pelasgic people must have had a very weak-looking mouth, with uplifted corners, slanting almond-shaped eyes, and a singularly straight profile. A comparison with modern Japanese and Chinese portraits will establish the fact that these early settlers in South-Eastern Europe were Turanians of Mongolian type. It is instructive to note that these types continued to dominate in art until about 500 B.C. Soon after this date the golden age of Grecian art set in, in which the great names of Phidias and Praxiteles appear. It would naturally be supposed, from our experience of evolution in art, that these great men, in achieving their works of genius, would be carrying out to the perfection of its development the artistic forms and ideas already in vogue. But this is far from being the case. The ideal type of beauty that found favour with the classic sculptors is as far as possible removed from the Mongolian type; certainly the Apollo Belvidere and Venus of Milo run no risk of being confounded with a beauty framed on the Japanese or Chinese lines. And yet these artists are as truly lineal descendants of their Pelasgic forefathers as Shakspeare was of Marlowe or Raphael of Giotto. This fact suggests some curious reflections. The ideal of the Grecian art was undoubtedly the modern European type which we are taught to believe is that of a pure Aryan race. At what time this Indo-European race spread over the West and dispossessed the original inhabitants we hardly know. Most geologists are disposed to place the event far back in prehistoric times. These artistic figures, however, would seem to establish the fact that the Turanian race within historic times was in possession of no inconsiderable part of Europe. Their decline, and the advent

of the "audax Japethi genus" from these considerations would seem to date from about 500 B.C. This is only one more lesson given by the more recent researches to check the rashness of those who are inclined to assign such a long period of years to the antiquity of the human race.

**Artificial Respiration.**—The Fleuss apparatus for artificial respiration has proved itself so useful and successful that it has been made the subject of an important announcement from the Home Office. In a circular addressed to colliery managers, Sir W. Harcourt directs attention to the remarkable services already rendered, and likely again to be rendered, by this apparatus in the gas-laden workings of our coal-pits. The principle of the invention is extremely simple. It is, of course, well known that man in the matter of breathing occupies an exactly opposite position to that of plants. While trees and leaves send forth from each minuté pore oxygen gas, and take in carbonic dioxide, we exhale carbonic dioxide and inspire oxygen. For artificial respiration, then, we must have some arrangement whereby the carbonic dioxide of the breath can be removed and a constant supply of oxygen afforded to the lungs. In the Fleuss apparatus the operator bears on his back a copper case containing oxygen in a state of great compression; enough, in fact, to supply pure air for the space of about four hours. The exhalations of the breath are rendered harmless by taking advantage of the well-known affinity of carbonic dioxide for common caustic soda. The used-up breath is passed through a filter of tow and caustic soda, whereby all the dioxide is removed, and the nitrogen of the breath passes on to the chamber, where it is mixed with a regular supply of oxygen from the copper receptacle. Not many years ago Mr. Fleuss startled the visitors at the Polytechnic by remaining under water without any communication with the air above for the space of about two hours. The invention is now entering upon a higher and more beneficent sphere, and its adaptability for exploring localities charged with poisonous and deadly gases has been more than once successfully tested. After the terrible explosion which took place in Seaham Colliery in 1880, one seam, the Maudlin, was so vitiated with foul gas that it was necessary to hermetically seal up the opening. After eight months the working was again opened and tested, but it was impossible for any one to enter, the fire-damp was in such abundance. Under these circumstances, Mr. Fleuss was invited to the colliery and instructed the engineers and workmen in the management of his apparatus. Thus armed, a body of explorers was enabled to enter the deadly atmosphere and thoroughly examine the damaged seam. The origin of the mischief was thus discovered, and a valuable seam of coal was re-opened for safe and healthy working.

A still more remarkable case occurred at the Killingworth Colliery. The downcast shaft of the colliery fell in and stopped the ventilation, while the men were in the workings. There were altogether nine men below, more or less disabled by the foul air they were forced to breathe. Three volunteers descended the pit provided

with the Fleuss respirator. They were altogether three or four hours moving about in the stifling workings. During that time they managed to convey in their arms from the narrow seams five of the men who had been rendered insensible; four others, who had sunk down incapable of motion, they assisted out in safety. This is a very auspicious beginning for an invention only yet in its infancy. The inventor who can contrive any means for the saving of human life deserves well of his race. To diminish, however, the terrible risks to life that our colliers incur, to spare the agonies inflicted upon men too often imprisoned after an accident, is indeed a proud distinction for M. Fleuss to have achieved.

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## Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals.

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### GERMAN PERIODICALS.

By Dr. BELLESHEIM, Cologne.

#### 1. *Katholik.*

THE March and April issues of this periodical contain two very solid articles contributed by one of the most able philosophers of Catholic Germany of our day—Canon Stöckl, of Eichstaedt, in Bavaria, a member of the Roman Academy of S. Thomas. In these articles he is occupied in discussing S. Thomas's doctrine as to the beginning of the world. His concern, however, is less with the peculiar system of S. Thomas itself than with its historical connection with those philosophical debates prevalent in the Middle Ages. How came it that the great leader of the Catholic philosophers and theologians of that period, in explaining the beginning of the world, adopted a course at variance with the general doctrine? Canon Stöckl, in reply, traces S. Thomas's opinion to Moses Maimonides, whose system, as far as the beginning of created bodies is concerned, he has adopted. Unlike the Arabian philosophers—who partly vindicated the possibility of demonstrating that the world had a beginning, and partly, as far as they were mottecalemins, or theologians, denied this possibility—Maimonides adopted a middle course between these conflicting schools. He neither opposed the Bible teachings, that all things were created and had a beginning; nor, on the other hand, would he admit those philosophical arguments which were adduced to prove that the world had a beginning. Maimonides was followed by S. Thomas. The Saint's doctrine may be substantially given in a few words. It is an article of faith that the world has been created, and had therefore a beginning. But when we enter the region of philosophy, our position undergoes a considerable change. The Saint establishes, in the most unmis-

takable words, two philosophical theses: 1. The world was created, in the fullest meaning of the word. 2. The world was created, *ex nihilo*—viz., it was, as far as nature or essence is concerned, preceded by the Nihil. But if the further question is asked, whether or not it is also preceded by the Nihil as far as time is concerned, S. Thomas answers, that the beginning of the world cannot be demonstrated by only philosophical arguments. Canon Stöckl, examining S. Thomas's arguments for this thesis, proves them to be destitute of force, inasmuch as they degrade the idea of creation, making it merely preservation. He also adduces a host of the most eminent authorities, amongst whom are B. Albert the Great, teacher of S. Thomas, and S. Bonaventure, all of whom absolutely differ from S. Thomas on this last point. Canon Stöckl, himself a great admirer of S. Thomas, in concluding his closely reasoned paper, very appropriately remarks: "We believe that one may be a very good Thomist, without adopting Maimonides' opinion of the possibility of an eternal world. Thomism does not consist in defending everything sustained by S. Thomas; it only means a faithful clinging to the principles, method, and general system of S. Thomas. But as to those peculiar opinions which are done away with by stringent demonstrations, we must needs be allowed to disagree with S. Thomas." In the same issue I give an account of Cardinal Pitra's edition of certain new works of S. Hildegard, which appeared under the title: "*Analecta sacra Spicilegio Solesmensi parata. Nova S. Hildegardis opera.*" The eminent editor has succeeded in bringing out not only the "*Liber vitæ meritorum*," preserved in a MS. in the Wiesbaden library, but also the "*Liber compositæ medicinæ*," in the possession of the Royal Library of Copenhagen. He has also found in the Vienna library more than a hundred hitherto unknown letters of the Saint. As to the importance of this publication, no word need be said. S. Hildegard, "the incomparable daughter of S. Benedict," as the Cardinal styles her, is one of the most illustrious women of any age. An examination of her writings gives one the impression that she was as deeply acquainted with scholastic as with mystical theology. Thus in the recently edited "*Liber vitæ meritorum*" may be specially quoted the Saint's doctrine on the world's creation by God, the total dependence of everything created on the First Cause, and the possibility of attaining a knowledge of the Supreme Being by ascending to it from things created. S. Hildegard, so familiar with mystical theology, and lavishly favoured with supernatural visions, was by no means a defender of Ontologism. It is quite astonishing how far-reaching was the Saint's influence on the most eminent men and women of her time. Emperors, kings, popes, doctors of the church, sought either personally or by letter her advice in the most intricate questions. There are to be found, in this collection, several letters directed by her to English sovereigns. Twice her writings were approved of by the Holy See, whilst Cardinal Pitra would not hesitate to confer on her the title of "*Sententiarum Magistra.*" The April and May issues of the *Katholik* contain also a clever

treatise on the physical system of P. Angelo Secchi. Father Secchi, the great astronomer—or to speak more accurately, astro-physicist—was as learned a scientist as he was a holy man and devoted member of his Order. By reducing all phenomena of the material world to movement, he was able to bring out a system not inappropriately called “atomistisch-kinetisch-teleologisch.” It would be out of place here to estimate it by the standard of S. Thomas’s philosophy; it must suffice to refer the reader to an exhaustive biography of Father Secchi, recently brought out at Cologne, by Dr. Pohle, now Professor in the Episcopal Seminary at Leeds. All those important questions with which Secchi’s name and glory appear to be connected are thoroughly and clearly discussed.

2. *Historisch-politische Blätter*.—I need bring before the reader only one article in the April issue of the *Blätter*. It concerns the new periodical started by German and Austrian Benedictines and Cistercians. S. Benedict’s centenary gave rise to it; and although it has been published only for a few years, it has proved itself to be a most excellent undertaking. Immense treasures in nearly every department of science are heaped up in various archives of that Order which for centuries educated and civilized the Western World. The periodical *Studien und Mittheilungen aus dem Benedictinerorden* is published by P. Kinter, Brünn and Würzburg. The learned studies which appear in its pages are not concerned exclusively with Germany or Austria; the Benedictine houses of every country contribute their share. Amongst the most able contributors is F. Leopold Tanacschek, the editor of the “*Origines Ordinis Cisterciensis*.”

3. *Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie (Innsbruck)*.—The April number of this magazine contains an article contributed by the late F. Kleutgen, “On the Origin of the Human Soul.” He very successfully traces the history of the system of “Creationism” through every age, and strongly upholds it against some modern philosophers, both Catholic and otherwise. Summing up the doctrine of those fathers who advocated Creationism, F. Kleutgen asks the question: Is there nowhere to be found a clear decision given by the Church on this point? There is indeed one, and it is curious that it escaped the vigilance of theologians. Some twenty years ago the same question was discussed by a circle of Roman divines, one of whom brought it forward for the first time. In the Pontificate of Benedict XII. (1334–1342), when the Armenians asked for union with Rome, their petition was agreed to by the Pope, on condition of their condemning certain errors in faith. Amongst these errors is to be found the following thesis: “Quod anima filii propagatur ab anima patris sui sicut corpus a corpore, et angelus etiam unus ab alio.”

In the same number of the *Zeitschrift* Professor Probst contributes an article on the Liturgy of S. John Chrysostom. Father Biederlack examines the question of the power of the Supreme Pontiff to dissolve a Christian marriage merely “ratum,” and a heathen marriage also “consummatum;” a question having of late arisen in Germany, whether or not the privilege alluded to by

St. Paul (1 Cor. vii.) be applicable in the latter case only. The right doctrine seems to be that a marriage between heathens may be dissolved, either by the privilege mentioned by St. Paul, or by the dispensing power residing in the Vicar of Christ. It is beyond doubt that the Popes have several times made use of such dispensing power; which it would, consequently, be rash to deny.

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## ITALIAN PERIODICALS.

*La Civiltà Cattolica.* 5 Maggio, 1883.

*The Communistic Government of Italy.*

THIS number of the *Civiltà Cattolica* has an article on Communism, and the threatening aspect of affairs in connection with this social question—especially in Italy. People there are sick of politics. All the promises of political leaders, and the hopes they have raised and fostered, have come to naught. Men feel that the object of government is the material and moral well-being of the governed. It is a means to an end, and, if it utterly fail of securing that end, the people are tempted to discard the means, and grasp at the end themselves. They curse the government, and demand bread. The people have been compared to sheep, and the comparison holds good in a sense. They allow themselves to be led, driven, beaten, and sheared—all this up to a certain point. But woe to rulers, if one day those sheep should awaken to a sense of their strength, and if, through the abuse of authority, subjects should at last lose patience! The people are that sort of sheep which may become the most formidable of wild beasts. Now, the writer thinks that the patience of the Italians is well-nigh exhausted. The dullest may perceive that their representatives in Parliament know well enough how to look after their own interests; but as for those of the represented, they think as little of them as of a third foot which they do not possess. What satisfaction can it be to the majority of Italians to know that the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mancini, should have talked for five consecutive hours of the greatness of Italy, which, according to him, is such that the Empire of Germany and the Austro-Hungarian Empire cannot possibly ambition any thing higher than an alliance, offensive and defensive, with such a first-class power? Similar pompous boasts from the mouth of Depretis can afford little consolation to the poor peasantry of Upper Italy, who are emigrating in thousands to escape from the grinding taxation which robs them of the whole fruit of their toils. The Government had best therefore have done with all this political talk, and address themselves to the discussion of the *social*, which is the vital question. Let them hasten to do justice to the people, if they do not desire to see the people seeking it in their own fashion. Perhaps it may already be too late, and the International may be, in the secret counsels of God, the chastise-

ment prepared for old Europe, which has apostatized from the Gospel, and obstinately perseveres in its Satanic apostasy. Certainly terrible signs are not lacking. "Let our Voltarians laugh if they will," says the writer, "but we candidly confess that this *mane, thecel, phares* makes us tremble from head to foot."

Nothing can be more striking than the apathy and disgust exhibited by the mass of Italians with respect to public affairs. What a wide difference between the present coldness and the patriotic enthusiasm of a few years back! "How many," says the writer, "who used to taunt us with being the enemies of our country, now speak and write against Revolutionary Italy—worse things than we ever said or wrote!" Between the nation and the Government an ever-widening gulf is forming, so that it daily becomes clearer that it is a true oligarchy which holds rule, working its will as it pleases, and with no regard to the nation, properly so called. The ever-increasing misery makes those who still possess something stand aloof, and look to their affairs; while those who have no longer anything, writhe, and rave, and declaim, persuading the ignorant masses that they ought to see to their own interests, since the State gives no heed to them. Demagogues parade the country, publicly preaching communism; and the excitement thus created leads occasionally to sanguinary outbreaks, which remain unpunished because some are bound by their secret oaths and terror hinders others from informing against the guilty. And what is the Government doing to meet this formidable enemy? Communism! Behold the enemy, not of Italy alone, but of Europe and the whole world. Few seem to realize that the ground trembles under their feet. But while Governments and kings, struck with what looks like judicial blindness, spend their time in discussing worthless political questions, or in combating fantastic dangers like Gambetta, who exclaimed, "Clericalism! Behold the enemy," the real enemy is mining the earth beneath them, and preparing its fatal dynamite. The Revolution is itself the parent of this terrific foe, because its direct tendency is to destroy authority and remove every check upon evil, thus introducing disorders, chaos, and anarchy everywhere and into everything. In destroying authority, it destroys also all true liberty. It is the Church of God alone that can unite and identify liberty with authority; but, as Louis Veuillot once said, "It is a secret which the world has lost. That secret was at Rome." In the terrible chastisement which the writer views as impending over the world, his own nation, he believes, will have the severest share; for, as he proceeds to show, the Italian Revolution is the most radical of all, because it has undertaken to demolish that which on earth is the centre of all authority, the Papacy. The Italian sectaries understood their Satanic mission well. "The Italian people," said Mazzini, as early as 1852, "is called to destroy Catholicism;" a sentiment repeatedly echoed since by his followers, in the strongest terms. At this very moment, the State in Italy may be proved to be Communistic in its principles, though it desires to apply them only in the measure of its own covetous desires.

The Italy of the sects having constituted itself the centre and heart of the Revolution, the natural course of events will cause it to be the first and the greatest victim. Other Governments, it is true, have accepted and accommodated themselves to the principles of the Revolution, but, generally speaking, this has been chiefly done from the desire to prolong their existence. The Italian State, on the contrary, draws its whole life from the Revolution, and its last excesses have been but the natural outcome and development of its very existence. That State is bound to the Revolution as to the tail of a wild horse, and is doomed, therefore, to meet with a fate resembling what in antiquity was devised as the cruel punishment of the worst criminal.

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*Thoughts on the Encyclical of Leo XIII. to the Bishops of Spain.*

IN the same number is an article on this Encyclical. Three questions are ably treated:—1. Is it a sin to take part in those liberal governments which are hostile to religion, and does the so doing merit for a man the reproach of being an insincere Catholic? 2. Has a Catholic the right to take part in such governments? 3. Is it his duty? The first question is answered negatively, because, although it is clear that to take part in a liberal government intending to act in conformity with its anti-religious principles renders a man undeserving of the name of a true Catholic, nevertheless the two things are not so intimately united as to make it impossible for any one to take his share in public affairs without adopting or co-operating with those principles. And, in point of fact, history furnishes us with examples of this kind, in the case of very holy persons who took part in governments extremely hostile to the Church, and even seeking its destruction. When it was a question of working only for the public good, they bore their share manfully, but, when required to do anything opposed to religion or justice, they preferred death to the violation of the rights of God. The writer here makes some discriminating observations of a practical nature with regard to oaths of allegiance to anti-Catholic or anti-Christian governments of modern times. He also quotes the reply of the Roman Congregation of the Sacred Penitentiary, in 1866, when questioned as to the legality of the oath required of deputies sent to Parliament. They were permitted to take this oath of obedience, accompanied by the restriction *salvis legibus divinis et ecclesiasticis*, which limitation was to be audible to at least two witnesses. The second question is easy to answer; for every citizen has a right to do that which is not in itself culpable, which does not violate the rights of others, and which ministers to the public welfare and that of society. And this may be the case in many liberal governments. He instanced England, the type of constitutional and liberal governments throughout the world, in which the concurrence of upright men, and of Catholics also, has been of immense advantage, causing the abrogation of many anti-Catholic laws, or their lapse into desue-

tude. In Belgium also, and in the German Empire, he considers that the active co-operation of Catholics in the administration and in Parliament has been very serviceable in holding in check the enemies of religion. It matters not to quote the case of France as a failure, because we can never be sure that abstention would not have had worse consequences; neither is the non-success of an undertaking ever a proof of its having been unlawful and unjust. If some would argue that the abstention of Catholics from all share in public affairs would have served to precipitate matters and the collapse of society into anarchy, thus provoking a reaction and return to a better order of things, the writer replies that such an extermination of the social fabric is in no way desirable as a means. Besides, as we are not to do evil that good may come, so neither may we desire moral evils in the hope that somehow good may come out of them, although it is permissible to desire purely physical evils in order to the attainment of moral good; this being of an order superior to physical well-being. Although, then, Providence has powerful means, unknown to us, of changing the face of society, and with a single word can still the social tempest, nevertheless good men ought to do what lies in their power, not remaining with their arms crossed, nourishing flattering, but what may prove vain, hopes, yet not acting rashly, but using discretion, and associating themselves together in such wise as to give hope of success.

As to the third question, then, regarding the duty of Catholics to take their share in the public affairs of governments hostile to the Church, the reply, speaking generally, must be affirmative. If the government be a legitimate one there is a *general* duty, incumbent on all Catholics, to take part in it, and thus provide for the public good; but, of course, there is no *individual* duty, save when it appears that the withdrawal of some particular individual might be the cause of common injury. But, even if the government be an illegitimate one, it is still the duty of Catholics to endeavour to hinder evil and promote good; and the legitimate sovereign who has been deprived of his sceptre—which, it must be remembered, is for the good of the people—ought to be content that this law of Nature should be observed, and ought never to subordinate the ruin of society to the recovery of his power. Upon this subject the writer makes some very judicious observations.

Some, he observes, may accuse him of falling into a contradiction, as contrasted with what he has often professed with reference to the participation of Catholics in the public affairs of the Italian kingdom ever since the seizing of Rome in 1870. Nevertheless, no such contradiction exists. He reminds his readers that he said, speaking *generally*, it was their duty to take a share. But cases may occur in which no good but much evil would be the consequence of such participation, and abstention then becomes a duty. Before the assault and conquest of Rome, when the Parliament was in Turin or Florence, every one was free to approach the electoral urns, and there were worthy men who held and advocated opposite views on the subject; and in favour of each much might be reasonably urged.

But when the legislative assembly was transferred to Rome the case was different, since the taking part in the government, properly so called, would then have been the means of fortifying a state of things utterly at variance with the interests of the Church. Accordingly, the Sovereign Pontiff, supreme judge in all political questions connected with morality and the divine rights of the Church, has more than once given an adverse judgment, to which Catholics are bound to conform. But, be it observed, the *non expedit* of the Congregations ever since the invasion of Rome is not an absolute *non licet*—the practical *non licet* being relative to existing circumstances. Should those circumstances change, and the Pontiff, in his wisdom, judge that good rather than evil might accrue from Catholics exercising their political right of voting, he might at any time recall his prohibition; whence it will be seen that the culpability was not intrinsic in the act itself—viz., the taking part in an illegitimate government hostile to the Church; and the writer has, therefore, not contradicted himself in the views here put forth by him on this subject.

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## FRENCH PERIODICALS.

*La Controverse.* Juin, 1883. Lyons.

*La Linguistique et la Bible : The Original Unity of the Human Race and the Confusion of Languages.*

IN this interesting article Professor C. de Harlez deals with the contradiction supposed by some to exist between the Bible teaching of a single primitive human language and the requirements of science. Science shows such diversities and differences, even radical, between languages, that many refuse to believe that all languages may be traced to one common source. Whatever view scientists take of the question, they all insist on this: that the time elapsed since the Bible Deluge does not leave room for the differentiation and divergence of languages. Professor de Harlez sets himself to examine this supposed contradiction, for the sake of such earnest inquirers as may not feel able to accept as a solution what would satisfy many devout believers—viz., the omnipotence of God and His miraculous intervention, as told in Gen. xi. 1–9. He here examines that Bible text; in a further contribution he will proceed to examine the linguistic laws now laid down by religionless science (*la science séparée de la religion*). He gives a translation of Gen. xi. 1–9 from the Hebrew, which shows a narrative differing in one or two particulars from that of the Septuagint. The Hebrew has in verse 4: “Let us make a name in order that we may not be scattered” (*afin que nous ne soyons pas dispersés*). He remarks that verse 7 in the Septuagint differs from the Vulgate in having: “that each may not hear the voice of his neighbour.” He now proceeds to remark:—

1. This part of the Bible narrative (Gen. xi. 1–9), does it relate to an ante- or a post-diluvian occurrence? Doubtless the last editor of Genesis regarded it as post-diluvian, but did the original inspired author? (We need hardly remind our readers of the view that the nine verses in question are a Jehovist fragment wedged into the larger Elohist genealogy; see F. Lenormant's "Beginnings of History," vol. i.) M. de Harlez regards the answer to the question as uncertain. It may easily be antediluvian. The Bible contains no chronological reference; and the narrative in verses 1 to 9, it is easy to see, apparently connects itself with neither the ending of chap. x. nor with verse 10 of the eleventh chapter. Taking into consideration the partial genealogy of Sem given in chapter x. (21 *seq.*) ending with Phaleg—a genealogy which is begun again in the eleventh chapter (10 *seq.*) and continued to Abraham—it might be thought that the dispersion of Babel belonged to the "division of the earth" in the days of Phaleg. But Phaleg was himself a great-grandson of Sem, and born when the sons of Japheth were already fathers of peoples (x. 5). The first division was therefore anterior to Phaleg, and consequently there were more divisions than one. The history of Babel need not necessarily be put before the Deluge, but it may.

2. The writer next discusses the value of "all" in the first verse of the eleventh chapter: "*All* the earth was of one only tongue." (Cf. "The whole earth," 9.) Is this to be taken rigidly? The Hebrew word *Kol*, he remarks, often marks what the writer had in view, and not necessarily anything beyond that. (Cf. Gen. xix., "all the people:" xiv. 7; xvii. 8, &c.) Many learned Catholic writers have held that the word should be taken (in reference to the Deluge) in this restricted sense: their reasons are given at length. The only objection that can be opposed to them is the unanimity of earlier interpreters as to the literal meaning. But it is not to be forgotten that such unanimity is a purely negative one, and does not condemn a supposition not then thought of. There is the same negative unanimity in interpreting literally the Standing of the Sun. If the race of Cain was not destroyed in the Deluge, one can deduce from him the non-inflectional languages, and find space for the formation of the Chinese, Negro, Australian, and other tongues alongside the Aryan and Semitic.

3. As to the difficulty put forward that the time from the Deluge to the historic epoch is not long enough for the formation of the languages which belong to the posterity of Sem—Sanskrit being already Sanskrit 2,000 years before Christ, and (the primitive) Aryan at least 500 years still earlier—M. de Harlez briefly replies that the key to Bible chronology is not yet discovered.

4. But could there have been a time when the earth had but one language? There not only could be, but there *was*. Once admit the one origin of humanity, against which science cannot raise any *objection de principe*, and the unity of language follows.

5. How was the diversity of tongues brought about? Here M. de Harlez is of the opinion that it was slow and gradual. He

says nothing obliges us to believe that the divine action in the narrative of Babel was direct with instantaneous effect. It must not be forgotten that Moses wrote for a people in their childhood (*un peuple enfant*), needing sensible representations, and little able to raise themselves to the height of philosophic conceptions. To reach their minds and inspire a salutary fear, it was needful to represent God to them as a mighty king, acting suddenly under the empire of such feelings as moved themselves. One does not take literally that God *walked* in Paradise in the afternoon air; nor His "coming down to see" the buildings of Babel (xi. 5); nor His "being touched inwardly with sorrow of heart" (vi. 6). It is not therefore necessary to hold that the divine act which brought confusion among the builders, by a sudden prodigy, at once changed completely their language. It may be noted that it is not said that the men did not understand one the other, but that they did not hear each other's voice or make it out. (The Septuagint says: *ὅνα μὴ ἀκούσωσι τὴν φωνήν.*") It is also to be noted that the sacred narrative has before indicated with sufficient clearness that diversities of languages were *according to families* (Gen. x. 5, 20, 31). To suddenly efface from mind and memory language as hitherto spoken, and to replace it by diverse languages quite new, is by no means an impossible act of God; it would cost us no effort to believe it; but it appears to be unnecessary for the end, and neither to fit in with the divine plans nor be implied in the language of Genesis. The divine action may have been effectual without being either so sudden or miraculous. The writer does not explain in what special way this partial or accidental change explains the confusion spoken of in the sacred text; and his first article ends here, to be followed by others in succeeding numbers.

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*Revue des Questions Historiques.* Avril, 1883.

ONE article in this number of the Review deserves to be pointed out as interesting to Scripture students: "The Diatesseron of Tatian," by the Abbé Martin, Professor in the Higher School of Theology at Paris. The article notes the recent amount of interest shown about the Diatesseron, the result of the publication in 1876 of a Latin version of the Armenian translation of S. Ephrem's commentary on it. The discovery of Tatian's book, now known only in second-hand fragments, would be one of the most important discoveries of our times, and would "certainly form an epoch in Biblical criticism." Search for it is most likely to be successful among the convents of Syria, Mesopotamia, Armenia; for it was never widely known or used in Greek-speaking Churches; so widely in Syria that Theodoret found more than 200 copies in the diocese of Cyrus alone. An Arab version, made in the twelfth century, and preserved in the Vatican Library, is about to be, if it be not already, published. The writer details his endeavours to recover a text of Tatian's work from a comparative study of Syriac literature. He

singles out two Diatesseron, one used by the Jacobite Syrians and the other by the Nestorians; but it is difficult, he concludes, to pronounce on their respective claim to represent Tatian's. What would be the value of this last if an original copy of it could be found? The writer replies: "Many of the questions which torment critics and exegetes would be settled by it." He proceeds to give some most interesting examples. He has also much to say, illustrated by very pertinent incidents of his own study, on the importance of the study of the old Church Lectionaries towards a critical study of the New Testament text. These manuscript evangelaries have been neglected; not more than five or six Uncial Lectionaries having been thus far collated out of sixty or more now known. The Diatesseron of the Passion are shown to have a special and rich exegetical value.

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## Notices of Books.

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*Elements of Ecclesiastical Law.* By S. B. SMITH. Vols. I. and II.  
New York: Benziger Bros. 1883.

WE approach this really able and most opportune work at some disadvantage, having failed to obtain a copy of the "Points in Canon Law," by the Rev. P. F. Quigley, D.D., with the author's reply, entitled "Counter Points in Canon Law." But as to the orthodoxy of the matter of these two volumes, Dr. Smith has entirely removed all grounds for future hostile criticism, by inserting the two commendatory Reports of the Roman Consultors, and referring to the alterations he has subsequently made in deference to their judgment. So that if previously to these emendations Cardinal Simeoni could be assured by a Consultor of his own appointment that "the work of the Reverend Dr. Smith is possessed of great merit, and written in an excellent and truly Roman spirit," it is quite certain that in its present corrected shape absolute reliance may be placed upon its teachings. No higher praise can be given to any such a Manual. The one fault, as the Consultor plainly terms it, of being in English, of course remains; but this is a fault which will most likely commend it to a great number of both lay and ecclesiastical readers. Our vernacular is not Italian, French, or Spanish, and hence has not those affinities with the Latin language which enable Continental students easily to master it, and soon to make use of it as a living tongue. Hence we must ordinarily be working under a double disadvantage when prosecuting such a peculiarly technical subject as the Canon Law. We have to go on translating rather than reading, and must assure ourselves of our translation before grappling with the subject-matter. And in this study beyond others so to assure ourselves is

oftentimes no easy task. So difficult in sooth is it, that too frequently the student shirks it, and passes on from chapter to chapter with an accumulating store of inaccurate ideas upon even the first principles of his subject. But having taken the doubtful step of publishing an elementary work upon Canon Law for the first time in English, we fail to see why the author has not been careful while sometimes, frequently even, giving the Latin original, to never omit its English equivalent. And this he does in cases where the untranslated Latin is difficult because technical, though of course translatable, and indeed of easy translation to an author so evidently practised in rendering into good English the quaint legal Latinity. Take for one amongst innumerable instances the commencement of Chapter VI., Volume I., "On custom as a source of Canon Law." Custom as a *fact* (*consuetudo facti*) is defined in by no means easy Latin. "*Ipsosmet actus similes a communitate frequentatos*;" custom as a *right* (*jus*), being defined, in the succeeding sentence, in English. Again, in the Appendix to Volume II., some of the Instructions are translated, others, and apparently the most difficult, are left in the original Latin. Indeed, this kind of inconsistency appears to run through both volumes.

Seeing that the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda has raised no objection to the work by reason of its being written in the vernacular, it may be readily supposed that the grave reasons which induced the author to take so bold and novel a step were not overlooked or unappreciated by the representative of the Holy See. Yet in summing up the pros and cons of this new departure, account must be taken of the earnest advice tendered by Cardinal Simeoni's predecessor to Bishops, in reference to their encouragement of the study and use of the Latin language. In a letter addressed by the late Cardinal Barnabò to all English-speaking Ordinaries, amongst many others, he affirmed that "*ex illius lingue neglectu gravissima per orbem Ecclesiis detrimenta obvenire*;"—the most serious evils were caused to the Churches throughout the world by the neglect of that (the Latin) tongue." And it is obvious that when all the treatises required by ecclesiastical students are in the language of the Universal Church, that there is no choice for them between utter ignorance of all sacred learning and some amount at least of knowledge of that revered tongue; whereas every treatise translated is more or less a concession—a necessary concession, as it would seem to be at present—to an inability or lack of diligence, either of which is commonly and justly considered to be a manifest sign of non-vocation to the ecclesiastical state.

Turning to the matter of the work, we find that Dr. Smith summarizes the teachings of ordinary text-books of Canon Law, and gives us them under the two comprehensive headings of "Ecclesiastical Persons" and "Ecclesiastical Trials." Each of these has a volume to itself. A whole chapter of explanation could not have cleared the course, so to speak, for the student more effectually than this simple but comprehensive arrangement. The first volume, though based upon the personal plan, contains all the principles,

sources, and history of the Canon Law usually and necessarily forming considerable portions of ordinary text-books. But it is to the second volume that we must look for matter affecting practical questions likely to often confront us in these times. Of all causes, those that come under the category of "Matrimonial" are the most intricate. And most wisely does Dr. Smith devote many pages to those principles which underlie all decisions in such cases. No English-speaking ecclesiastic should fail to study these chapters side by side with the fifteenth decree of our own Fourth Provincial Council of Westminster. The two combined would be a safeguard against the "*inscientia val temeritate eorum qui causas matrimoniales tractant*—the ignorance or rashness of those who have to deal with matrimonial causes"—to which the same Council attributes not only "*incommoda*," but sometimes "*gravia scandala*." But even of greater importance to ecclesiastics is the author's treatment of the mode of trial which the Holy See has sanctioned throughout the United States. There, as in England, Ireland and Scotland, the Ordinary's Court has been thoroughly reorganized, and the auditors, assessors, &c., of old, have given place to Commissioners of Inquiry. The spirit of the old Canon Law is manifest in the new arrangement, but in detail as in name it is a novelty; but a novelty that well accords with the Church's needs in this vastly altered age. As with us, these Commissioners are empowered to act judicially up to the point of actual condemnation. This remains with the Bishop after hearing their decision. The absence of the oath is intended to meet the point of English law which renders it illegal—although there is no penalty attached to such a breach of the law—for others than those appointed by the Crown to administer oaths. Dr. Smith, however, gives an eminent counsel's opinion that it is otherwise in the United States. But it is important to bear in mind that what renders Dr. Smith's exhaustive treatment of this subject so valuable and so necessary to the clergy of America, is one remarkable difference between their Commissions of Inquiry and our own. Theirs are far more extensive in application; and hence trials before such Commissions, though rareties with us, are common enough with them. Though modelled upon the plan proposed by the English Bishops in 1853 to the Holy See and approved of by it, the Commission of Inquiry in the United States has a far wider scope than here. In England it is compulsory only in the case of a proposed removal for fault of some missionary rector, and the number of missionary rectors is comparatively limited. But in the States it is the ordinary mode in which the Bishop is bound to proceed in all serious cases affecting any member of the whole body of the clergy—rector or assistant, or even deacon or subdeacon. Besides, every head of a mission is regarded and has the status of a missionary rector. Most appropriately, therefore, does the learned and painstaking author take diligent care that throughout the volume upon ecclesiastical trials continuous light is thrown upon the exact duties of such Commissions, as he goes on giving his account of the old processes prescribed by Canon Law which these have replaced.

"Throughout this volume," he says, "the peculiar trial as prescribed for this country by the Instruction of July 20, 1878, is everywhere and in all its details compared with the canonical trial as established by the sacred canons" (Preface, p. 6). Such a treatment has also its value for ecclesiastics in Great Britain. For apart from the Instruction of 1853—fifteen years earlier than that to the American Bishops—compelling the Bishops to receive the decision of two-thirds of the members of a Commission (in America of a mere majority) before proceeding to judgment in the case of missionary rectors, it is well known that in practice our Bishops find it in many ways most advantageous to act up to the spirit of the Instruction to the Prelates of America, and to take judicial cognizance of any serious case affecting any member of the missionary clergy in the first instance by the aid of a Commission. Similar praise is likewise due to the author for the thorough-going research with which he discusses and determines questions relating to the modern system of the appointment of bishops, parish priests, chaplains to nuns, &c., in the United States. And, more or less, what he writes is as applicable to England and to most of her colonies, the needs and position of the Church being so similar in all English-speaking communities. Take, for instance, chapter viii. of the first volume, and under the heading of "Appointments to Ecclesiastical Offices or Benefices" the fullest information is given of the status and duties of not only the possessors of undoubted canonically established benefices and offices, but of those who, like most of our clergy, are far from being, strictly speaking, beneficed, though receiving sufficient, and in many cases abundant, means of support, and whose status—with the very limited exception of a few missionary rectors—can hardly be brought within the compass of any canonical definition. Yet the prescriptions of the old Canon Law of the Church are brought to bear as far as possible by Dr. Smith upon the present circumstances of the clergy, high and low, with much judgment and care. Here is another example. After defining and giving the ordinary text-book account of the *Institutio Corporalis* or Installation, the immediate question with which he grapples is, how about installation in the United States in regard to parishes and missions? And the reply follows, succinct and clear, and based upon sound law: "As a rule, no installation whatever takes place. Clergymen appointed to parishes take charge of them without any ceremony of induction. Nor is this installation, strictly speaking, requisite, since with us there are no parish priests in the canonical sense of the term." It is clear from this that with us the usual induction of a missionary rector is not, strictly speaking, necessary; and *a fortiori* that of an ordinary missionary in no way so.

From these brief remarks, it will be gathered that apart from the merits of Dr. Smith's work as a text-book of Canon Law in English for Anglo-Saxon speaking students, it is of especial use to the clergy of the United States, and—though to a somewhat less extent—to the clergy of Great Britain and Ireland. We can therefore heartily commend it, and that in spite of here and there some peculiarities of style

and expression which are hardly English of the purest type. In this country, for instance, at any rate, the use of italics to indicate that it is a translated word scarcely enable students to keep becoming gravity whilst learning that: "Hence in the United States priests are not *obligated* to accept, &c." (vol. i. p. 167). Finally, for much useful information, the Supplementary Notes are extremely good. It is undoubtedly to be desired that these two goodly volumes upon ecclesiastical law should speedily find their way to the study of our English clergy.

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*Library of S. Francis de Sales.* Works of this Doctor of the Church translated into English. By the Rev. HENRY BENEDICT MACKAY, O.S.B. I. *Letters to Persons in the World.* With a Preface by the Right Rev. BISHOP HEDLEY. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

SOME of the writings of S. Francis de Sales have so long been "household words" with English Catholics, that the uniform translation of his works here begun will, we hope, receive a wide and warm welcome. The present volume is well calculated to increase that esteem for the saintly author which at present rests, with so many, on familiarity with his "Love of God" or the "Introduction." It is needless to say that the letters breathe the same spirit, as do those works, of gentleness, sweetness, and strong good sense. We need only advert to the fact that from their nature the letters form most appropriate reading for devout Christians living in the world. It is for this reason that we esteem the present volume as a welcome addition to our English Catholic literature. The Bishop of Newport, in his Preface, says of the Saint:—"His task was the simplification of Christian devotion. In other words, it was the shortening of the Christian's path to his last end"—and this for the benefit most frequently of men and women living in the world, and not seldom living "at Court." The evil then was, the Bishop adds, that few of the clergy knew what to say about the lives of nobles and gentle; some of them even deeming Court life beyond either improvement or redemption.

The noble gentleman or lady, therefore, who wished to "follow the Court" and yet to be a good Christian, had a great difficulty in knowing how to behave. Many confessors would hardly give them absolution; whilst others were too easy and let them do as they pleased. Court life—or, in other words, a life of ease, wealth, distinction, and refinement—was, and is, a necessity. No doubt such a life is full of danger. But the worst possible result that could ensue would be to drive a whole class into recklessness by telling them they could not possibly be saved. And hardly better could it be to encourage worldly men and women, who merely went to Mass and to fashionable sermons, in the idea that such external practices were real religion. It was to prevent, or put a stop to, these two nearly related evils, that S. Francis de Sales wrote and preached. He has been slightly called the Apostle of the "upper classes." The phrase sounds odious enough; but in his days it was very significant. And when we remember that it was chiefly to make a gentle-

man a true and humble Christian that he exercised his Apostolate, we need not object to giving him the title. Christianity is a great leveller of class distinctions; and no one has shown men more clearly that they are all brothers in God and in Christ than S. Francis (Preface, p. viii.).

This is not, surely, without striking application to our own circumstances in England, where the work of conversion is most rapid in the better classes of society. With a wealth of books for cleric and religious, whether active or contemplative, there is a vacant place for the works of the Saint who speaks in gentle yet firm accent words of solid wisdom to the crowd of earnest-minded and intelligent men and women, whose call is neither to the altar nor to the cloister, and who distinctly feel that they have souls to save by the doing of something more than the world teaches them, and something less than is demanded of priest or nun. Hence we cordially welcome the present volume of letters. Not that they are all directly concerned with the momentous question of this world *versus* the other, nor even that they are all equally worth the trouble of translation (Letter VI. for example, p. 137); but the Saint's uppermost thought was always of God, even in his most familiar and business-like letters, and the spirit which breathes from them influences the reader and indirectly instructs and appeals. But much of the matter is direct instruction, and is often simply golden advice. Take, for instance, the first letter of those to men of the world; it is as profound and sententious as a chapter of the "Imitation;" or the letter following it, "To a Gentleman who was going to live at Court;" it calls upon him to remember S. Louis of France, and like him "be brave, courageous, generous, good-humoured, courteous, affable, free, polite," and yet be *above all* a good Christian. And is not this sentence, from a letter to a newly married lady, much wisdom in few words?—

Be very gentle; do not live by humours and inclinations, but by reason and devotion. Love your husband tenderly, as having been given to you by the hand of our Lord (p. 46).

Indeed, there is nothing more marked in this volume, and, to our thinking, useful, than the Saint's warm and ready acknowledgment of the holiness and the advantages of the married state. Sometimes, too, his quaint humour breaks out in dealing with practical matters referred to him; see, *e.g.*, the advice he sends for a lady who wished, but hesitated, to powder her hair! (p. 350). It is impossible not to smile at the writer's appreciation of the ludicrous (*Qu'elle poudre hardiment, &c.*); equally impossible not to see his real mind and his strong common sense.

The task of translation has been undertaken with a loving and scrupulous care, and is, on the whole, very successfully done. Success has not been easily won, however; for the Saint's French is quaint, and rendered peculiar by his own originality. We are disposed to judge that in many places Father Mackey has been too literal, and this in spite of the avowal in his preface of his set purpose of trans-

lating literally, even at the occasional sacrifice of "some minor propriety of English expression." We wish that Father Mackey had felt the shock of the frequent "My God" as we feel it. "Mon Dieu" means so little in French, "My God" is very emphatic in English. But we repeat that Father Mackey's translation gives the English reader a very excellent rendering in smooth, and, for the most part, idiomatic English. It was not an easy task, as we have said, and he deserves, therefore, the warmer praise. He has begun a bold undertaking in promising to translate all the Saint's works, but he has begun a useful and welcome work. We wish him such encouragement from the sale of this as to justify him in publishing the remaining volumes with as little delay as is consistent with an equally careful translation and editing to the end.

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*The Liturgical Year.* By the Very Rev. Dom PROSPER GUÉRANGER, Abbot of Solesmes. Second Volume of the Continuation. Translated from the French by the Rev. Dom LAURENCE SHEPHERD, Monk of the English Benedictine Congregation. "The Time after Pentecost." Vol. II. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons. 1883.

IT is a great pleasure to welcome this new volume of the Rev. Father Shepherd's well-known translation of "The Liturgical Year." It is the eleventh of the whole series; one more, and the work as planned by its illustrious author will be complete. Abbot Guéranger, the reviver of the name and the glory of the Benedictines of France, lived long enough to execute with his own hand the greater part of that comprehensive commentary on the Liturgy which his mind and his heart had conceived. Nine volumes out of the twelve are his own. From Advent to the end of the festival of Pentecost, he followed with his learned and devout pen that Liturgical sequence of times and feasts which he is so fond of comparing to a sacred drama. The tenth volume, and this new one which now lies before us—one dealing with the great post-Pentecostal festivals, the other with the Sundays—are partly founded on notes left by himself; but they are no doubt to a very great extent new and independent works by his disciples. The spirit and form of the new volumes prove that Dom Guéranger's learning, spiritual insight, and sensitive piety, have not passed away with himself. The Monks of Solesmes are at this moment exiles from their church and cloister. The only inhabitant left within those walls, we are reminded, is the father and master, who rests in his grave "under the shadow of his own loved library and church." Many who use the prayers of this volume of prayer and instruction, will remember to pray that their trial may quickly come to an end.

The features of the new volume will be familiar to readers of the "Liturgical Year." There are chapters on the history of the post-Pentecostal time, on its mystical associations, and on the practical way of spending it devoutly. There are morning prayers and night prayers adapted to the spirit of the time, a method of hearing Mass,

devotions for Holy Communion, and a way of assisting at vespers and compline. Then the writer takes the post-Pentecostal Sundays in succession, and sets before us the distinguishing traits of each, commenting on introit and collect, epistle, gospel, and offertory. There cannot, certainly, be a more interesting way of assisting at the offices of the Church, and especially at the Sunday Mass, than by following this devout and suggestive book; and if the holy Liturgy is meant to bring us nearer to our Lord, then it would be difficult to find a more profitable way. For priests and preachers this volume will be very valuable. The substance of more than one sermon is to be found in the commentary which accompanies each Sunday of the twenty-three. Historical details, the words of the Saints, the thoughts of the Fathers, and the continuous illumination of Holy Scripture, are combined in an exposition which flows on in pleasing and unaffected language. French devotional treatises are among the difficulties of translation. But whether it is that the matter in this work is particularly solid, or that the translator has victoriously caught and transferred the genius of word and phrase, we confess we have found few of the volumes of this excellent work which read so well in their English form.

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*The Works of Orestes A. Brownson.* Collected and arranged by HENRY F. BROWNSON. Vols. I. and II., *Philosophy*. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse. 1882-3.

THERE can be no doubt of the interest which Catholics and literary men must take in this carefully edited and excellently printed edition of the works of the late Dr. O. A. Brownson. The writer was a man of first-class power and ability, very learned, very lucid, and very honest. The history of his conversion to the Catholic faith is as familiar to us in these islands as it is in the United States. His writings, whether philosophical, theological or political, bear the impress of the particular period of his "soul-history" at which they were written. Many of them therefore are, from the Catholic point of view, incomplete and filled with errors; though there is not a line which he has written that is not instructive and interesting to a student of the human mind and heart. After his conversion he wrote admirably on the Catholic side, as all our readers are aware.

The two volumes now before us are the first instalment of a new edition of his complete works. They contain his philosophical writings. In Philosophy, Dr. Brownson was, it need not be said, in some sense of the word an Ontologist. By temperament he was one of that large class of eminent minds who find in their own hearts, and in their own ideals and aspirations, the most satisfactory proof of the existence of God and the key to the mystery of the universe. In his earlier days he had high hopes in Philosophy. He writes in 1838:—

The America of the nineteenth century is not fuller of life than of thought. Thousands of young hearts all over the country are gushing out with love of truth and of humanity. Thousands of young minds, with

a maturity beyond their years, are buckling on the harness, eager to go forth to investigate, to explore Providence, man, and Nature, and to win glorious laurels in their battles with darkness and error. God's blessing on these noble young hearts and brave young minds! Something will come of their efforts. . . . We are the people of the future, and to us the scholars of all nations must ere long look back. . . . We must be great, grand, solemn. . . . (vol. i. pp. 56, 7).

It is to be feared he was not so sanguine or so high-hearted when, forty years later, after a life of sacrifice and of battle, he laid down for ever the pen which was never excelled in his own country. The latest essay printed in these volumes is a criticism of the text-book of Philosophy by Father Walter H. Hill, the well-known Jesuit professor in the University of St. Louis. Dr. Brownson writes mournfully of the "dulness of apprehension" of the "thoroughbred schoolman" (ii. 530). He ranges his enemies before him—Curci, Liberatore, Tongiorgi, San Severino, Kleutgen, Dr. Ward—

Lo! in the vale of years beneath,  
A grisly troop are seen—

and he refers to the efforts he had made, in vain, to prove that the ideal formula, *Ens creat existentias*, is not pantheistic, and that there is "an essential difference between the synthetic philosophy" which he held and the "ontologism reprobated by the Holy See" (p. 530). That he thought he had done this is quite enough for us. The contest between what we hold to be sound Thomism (in regard to the origin of ideas) and the latest explanations of Dr. Brownson is one which must be carried on in a very rarefied atmosphere indeed, and it is no wonder that sometimes the two parties seem to mean the same thing and sometimes to differ. But Brownson's teaching, even where we differ from him, is on the side of that noble school of philosophers of every age—from Plato to St. Anselm, and from Malebranche to Père Gratry—who have been carried away (though even into error sometimes) by their lofty conception of the spiritual part of the nature of man, and of the illumination of the human mind by its Creator.

*The Life of Mary Ward* (1585–1645). By MARY CATHERINE ELIZABETH CHAMBERS, of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin. Edited by HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, S.J. Vol. I. (Quarterly Series.) London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

IT will be both easier and more interesting to give a lengthened notice of this well-written Life when the remainder of it appears. So far as it goes, this volume opens to us the inner charms of a most touching and noble life—one for which we are impelled to feel grateful to the labour and perseverance that has been required to put it together. The story, taking us as it does through scenes of English persecution, and to the struggles and difficulties of English Catholic ladies who fled from the pursuivants to the Continent, is romantic and pathetic by turns: always specially interesting as being so entirely English.

It is pleasant to us to see in the names of the author and editor of this volume token that Mary Ward must be deserving of better words than have been used of her of late. To explain ourselves, it may be well to briefly recall that Mary Ward was a young English lady of good Yorkshire family, who in 1606 left home and her people and "crossed seas," as many English ladies then did, to seek abroad that conventual life so rigidly proscribed in England. She found that the life of a Poor Clare, which she first tried at St. Omer, was not her vocation; and, having returned to England, where she gathered together some companions, she again came to St. Omer, and there began a new Institute, designed for English exiles, with the object of working—in the manner of what are now known as "active Orders"—for the good of her neighbours; first, of course, of the English, whether in exile or at home. The community came to be called "English Virgins," "English Ladies," and by those who disliked them, "Jesuitesses," which last was the name of M. Ward's own choice. It marked their connection with some of the Jesuit Fathers, and a marked similarity of life; the rule of the Institute being her adaptation to women of that of S. Ignatius for his Order. After founding several houses—one at London, where Mary Ward herself went through numerous and dangerous adventures—she started in 1621 for Rome, to seek the approbation of the Holy See for her undertaking. At the point of her arrival in Rome this volume closes, not without telling us of the prophetic knowledge vouchsafed her at Loretto on her way, that "the bitter chalice" she was to drink would be from "Our Lord by the hand of His Vicar and representative on earth."

Now Dr. Hutch, in his "Life of Mrs. Ball," would have us believe that the Institute of the B. Virgin (of which the authoress of Mary Ward's Life is a member) is dishonoured by the supposition that it is the same as that which Mary Ward established, and which Urban VIII. suppressed in 1631. The order of Jesuitesses is not "identical" with the now living and thriving Institute of the Blessed Virgin; things are identical only when there is no difference whatever between them. Dr. Hutch is surely mistaken in facts and drift of his lengthy note (pp. 47-49), which is, we take it, to show that there is neither likeness nor connection between them, and that Mary Ward did not join the Institute of Mary at all. The author of "Terra Incognita" (chap. xxvii.) must be equally mistaken in affirming crudely that "Mrs. Ward never had any connection with the Institute." We expect that Mrs. Chambers' next volume will show that there is both likeness and, in a sense, connection; and that Mary Ward died a member of the Institute, though not at York. How far exactly the Order which Mary Ward founded was condemned, and how far it was reproduced in the subsequent Institute, we shall be most interested to read in her next volume. Some explanation of why the so-called Jesuitesses came to be suppressed, we can gather both from text and introduction of the present volume—namely, that she was the first to begin that kind of active and unenclosed life with which we are now familiar in

Orders of women, but which was then a startling novelty; that she had to suffer as an innovator in so delicate a matter as the social relations of a consecrated woman. To the iniquity of breaking away from ecclesiastical restraints she added the insult of adopting the rule of the Jesuits; and then people who hated the Jesuits (and they were numerous) got quite mad with her. She and her work were the victims of violent opposition, abuse, and bitter hatred. And this is an explanation readily accepted: but we shall be interested to learn more than this from the able authoress of the first volume, whose admiration for her heroine is sure to communicate itself to her readers. Meanwhile, we thank both writer and editor for this instalment of the *Life of Mary Ward*, from which we have learned to love the sweet, brave and zealous Englishwoman therein so well and lovingly portrayed.

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*The History of England*, from the First Invasion of the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary in 1688. By JOHN LINGARD, D.D. Copyright Edition, with Ten Portraits etched by Damman. 10 Vols. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

IT is pleasant to notice that the demand for Lingard continues to be such that publishers venture on a well got-up library edition like the one before us. It would be quite superfluous to speak, *à propos* of this edition, of the merits of the history, as also, we may add, would it be to speak of its defects. The one and the other have long ago been fully canvassed, balanced, and the judgment pronounced. More than sixty years have gone since the first volumes of the first edition were published; many equally pretentious histories have appeared during that space, and have more or less disappeared since; yet Lingard lives, is still a recognized and respected authority—is still, we believe, a text-book at Oxford and Cambridge. This tells, of course, immensely to the credit of Lingard's learning, skill, and power; it has told scarcely less in favour of historic truth and in the cause of our Faith in this country; and for this we are deeply grateful to him. His history might now be supplemented by the results of modern research, and corrected also; but the marvel is, that it has suffered by such research comparatively so little, and that new editions, untouched and unrevised, still retain a distinct and very high value. The result is partly due, no doubt, to a quality of his work which is sometimes considered as a defect—the absence of that “philosophy of history,” which Lingard so contemptuously calls the “philosophy of romance.” The present edition is neither “edited,” nor annotated, nor otherwise “enlarged and improved.” Except in the case of the biographical memoir which appears in this edition without Canon Tierney's name, and from which a few minor passages have been omitted, this is, as far as we can discover, a careful reprint of the last edition. There is nothing, consequently, to be said by way of recommending it, except of its external excellences. These are in

striking contrast with that last edition. The paper and the clear clean print deserve special mention and praise; the binding is plain but neat, and we like it better for its dignified plainness. The etchings, to our non-technical eyes, seem to be very good, but we should judge that they add less to the value of the work than did Doyle's outlines in the popular edition. A striking exception, however, is the new etching of Dr. Lingard himself. This portrait, which is the frontispiece to the first volume, is amusingly unlike the portrait of him which has so long adorned the last edition. Scarcely any line or feature in the two that are not in opposition! We are fain to hope that the more good-natured, sympathetic, and intelligent features of the new etching are a truer portrait of the worthy priest and great historian.

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*Essai sur les Rapports de l'Église Chrétienne avec l'État Romain pendant les trois premiers siècles.* Par HENRY DOULCET. Paris: E. Plon et Cie. 1883.

THIS very excellent historical study was presented, the author tells us, as a *thèse* before the Faculty of Letters of Paris. It was put aside, he adds, for motives which he does not name, although the jury themselves recognized that "the work gave evidence of conscientious research, and contained exact quotations." It is not for us to attempt to guess why so careful a work was thus set aside; and we proceed, therefore, to endorse the acknowledgments of the jury, adding that the work is equally noteworthy in our eyes for its Catholic tone and for its admission of a supernatural element in the history of the Church. The student of the first three centuries will not find it a history, but he will find in its pages many incidents and details, and especially a multitude of references and quotations that will materially supplement such information as is generally found in histories. In this sense it will be a most useful adjunct.

The author's purpose has been, he says, to study the historical problem raised by Bossuet ("Elevations sur les Mystères," 19 Semaine, 6 Elevation), when he asks what Herod had to fear that he persecuted the Infant Jesus, adding that hatred of His Church became hereditary in Herod's family. To trace how the influence and hatred of the Jews for Christianity originated, guided, and encouraged the persecution of the Roman Emperors seems to be the special work of this essay; though, to show how constant and severe it was the whole three hundred years, is also within its scope. M. Doulcet rejects the popular ten persecutions, dividing the period into four epochs. The first to A.D. 96, when Jews and Christians were confounded at Rome, the distinction between them gradually becoming recognized; the second, to A.D. 180, is designated as the period of absolute illegality; the third to 235 was a transition period, during which toleration reached its maximum; and finally, the fourth to A.D. 313, the period of alternative between favour and systematic persecution by the Emperors.

We have not space to follow the details of these four parts into  
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which the study is divided. Students will find it an easy and pleasant task to follow M. Doulcet's bright and well-written narrative. He takes occasion, as his narrative proceeds, to deal with some of the strange historical theories of modern writers; such, for example, as the antipathy between St. Peter and St. Paul and their respective followings.

In the third part, he traces the origin of Church property, which is interesting; in this connection he adopts De Rossi's theory of the character which the Christian Church held, and in which it was recognized by the Roman Government at that time, and which leads to De Rossi's explanation of the extensive catacombs. We were interested to discover how the author would account for the outbreak against Christians at the beginning of his fourth period, and disappointed to find only "*une reaction*" spoken of. But he is concerned rather to show facts than to explain them; and also he admits, throughout, the real and primary cause—viz., the hatred felt for the light that shone in the dark world while the darkness neither understood nor liked it.

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*The Life of St. Dominic.* By the Rev. Père H. D. LACORDAIRE, O.S.D. Translated by Mrs. EDWARD HAZELAND. London: Burns & Oates.

THIS beautifully got-up volume will be very welcome to English readers. Lacordaire's eloquent "*Life of St. Dominic*," has been too long a standard work to call for any commendatory words here, it will be enough to remark that in it will be found portrayed, with wonderfully graphic pen, a picture of the Saint's life, and also of the heresy-troubled times in which he lived. The elegance and power of Lacordaire's writing has not suffered much in its translation by Mrs. Hazeland; and this is high praise. Her English version is pleasant and smooth reading generally. Sometimes we get "*B. Jourdain de Saxe*," who ought to come to us as Jordan of Saxony, and frequently other names are similarly treated. The opening of Chapter VI., is not fortunate; we are told "*Two courses were before him*" (i.e. St. Dominic), and a few lines later on, that he takes neither of them, which is odd. On referring to the French we find, "*Il avait deux écueils également à craindre*," and learn that he steered clear of them both, which is intelligible and to the Saint's honour.

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*Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus.* Vol. VII. Part II. By HENRY FOLEY, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

THE first part of this seventh volume we noticed in our number of October last year. It will suffice here to briefly indicate the contents of this new volume. The "*Collectanea*," which broke off in the former volume with the letter Q, is here carried through to Z. Following this is another alphabetical list of members of the English

province, with their aliases in parallel columns, one showing the real, the other the assumed, names. Brother Foley's work will be seen to grow with his efforts to complete it. He here inserts an appendix to the long "Collectanea," containing names omitted or persons entered under other than their real name. Yet after this first appendix was in type, a second, of greater length, became imperative, in order, as he says, to include two very interesting and important documents. The remaining contents are varied, but all interesting, comprising very much matter newly contributed relative to ancient families, members of which have found glorious mention in the Records. The book concludes with a very full Index to the two parts of this bulky volume, followed by a Chronological Catalogue of the Irish Province, Society of Jesus. One extract from an Appendix may interest some readers as much as it has interested ourselves. Under the heading "Principal Fountains of the English Province, Society of Jesus," the author has drawn up a comparative list of counties, showing the number of members they have furnished to the Society from the earliest date to the present, excluding living members :—

Lancashire . . .	342	Lincoln . . .	44
Middlesex . . .	181	Hants . . .	43
Yorkshire . . .	151	Oxfordshire . . .	37
Northumberland and Durham . . .	80	Essex . . .	34
Staffordshire . . .	64	Kent . . .	31
Suffolk . . .	48	Derby . . .	30
Norfolk . . .	46	Sussex . . .	27
		Monmouth . . .	24

Other counties supplied their quota of subjects, though in lesser numbers.

The following Table shows the martyrs and confessors furnished by the above three principal fountains—viz. :

Lancashire :	Martyrs of the first class	.	.	.	5
"	" second class	.	.	.	5
Middlesex :	Martyrs of the first class	.	.	.	3
Yorkshire :	Martyrs of the first class	.	.	.	2
"	" second class	.	.	.	5

We take this opportunity of correcting an expression used in our notice of the first part of this volume in October. We there said of Father Lewis the Martyr, "or Baker (yet doubtful)," referring by this last expression to the contention raised in Mr. Baker-Gabb's letter inserted in that first part. We are told that the doubt raised by Mr. Baker-Gabb's letter has been answered in the *Tablet*, and that the Martyr himself declared his name to be David Lewis (as stated in an earlier volume). We are the more glad to make this correction that we learn that Father David Lewis is among the "English Martyrs" whose process for beatification is now pending before the Congregation of Rites.

*Analecta Bollandiana.* Tome I. Ediderunt CAROLUS DE SMEDT, GULIELMUS VAN HOFF, et JOSEPHUS DE BACKER, Presbyteri Societatis Jesu.—Paris: (Société Générale de Libraire Catholique), Palmé. 1882.

THE present year, 1883, will be an important date in the annals of the Bollandists. After an interruption of some fifteen years, another volume of the "*Acta Sanctorum*" has been published, which closes the series for October, and thus brings the great work, begun more than two centuries ago, a stage nearer to completion. Since 1867 the work has, indeed, passed through a trying period. Its material resources were considerably diminished by the withdrawal on the part of the Belgian Government of the annual grant, which it had made to the Bollandists ever since the resumption of their work in 1837; and, what was a far more serious blow, death struck down five out of the six writers who had been engaged on the volume issued in 1867. Happily we may now feel assured that the time of trial is passed, and that the Bollandists have entered upon a new period of fruitful activity. They have, as we have said, but lately issued their sixtieth folio volume, and the sixty-first (the opening volume of the November series) is in great part ready for the press. At the same time, we have to congratulate them on the successful inauguration of a new work, the first volume of which lies before us. It is a quarterly publication, forming at the end of the year a volume of some six or seven hundred pages. Like our own *Rolls Series*, the volumes of the "*Analecta Bollandiana*" are to form a collection of original historical documents, and in order to be able to make use of the MS. treasures of other countries besides Belgium, the Bollandists have secured the co-operation of scholars engaged in similar studies abroad. They are already provided with rich resources for the same end in the vast collections of transcripts made by their predecessors in their journeys of research in France, Italy and Germany, before the storm of the French Revolution had come to disperse the greater part of the monastic libraries of Europe. Briefly, the first object of the "*Analecta*" is to supplement the "*Acta Sanctorum*," by affording a means of printing MS. lives of the saints and other materials bearing upon the lives that fall within the first ten months of the year. As, however, the documents they contain are complete in themselves, the "*Analecta*" are, we doubt not, destined to take an independent position of their own. They are not a mere supplement to the "*Acta*," and they will, we trust, find a place in many a library, which cannot aspire to possess the sixty folios of the larger work.

The present volume of the "*Analecta*" which is made up entirely of hitherto unedited documents, contains the Martyrology of Fulda, and a catalogue of MS. materials for the lives of the saints to be found in the libraries of Namur, being the first part of a general catalogue of such materials existing in the various libraries of Europe. Then we have, occupying the greater part of the volume, a number of ancient lives of the saints, and acts of the martyrs.

Amongst these we may note those of S. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, S. Servais, S. Vincent, the martyr deacon, a Latin version of the Armenian acts of Pope S. Stephen I., and last, but not least, the "Documenta de S. Patricio," including the life of the Apostle of Ireland from the "Book of Armagh." The text of this life is based on a collation of the Trinity College MS., with a MS. of the Royal Library at Brussels. F. Edmund Hogan, S.J., has not only given his co-operation for that part of the work which had to be done in Dublin, but has also contributed an introduction and notes. This ancient life is a document of the highest importance for the life of S. Patrick, and no complete or correct text has been published before this its appearance in the pages of the "Analecta."

Amongst the other contents of the volume, we find the Greek text of the acts of several of the martyrs, accompanied in each case by a parallel Latin version. There is also a department devoted to reviews of books on subjects connected with hagiography. Altogether the volume covers a wide field, and its contents are of the most varied character. First volumes and first parts often afford but scanty means of forming a judgment as to the worth of a new publication. Not seldom is it that the high promise of the beginning is sadly belied by the volumes of succeeding years. But the "Analecta," edited by men who worthily sustain the traditions of the Bollandists, will, we may be assured, in no way fall below the high standard of excellence attained in their opening volume, which has already been heartily welcomed by the leading historical reviews of the Continent.

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*A History of the Councils of the Church.* From the Original Documents. By the Right Rev. CHARLES JOSEPH HEFELE, Bishop of Rottenburg. Vol. III., A.D. 431 to A.D. 451. Translated from the German with the Author's approbation, and Edited, by the Editor of "Hagenbach's History of Doctrines." Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1883.

IT is a real pleasure to us to welcome this new volume of Messrs. Clark's English translation of Bishop Hefele's "History of the Councils," and to be able strongly to recommend it to the notice of Catholic readers. A long interval has elapsed since the appearance of the second volume,\* and we had feared that the further translation of the work had been abandoned. And it would have been scarcely matter for surprise had a book, Catholic in spirit and expression, and unreservedly translated, failed to find acceptance at the hands of a Protestant public. It is all the more gratifying therefore to find that it has to some extent found acceptance. We earnestly hope that this new instalment will meet with such a sale as may justify the publishers in hastening the remaining volumes. When noticing the former volumes we acknowledged with pleasure

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\* The former volumes were noticed at their appearance, the first in the DUBLIN REVIEW of April, 1872, and the second in that of July, 1877.

the fairness and completeness of the translation: we are glad to repeat this acknowledgment with regard to the new volume. So far as we have been able to discover the work has been even more carefully done. As a matter of taste, we dislike very much the translator's frequent use of the word "anathematism" for anathema. Even if it be correct, which we doubt, to use the form anathematism for the censure itself as well as for the action of censuring, there can be no doubt that "the twelve anathematisms of Cyril and the counter-anathematisms of Eutyches," is very clumsy. It is surprising to find in the translation of Canon IV. of Chalcedon, *ἐκτὴριον οἶκον* Englished by "poor-house;"—surprising because Hefele's German translation is "Bethaus," and the translator must have had reason for going from it. But "Bethaus" is quite correct. (See, for example, Bingham's "Antiquities," book viii. chap. i. § 4, where he explains at length what these *ἐκτὴριοι οἶκοι*, or oratories, were.) These are trifles: as a rule the translation is correct. Dr. Hefele's lucid German flows in smooth and pleasant English. But the spirit which has animated the editor is deserving of still greater praise: there is no "adaptation" of the text to the prejudices of a non-Catholic community, no omissions of *very* Catholic passages, no notes correcting or explaining away. Only this one remark does the editor permit himself in his preface:—

With regard to the Papacy, it is inevitable that a non-Roman editor should take exception to some of Bishop Hefele's remarks on the 28th Canon of Chalcedon. We, of course, believe that the Council in that Canon stated the exact truth respecting the position assigned to the Bishop of Rome. This however is a matter of opinion, and we only caution the reader that he may form a judgment for himself.

We cannot but admire the forbearance and the fairness which thus leaves the great historian to speak for himself. Dr. Hefele certainly deserves this treatment by his thoroughness and impartiality. These qualities, together with his acute critical power and wide reading, have secured for his History a place not unlike that of Lingard, "as an authority to which Catholics can appeal, and to which non-Catholics will defer with respect." We regard therefore with very pleasurable feelings the continuation of this English edition, and believe it will do immense service among English readers in the cause of historical truth.

The special attention of Catholic scholars and students may well be called to the value of the translation in their own studies. Bishop Hefele's treatment of the various councils and synods is so full that his work is in fact, as he himself says, "in many ways very like a history of the Church and of dogmas." Some such history of the "development of doctrine," and of the variations of Catholic discipline, is indeed a necessary complement to more general church histories; and no work of the kind would we so unreservedly recommend, as complete, critical, and trustworthy, as Bishop Hefele's. With regard to the present volume, it covers only the short space of twenty years (431-451), but few periods of church history are so

crowded with deeply momentous and dramatic incident as those twenty years. We here gladly quote the editor in his preface:—

This volume possesses an interest which attaches to hardly any other, and is marked by a unity which is seldom attainable in historical narrative. The author has felt throughout that the subject was vital to the Church of Christ then and now, and he has spared no pains to bring the resources of his vast learning to bear upon the elucidation of his theme. As a result, we know nearly everything that can be known respecting the heresies of Nestorius and Eutyches, and the reason of their rejection by the Catholic Church.

Another feature of this English edition, advantageous to the student, is that each volume, containing a complete period, has a full index to its own contents, and can be bought separately. This is a great boon, and we shall be doing a service to mention here the periods treated in each of the three volumes thus far published. The first opens with the excellent Introduction in which the author deals with the nature and authority of councils, their convocation and confirmation, ecumenicity and infallibility, &c. The body of the book covers the period down to A.D. 325. This represents some very important Synods, such as those of Elvira, Arles, &c., and lastly, the great Ecumenical Council of Nicæa. After a preliminary chapter on the dogmatic and historical development of Arianism, the account of this council is as full as a student need wish, and occupies some 200 pages, or nearly half the volume. We are glad to see that a second edition of this first volume has recently been issued. The second volume extends from A.D. 326 to A.D. 429, the one ecumenical council with which it is concerned being that of Constantinople I. But it is not less valuable for the clear account it gives of the sad post-Nicæan struggles of the heterodox party against St. Athanasius, of the Synod of Sardica, and still more particularly for the able statement of the supposed fall of Pope Liberius. The contents of the third volume we have already alluded to. Neither historian nor theologian can well dispense with a work like this; nor, let us add, can the student of canon law, who will here find the historical outgrowth of many of the chapters which form the *corpus juris*. Take such headings as "Bishop," "Cleric," "Celibacy," "Baptism," "Excommunication," "Monks," &c., in the indices of these volumes, and the student will at a glance see what an amount of subsidiary matter they offer him on points of church discipline, liturgy, and ecclesiastical history generally.

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*Sedulius de Liège.* Par HENRI PIRENNE. (Extrait des *Mémoires de l'Académie Royale de Belgique*. Collection in 8vo. Tome xxxiii.) Bruxelles: Hayez, 1882.

UNDER this title M. Pirenne, a native of Liege it is to be presumed, has taken the pardonable liberty of giving an account of an Irish exile and teacher of the ninth century, who has been the cause of some trouble to antiquaries, Sedulius the Scot. His reputation was but momentary: to after generations he was hardly a name, for

even the name of the Scot was merged in course of time in that of the ancient Christian poet, Caelius Sedulius, who, by his means, long found a place to which he had no right on the roll of Irish worthies. All that is ever likely to be known of the authentic Irish poet Sedulius is contained in the single manuscript which has preserved the bulk of his verses; and it is only within the last twenty years that these have, little by little, seen the light, chiefly through the labours of Professor Dümmler, of Halle, who is now preparing a complete edition for the second volume of the "*Poetæ Latini ævi Karolini.*" Meantime M. Pirenne has published the hitherto unedited pieces, twenty-five in number (more correctly, twenty-six, as will be explained below), prefixing a biography of the writer, in illustration particularly of a period in the history of Liege which has hitherto been little better than a blank.

Of his early years, and the causes which induced him to leave his native land, Sedulius tells us nothing; but that he was a Scot (*i.e.*, an Irishman), and endued with all the learning of the Irish schools, he repeats again and again. He first appears as a traveller, weather-beaten and weary, with two of his compatriots, priests like himself, nearing the city of Liege, there to find (what perhaps he had long been in search of) a patron in the person of Bishop Hartgar (841-855). Hartgar, noble, inclined to learning, and liberal, was quite well able to appreciate the advantages of attaching to himself a man of the attainments and character of Sedulius, in whom he secured at once a competent head for his episcopal school, a court poet, ready at command to pen congratulatory verses in honour of distinguished guests, to supply inscriptions for the new buildings with which he was adorning his city, and to celebrate his munificence and generally sing his praises. For Sedulius, Liege was a haven after the storm; the poverty, hunger, cold, the fatigue and journeying, and finally the seclusion in the wilderness, which had been the lot and the aim of the older race of Irish pilgrims, were not at all to the mind of him and his compeers. He was seeking a livelihood; and for a livelihood he depended on his wits, his learning, and a capacity for goodfellowship among other and more solid qualities. He did not care to be at the mercy of chance for shelter from the nipping and pitiless blasts of the north wind, which does not discriminate, he pathetically complains, between ordinary people and a pious priest and doct grammarian like himself. At the court of Hartgar he found a place that fitted him, and a mode of life accordant with his tastes: he had, as he himself describes it, books and leisure and pupils; as a relief from severer studies, he had time to turn to versifying. With his wants provided for amply, he could sleep soundly and free from care; whilst by day and by night, at the appointed hours, at singing the praises of God he was not wanting. Finally, he was petted and made much of; and the esteem in which he held his own talents saved him from bashfulness; *da, large da*, is his cry.

He was now brought into contact with the most lofty personages: the Emperor Lothair, the Empress Ermingard (with whom he seems

to have been a favourite), King Charles the Bald, the lettered Count Eberhard of Friuli, Archbishop Guntar of Cologne, and the most distinguished prelates of his day in Lower Germany. His treatise entitled "*De Rectoribus Christianis*"—precepts for good government enforced by historical examples—appears to have been written for the instruction of one of the sons of Lothair and Ermingard. His now prosperous course seems not to have been affected by the death of his patron, Hartgar; Franco, the next bishop of Liege, extended to Sedulius the same protection. His death was certainly later than the year 874; M. Pirenne's contention that it occurred at Liege, not in Italy, is the more probable.

Sedulius's muse is very slight and feeble; he wrote verses, not poetry; their interest lies in the matter, not in the form. His model was Venantius Fortunatus, and, like his prototype, he throws light on his surroundings and the history of his time. Most of what he tells is, however, by way of allusion, and therefore obscure; but even glimmerings are welcome where before there has been only darkness. M. Pirenne's work is done with care, and gives in a few pages what it is painfully tedious to search for, and interpret, in the author's own writings. But it has been overlooked that No. VII. of the "*Carmina Inedita*" is really composed of two distinct pieces; the first, comprising lines 1 to 18, is addressed, as stated in the title, to Lothair II., second son of Lothair and Ermingard; its burden is peace. Verses 19 to 74 are manifestly addressed to his elder brother, the Emperor Lewis II., and celebrate, there can be little doubt, the victory gained by him over the Saracens near Bari, on Christmas day, 870. The versifier evidently recalls the alleluiaic victory of the Britons—a story which he had narrated at length in prose in his "*De Rectoribus Christianis*," in order to impress upon his royal pupil the lesson that the prayers of the just avail princes even in temporal warfare. Its application to Lewis's victory is befitting, if we may trust (as there is good reason to do) the account of it given by a contemporary chronicler, Andrew of Bergamo (cap. 14).

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*The Polity of the Christian Church of Early, Mediæval, and Modern Times.* By ALEXIUS AURELIUS PELLICCIA. Translated from the Latin by Rev. J. C. BELLETT, M.A. London: Masters. 1883.

PELLICCIA was born in 1744; in 1781 he was appointed Professor of Christian Antiquities in the university of his native city of Naples. His attention, which had hitherto been chiefly given to liturgy, was now largely devoted also to the history of Southern Italy in the Middle Ages. During the French occupation and the exile of Cardinal Scilla (1809–1815) he acted as Vicar-General of the Church of Naples; and in the events of 1820 he was elected member of the revolutionary Parliament. The suppression of the Constitution is said to have hastened his death, which occurred in December, 1822.

His work, "The Polity of the Christian Church," was first published in two small volumes in 1777; these were followed, in 1779 and 1781, by an appendix of dissertations, in two more volumes, with which, however, as not comprised in the English translation, we are not now concerned. The author's object was, as he explained it, to furnish ecclesiastical students with a help for the study of the Fathers, and for "an intelligent acquaintance with the history of the Church and her councils," by an exposition of the course and development of church discipline, life, and practice from the earliest ages to modern times. He took the sacraments as his framework. Beginning with Baptism and Confirmation, he passes next to Holy Orders, and here treats of ecclesiastical offices, dignities and dignitaries of all kinds, of episcopal ornaments, the dress of the clergy, of monks and nuns and their rules. This forms the first book. Books ii.-iv. comprise the Liturgy and cognate subjects, holy places, sacred vessels and vestments, service books, the divine office, oblations (including tithes), ecclesiastical benedictions, the calendar and martyrologies, festivals and church seasons and their origin, pilgrimages, jubilees, the cultus and canonization of saints, sacred images, &c. Book v. is devoted to penance, fasts, indulgences; book vi. to marriage and extreme unction, with Christian care of the sick, hospitals, ceremonies after death, burial, and burial-places. This sketch may sufficiently indicate the plan of the work, but gives no idea of the skill with which the author finds, or makes, occasion to touch on an infinite variety of minor topics. Pelliccia's book unites in a singular degree brevity and comprehensiveness. It possesses also a merit rare in such compilations; the author was familiar alike with original testimonies and the best modern treatises, and he had assimilated the materials in his own mind, had reflected on them, and was able to form an opinion for himself on matters of difficulty and doubt. So far for the merits; but there are also drawbacks. Some of his statements, as is natural in an Italian writing for Italians, are framed too exclusively with a view to what prevailed in Italy. The book bears marks of haste; some are evident at a glance, others are less obvious. It is astonishing to find, in a writer who had been for some years engaged on a history of the liturgical books of the Middle Ages, the statement that of the Leonine "Sacramentary there are two MS. copies extant, one in the Vatican library, another in the Este library, which has been edited by L. A. Muratori" (p. 220); the fact being that there is only one MS., which is in the chapter library at Verona, whence it was published by G. Bianchini, from whose edition Muratori reprinted it. Clearly Pelliccia trusted to a memory which at times played him false; and this may go to explain, at least in part, the frequent inaccuracy of his references. Haste and the striving after brevity affect his style: he catches at the first short phrase that occurs, without considering whether it is as clear as it should be. It is much to be regretted that, though the *De Politia* was reprinted more than once in its author's lifetime, he made only verbal alterations, and did not subject it to a searching revision at leisure.

The general merits of the book are, however, so substantial, that its choice for translation is amply justified. But Mr. Bellett has not been content to give a mere translation: he has bestowed on it pains which greatly add to its value and usefulness, first, by undertaking the laborious and irksome task of verifying the references—in this case a task particularly troublesome from the number of misprints, which he justly describes as “incrediblè;” secondly, by giving the text, or if this is too long, an abstract, of the passages cited, particularly from the councils. It may seem almost ungracious where so much has been done, to express the regret that the “peculiarly significant” passages of the originals which Pelliccia had printed in italics, were not given in italics also in the English version. It may be noted, by the way, that the “strong expressions” (see p. 421, n. 24) are no “paraphrase,” but are taken textually from S. Cyprian’s “Liber de Lapsis,” c. 17. The translator’s additional notes are kept within judicious limits, and are equally useful and pertinent, though there are a few with which we can hardly be expected to agree, and also a few (*e.g.*, note 9, p. 55, on the origin of cardinals, and two or three which contain some taking but questionable suggestions of Dr. Littledale on liturgical matters) which may, perhaps, lead readers astray. Some of the short bracketed insertions by the translator in the text would also be better away: *e.g.* p. 482, “indulgences [or the pardon of sins]”—this is just what indulgences are not; p. 453, in regard to the discipline, “monks [who are poor, and who] cannot make satisfaction for their sins by money,” should be, “monks [who have made a vow of poverty, and therefore] cannot,” &c.; again, it was long after the eleventh century that the cross began to be placed “permanently” on the altar (p. 162).

Coming to the translation itself, it is necessary to make reservations. Every now and then the reader is disturbed by a passage which it is hard to understand, or which, though quite intelligible, it is hard to accept. On turning to the Latin text it will be found that the fault is not always with the author. It may be well to give instances. Page 51: “of this capitular body . . . all the presbyters of a church . . . were formerly members in their own right. So were also those who were called canons.” Pelliccia says only: “and they were called canons” (*iique canonici dicti sunt*). “Archipresbyteratus” is the post of archpriest, not “to be a member of the archpresbytery” (p. 53). Page 54: “for presbyters and deacons were in a certain sense cardinal parish priests,” should be “for cardinal presbyters and deacons were in a certain sense parochial clergy” (*parochi*). Again, p. 28, the rendering of “quoddam discrimen” by “a difference of rank,” and “nullo divino caractere” by “not by any divinely appointed outward mark,” obscures Pelliccia’s meaning, since the “difference” he calls attention to is precisely not one of rank, and the “character” in question is not an outward mark. Pelliccia writes: “In France, from the ninth century, a bishop before his consecration took a solemn and formal oath of allegiance and obedience to the king.” Mr. Bellett’s version is:

"A bishop before his consecration took a solemn and formal oath of allegiance and obedience to the king. This at least was the custom throughout France since the ninth century began" (p. 79). Page 327: "The laity on that day (*i.e.*, Sunday) also satisfied the requirements of the canons by attending merely private masses"—a point which Pelliccia does not take on himself to decide; he only states as a fact that, following the example of the clergy, "the laity also attended private masses on that day in satisfaction of the precept." The chapter "Of the Roman Pontiff," which is mostly made up of a cento of passages from the Fathers, is also not free from inaccuracy. After the definite statement with which it begins, that "the bishop of the Church of Rome is the successor of Peter," we read with surprise a few lines further on that the Roman Pontiff is that Apostle's successor "in a sense" only. "Hence, as Peter (so runs the translation), to whom the keys of the kingdom of heaven were committed, as being preferred above the other disciples, and as by God's command feeding the Church, was made the head of all the Churches in the world, so (why *so*?) the Roman Pontiff is in a sense that Apostle's successor; the successor of one who no one can lawfully doubt was chief of the Apostles, and whose bishopric was raised above every other" (p. 114). The rendering surely should be: "So the Roman Pontiff, as his successor, is he of the pre-eminence of whose apostolate over every bishopric no one can lawfully doubt" ("*ita Romanus Pontifex tanquam illius successor is est de cujus apostolatus principatu,*" &c.). The famous passage of St. Irenæus—*Ad hanc enim ecclesiam*, &c., receives a two-fold interpretation—one in the text, the other in a note, the latter of which would seem to have the translator's preference. Without any wish to polemicize, we would venture to prefer a request—namely, that he would take up St. Irenæus, read the first three chapters of the third book, note their drift, and see how *this* interpretation of the crucial passage fits the argument. Further, we may remark that as a fair, candid, and not unsuccessful attempt to elucidate a passage which is unquestionably difficult, the discussion in H. Hagemann's "Römische Kirche in den ersten drei Jahrhunderten," pp. 614–27, might be of use to the inquirer.

The section on Indulgences affords also occasion for comment on the "*nimis laxa ratio*" of the translation—which we are wholly indisposed to render as its "*culpable laxity*" (p. 479). But it must be said that small oversights and inaccuracies are somewhat too frequent. At times a more just English equivalent might have been readily found. To turn *usus indulgentiarum* into their "enjoyment" (p. 478), for instance, or the *arbitrium* of a confessor into his "arbitrary will and his discretion" (p. 474), gives occasion for misconstruction. Such blemishes would doubtless disappear on revision, should a second edition be called for; some might have been avoided by regularly consulting the earlier prints.

Taking the book as it stands, it ought to be welcomed and valued both by professors and students. To the former it is sure to be suggestive; to the latter it will give a clue, and that generally

the right one, for threading their way through the tangled maze of antiquity. But its use is not confined to the seminaries for which it was primarily intended. It shows, in a way which can be understood, whence came our rites and discipline, and how they have come to be what they are, and is thus a help to the clergy for the proper intelligence of many of the functions they are called on to perform. In this respect the motto chosen by Pelliccia for his work is happy: "Oportet nos cognoscere, quæ majores fecere, ut nostra pernoscamus." It is very much to be wished, for practical reasons, that a knowledge of the past and of the traditions which are our own, were more general amongst us. We therefore greet, and recommend, the present publication. That such a work should have been translated by and for the benefit of Protestants of the English Church, is, of course, significant.

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*The Life of St. John Baptist de Rossi.* Translated from the Italian. By LADY HERBERT. Introduction: "On Ecclesiastical Training and the Sacerdotal Life." By the BISHOP OF SALFORD. London: Thomas Richardson & Son. 1883.

**M**OST opportunely, this carefully prepared volume brings to the notice of the clergy, and of English readers generally, the life of the holy Roman priest recently canonized by Pope Leo XIII. St. John Baptist de Rossi was a secular priest, who founded no congregation nor belonged to any; and he spent his life among the poor and the afflicted, in Rome and in the neighbourhood of the city. His characteristic virtue was simply his priestly spirit. To celebrate the Holy Sacrifice, to assist at the Church offices, to hear confessions, to preach, to catechize, and to visit the sick—it was the perfection with which he did these things which marked him out as a Saint, and the "heroicity" to which they attained in his daily life has merited for him the glories of canonization. Nothing more "edifying" can be read by priests than the simple history of his apostolic life as a priest. Since it is certain that at the present moment his intercession must be very powerful, there will be few priests who will not desire to become acquainted with his life and to conform their lives to the spirit of his.

The life itself, apart from its picture of heroic sanctity, is extremely interesting. There is little or no romance about it, and the Saint never comes in contact with great men or stirring events. But to any one acquainted with the "stones of Rome" there is unfailling interest. And it does not seem difficult to see that de Rossi's great attraction was that duty of charity which Christianity has created and always promoted, and which modern atheism is doing its best to abolish—the visitation of the sick, especially in the public hospitals. There was one kind of illness which was "more dear" to him than any other, and that was consumption. It may sound strange to hear so much of consumption in a climate like Rome. The truth is there is a great deal of it in certain quarters of Rome and in the unhealthy season. De Rossi used to

say that "to die of consumption is almost always to be predestined to heaven." "Consumptive people," he would say, "must be preserved from two great dangers. The first is their almost total abandonment (despair) when lung disease declares itself. The other comes from the fact of their age; being almost always young people, they have to suffer more violent assaults of the devil." "My long experience convinces me that very few young people are willing to die, and that this disease is most deceptive in its character. Nevertheless, by visiting them continually, and preparing them by degrees, they become at last so resigned that it is a real privilege to be able to assist them in their last moments" (p. 152).

An introduction of seventy-two pages by the Bishop of Salford, enters into the whole question of ecclesiastical training and the sacerdotal life. He urges the necessity of increased culture, of higher studies, of the cultivation of English, and of the reading of the Fathers, and proposes many useful means for acquiring and preserving the Apostolic spirit of the priesthood.

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*The Life of Jonathan Swift.* By HENRY CRAIK, M.A.  
London: John Murray. 1882.

THERE is perhaps no more difficult task in literary biography than that of unravelling the tangled skein of Swift's life and character. That turbid mind, clouded by disease and morbid gloom, late in developing, slow in recognizing, its powers, must have been long a mystery to itself, and may well continue to baffle those who seek to analyze it from without. The biographer is moreover naturally disposed to some degree of enthusiasm for his subject, and few heroes are less calculated to awaken it than this English Rabelais, a priest without vocation, a lover without heart, a wit without geniality, and a satirist devoid of moral purpose. Intellectual greatness has, indeed, rarely been presented to the world in less attractive guise, for vice itself seems almost pardonable in comparison with his callous egotism of genius, which regarded all humanity as so much raw material to be turned to its own account. Swift's career, though free from any grave moral blot, had no aim or reference save to himself alone, and this want of external sympathy so blunted even his literary perceptions as to render him incapable of estimating the effect his writings produced upon others. His frequent offences against good feeling and good taste were thus rather blunders than crimes, results of the moral stupidity so strangely associated in him with enormous intellectual power. This poverty and narrowness of nature limited the compass of his mind, and restricted his energies within a comparatively small field, for had their scope been enlarged by nobler aims and finer sensibilities, there is no grade of eminence he might not have reached.

But the very difficulties of the problems presented by Swift's anomalous genius have proved an attraction to biographers, and the present exhaustive life is the last of a long series of works on the same subject. Mr. Craik has entered on his task in a spirit of

impartiality which wins the reader's confidence, for, while anxious to lend the best colour to the motives of his hero, and to urge the most apologetic view of his actions, he gives an unprejudiced statement of facts on which the critic can form an independent judgment. Written in a clear and vigorous style, and arranged in lucid and connected narrative sequence, the present biography is an interesting as well as a valuable work, though dealing with a subject already familiar to most readers.

It gives a vivid picture of the energy and power of the man, who, reared in dependence and poverty, friendless, obscure, and without even the introduction of a brilliant University career, made his way to a front place among the public men of his time, ranking second to none in the influence he exercised over the course of politics. Born in Dublin of English parentage, he was Irish only by the accident of birth and residence, yet in the interludes of his more brilliant career in the great world of London, he was able to throw himself with equal fervour into the burning questions agitating his adopted country, and there, as in the sister kingdom, to make his pen a power in the State. One regrets, indeed, in reading his life, that so much of his intellectual capital was expended on the necessarily ephemeral literature of party politics ; that a mind

Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,

should have lavished its powers on a mass of lampoons and pasquinades, which can have no permanent place in letters. But a political career then offered possibilities of distinction of which literature by itself gave no prospect, and distinction, more especially social distinction, was what Swift, sated with humiliations in early life, craved for beyond all earthly goods. His biography is thus inevitably interwoven with the somewhat dreary records of the reign of Queen Anne. The alternations of party government give a dualism to the history of that age, which deprives it of all dramatic interest for posterity, while the personal element which made it so exciting to contemporaries is now dwarfed in the perspective of time. Swift's share in public matters, which made him so conspicuous a figure among the men of his own age, is in ours the least interesting portion of his life. His honesty and sincerity as a politician few can doubt, despite his change of sides ; which was indeed no more than the invariable effect of the constant progress of the more advanced party in the State, in casting off and leaving behind a certain number of moderate men, not sufficiently clear-sighted in the beginning of their career to foresee the working of the principles they have adopted.

It is in the mysterious romance of Swift's life that its crowning interest, as well as its most baffling enigma, is contained. In his relations with women it must be acknowledged that he was altogether base, while without the excuse of passion to palliate his cold-blooded double-dealing. A craving for female homage, the subtlest incense that can flatter an author's pride, was a characteristic weakness of his nature, and it was this form of literary vanity that made him

take pleasure in the society of women, in whom, unfortunately, he had the power of creating feelings he could neither understand nor reciprocate. For domestic life, with its fetters and responsibilities, he was by habit and temperament unfitted, and the intellectual sympathy and companionship which were all he desired in marriage, he secured in the strange and anomalous tie by which he linked Stella's life to his own. Whether he ever went through the marriage ceremony with her,\* as the present biographer maintains, and shows reason for believing, or whether the bond uniting them was merely one of exacting monopoly on one side, and resigned self-abnegation on the other, his treatment of her was equally unjustifiable. If the marriage took place as asserted, he wronged her by attaching conditions to it rendering it a mere hollow formality, denying the woman whose life he had monopolized her lawful place in her husband's home, her position as his wife in the eyes of the world, and her share in the fame he had then earned. If, on the other hand, he did not marry Stella, he wronged her equally by defrauding her of what she must have looked forward to through years of patient waiting, as the seal and sanction of her life-long devotion. In either case he crushed her soul under the iron force of his will, as he might have trampled a flower under foot, to compel it, in very wantonness of tyrannous egotism, to give forth its last breath of perfume to sweeten his life. Nor did he even hold himself bound to constancy in the Platonic friendship he vouchsafed her, but scathed a second existence as well with his baleful and capricious regard. He was a middle-aged man when Vanessa, Hester Vanhomrigh, came under the evil spell of his influence, and in girlish infatuation began to indulge the attachment which cost her her life. Swift played with her passion as a cat sports with a captive mouse, and for eight years the correspondence, ardent on her side, coldly repressing on his, continued without any definitely expressed purpose. Although, like Stella, she took up her residence in Ireland, she and Swift rarely met, and to him, despite the gratification to his vanity, the whole entanglement doubtless became an embarrassment when it ceased to be a pastime. With her, however, it was fatal earnest, as the end proved. Maddened by jealousy and disappointment, she wrote to Stella, asking if she were the wife of Swift, and Stella, while replying in the affirmative, sent the master of the fate of both her rival's letter. The Dean rode off in dark fury to Vanessa's place near Celbridge, and throwing her own letter on the table, left her without a word. The tragic completeness of her fate has dignified her folly, and immortalized her name among those of love's martyrs, for Swift's cruelty was her deathblow. She drooped rapidly and died in a few weeks after the

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\* The story of the marriage, performed in consequence of Stella's remonstrances, in the Deanery garden, by Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, in 1716, is in itself a very improbable one. Nor could such a ceremony, unwitnessed, unregistered, and intended by the parties as a mere formality, be considered in any true sense a marriage.

fatal interview which closed her visionary romance with the bitter certainty of despair.

There may have been an intelligible and excusable motive for Swift's aversion to marriage, in a possible dread of transmitting to his offspring the insanity which he believed hereditary in his family, and the anticipation of which for himself overshadowed his life. He suffered besides, even from early manhood, from some painful symptoms of the malady of which he eventually died, an obscure disease of the ear affecting the brain. It produced attacks of giddiness and deafness, probably more or less of an epileptic character, causing him exquisite distress. He also speaks in his skeleton autobiography of suffering from fits, and he may have considered himself precluded from marriage by these physical infirmities, though he does not appear to have alleged them as a motive for his conduct.

His treatment of women is the darkest shade on Swift's character, for in the other relations of life he was far from heartless. As a son, he was dutiful and attached, passing part of every year with his mother, and in his friendships with men he was loyal and thorough. He performed many kind and even generous actions, and misfortune always disarmed his cynicism, and moved him to the deepest pity. Despite the apparent irreverence of many of his writings, he was by no means irreligious, and resolutely turned aside from such metaphysical speculations as he judged dangerous to faith. He invariably read prayers to his household, morning and evening, and in his last illness would not give up any of his ordinary devotional exercises until the increasing feebleness of his mind rendered him incapable of following anything but the Lord's Prayer, which he repeated to the end. There is something of pathetic fidelity in this clinging to early faith in the last ruin of a mind so worldly, so cynical, and so untouched by the softer influences of religion.

Swift's view of his ecclesiastical vocation was that he was called to be the doughty champion of a Church Militant, rather than one of her mild pastors, bound to evangelize, in his Irish living of Laracor, the flock sometimes represented by "Dearly beloved Roger." But if his standard of conduct was not a very exalted one, he was at least consistent in conforming to it; if his conscience were wanting in the finer sensibilities, it was efficient as a guiding-rule of life within its own range of commonplace morality.

The following anecdote may serve as an illustration of the humorous side of his character. When secretary to Lord Berkeley, one of his duties was to read aloud to that nobleman's lady the Moral Meditations of Robert Boyle, for whose dulness he revenged himself by writing a parody on him, and substituting it for one of his lectures.

Swift (says Mr. Craik) hit upon the device of inserting his own manuscript in the volume, and reading, as one of the discourses, a meditation on a broomstick, moralizing with the gravest comedy over the vicissitudes that attend its lot. It served as well as any of the discourses which it parodied, to attune the aristocratic listener to a sedate and soothing

condition of pious satisfaction; and when detected, showed the estimate that Swift had formed of the discourses clearly enough to release him from the drudgery of reading them.

The difficulties of travellers in the last century are illustrated by Swift's *Journal*, written to beguile the weariness of a week spent at Holyhead in September, 1727, while waiting for a fair wind to cross the Channel. The miseries of ennui were never more graphically described than in these lamentations, where he says:—

If the Vicar could but play at backgammon I were an Emperor; but I know him not. . . . I am afraid of joining with passengers for fear of getting acquaintance with Irish. The days are short, and I have five hours at night to spend by myself before I go to bed. . . . What can I do but write everything that comes into my head. . . . Not a soul is yet come to Holyhead except a young fellow who smiles when he meets me, and would fain be my companion; but it is not come to that yet.

His troubles for want of clean linen form another grievance:—

Tues. 26.—I am forced to wear a shirt three days. . . . I was sparing of them all the way. It was a mercy there were six clean when I left London; otherwise Watt (whose blunders would bear an history) would have put them all in the great box of goods which goes by the carrier to Chester. He brought but one cravat, and the reason he gave was because the rest were foul, and he thought he should not put foul linen into the portmanteau. For he never dreamt it might be washed on the way. My shirts are all foul now, and, by his reasoning, I fear he will leave them at Holyhead when we go.

The same Watt, when they took refuge in a Welsh cottage from a shower of rain, took up a meal-bag to dry his master's cassock, which of course was encrusted with hardened flour when it dried, costing the Dean some hours rubbing to repair the damage.

This tedious week proved to be his last stay on British soil, for the remainder of his life, nearly twenty years, was passed in Ireland, where he died on October 19, 1745.

Mr. Craik tells us in his Preface, that his work is intended as the completion of the task undertaken by the late Mr. Forster, but interrupted by his death. The *Life of Swift* as he had planned it, would have been a much more voluminous one than the present work, the author of which has, we think, exercised a wise discretion in reducing the scale of the biography, and restricting it within the limits of a single bulky volume. He has here thrown into a more condensed form the mass of valuable information collected by his predecessor, as well as much obtained from other sources, the MSS. left by Lord Orrery, now in the possession of the Earl of Cork, and other original documents lent by Mr. Frederick Locker. The ordinary reader will be grateful to the author for having relegated all controversial matter to the Appendix, and given him only his conclusions on it, for, as he says, "it is as much for the advantage of biography as of the State that there should be some 'end of litigation,' and that we should sooner or later strike a balance between contending views as fairly as we may."

Mr. Craik has proved himself throughout equal to his subject,

great though it is, and the public may be congratulated that the onerous task of rewriting the Life of Swift has fallen into such competent hands. A thoroughly good biography is so rare amid the superabundance of similar works annually produced, that Mr. Craik's is sure to find an abiding place in English literature.

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*Galileistudien*: Historisch theologische Untersuchungen über die Urtheile der Römischen Congregationen im Galileiprocess. Von Dr. HARTMANN GRISAR, S.J., Professor der Kirchengeschichte an der Universität Innsbruck. Regensburg: Pustet. 1882. (*Historico-theological Discussions concerning the Decisions of the Roman Congregations in the case of Galileo.*)

IT is with great satisfaction that we notice Professor Grisar's work on Galileo, because his book—bearing everywhere witness to its author's vast knowledge in canon and civil law, philosophy and theology—far surpasses anything before published on Galileo, either in Italy, France, Germany, or England. In France, M. Henri de l'Epinois published the acts of the process; whilst Karl von Gebler, a German officer, subsequently gave a still more correct edition of the acts, and both these works have been effective in destroying inveterate prejudices by showing the justice displayed, on the whole, by the Roman authorities. Four years later, in 1829, the work of an old Catholic author, Professor Reusch, of Bonn, made its appearance, under the title "Der Process Galilei's und die Jesuiten." This gifted author would have conferred a lasting benefit on Catholic science but for his petty and angry criticisms on Catholic institutions. The German Jesuits unjustly attacked by him felt the necessity of vindicating their own and the Church's honour, and Professor Grisar has discharged this duty so well and in so masterly a manner that his work will long occupy a foremost place in the vast mass of literature on Galileo. It may be mentioned that the author of the *Galileistudien* deals with the questions involved in Galileo's case less from the historical than the philosophical and theological point of view. I am far from questioning the merits of the first part of the volume (pp. 1–138), on the contrary, it deals very efficiently with the difficulties of the process, and throws new light on the acts of the Roman tribunals. But it is in the second, or theological part (pp. 138–381), that the singular merit of the work lies. The history of the acts from the first appearance of Galileo in Rome to his death is traced by Professor Grisar in twelve chapters; the most important documents bearing on the case being added as appendices. Some of the questions most exhaustively treated by the author may here be mentioned. Herr von Gebler, whilst quite acknowledging the genuineness of the special prohibition to defend his system intimated to Galileo by order of Paul V., through Cardinal Bellarmine, Feb. 26, 1616, utterly denies its value, as being destitute of any subscription. Against this gratuitous opinion Grisar successfully establishes its juridical authority, since it must be considered as a mere notice

registered by the notary public—notices of the kind, although authentic, never bearing any subscription. Galileo promised to obey, but did not keep his promise. He might have acted on those words of Cardinal Bellarmine in his letter to Foscarini, published by Berti as late as 1876. "It is one thing to show—on the *supposition* of the fixed sun and moving earth—that natural phenomena may be more easily accounted for, and quite another thing to assert *as fact* that the sun is the fixed centre." But Galileo would bring out his system as absolute truth, and in doing so he was strongly opposed, not only by the Roman Congregations, who felt obliged to assert the usual interpretation of the Bible, but also, and perhaps much more, by many astronomers, who advanced difficulties which Galileo was unable to remove. One of these was Bacon of Verulam. Wohlwill's assumption that Galileo was tortured is a mere phantom. Besides the absence of any genuine document supporting this assertion, there cannot be the least doubt that the rules of criminal procedure adopted by the Holy Office, and laid down in the "Sacro Arsenale," exempted many persons from this sore trial—amongst whom came Galileo, as being beyond the age of sixty. But he was subjected to the "territio verbalis"—viz., he was threatened with torture. A very interesting chapter in the volume we are noticing is the one headed, "The Interests of Science." So far from being hurt by the Roman Congregations, science and religion, we may say with Grisar, have even been preserved from some disadvantages; many dangers which would have resulted from a quicker victory of the new system were obviated. The author further reminds us of a fact most creditable to the Holy See—viz., that Galileo, from 1630 onwards, enjoyed an annual pension of 100 scudi from the Pope (pp. 122, 123). After his departure from Rome, Galileo was subjected to no sort of cruel treatment, nor even to imprisonment, either in Sienna, where he resided with Archbishop Piccolomini, or in Arcetri. On the other hand, something like persecution may be seen in those German Protestants who sent Kepler into exile; all efforts made towards winning back for him his office in Tübingen failed through the intolerance of Protestant orthodoxy. Kepler for a long while resided in Grätz, and when Protestants were no longer allowed to live there, it was by the Jesuits' strong intercession that the celebrated astronomer was allowed to remain and peacefully attend to his studies.

The second part of Grisar's work is markedly theological in character. It deals with the different Papal approbations of the decrees of the Roman Congregations, the intrinsic value of dogmatical decisions of the Congregations, and the several kinds of submission with which they might be accepted by the Faithful. The famous decree of the Index, March 5, 1616, forbidding the doctrine of Pythagoras concerning the sun as centre of the universe, cannot be construed into a dogmatical decision. Hence the Faithful were not in the least obliged to accept it with certainty of faith, but only with "assensus religiosus"—the difference between which two things Cardinal Franzelin ("De Divina Traditione," 2nd edit. p. 127) strongly insists upon. Bouix's

theory, claiming the prerogative of infallibility for any decision of the Congregations approved of by the Pope in whatever manner, but at the same time allowing a wonderful exception in the one only case of Galileo, is thoroughly examined and rejected by Grisar (pp. 185-212). More than an "assensus religiosus" was not required from Galileo by the Holy Office itself, and it was only in order to manifest this state of mind that he was desired to abjure his system. Galileo's system was not declared to be heretical. It is true, that the consultores of the Index proposed this "note;" but the Cardinals belonging to the Holy Office changed it into "contrary to Holy Scripture." Some may deplore that the Cardinals (the Pope has nothing to do with it, and still less the Pope as common doctor of the Church) were not more in advance of their century in harmonizing Scripture with natural science. But they cannot be fairly judged by any standard but that of the state of hermeneutics and physics in their own day. "If there could be discovered," wrote F. Grassi, professor of astronomy in the Roman College in 1624, "any *irrefragable* argument for the motion of the earth, we should then, indeed, be obliged to interpret in quite another sense those places of the Bible in which the fixity of the earth and the motion of the sun are spoken of, *ita ex sententia Cardinalis Bellarmini*." The line adopted by the Cardinals in rejecting Galileo's system is fully vindicated in the admirable chapters headed: "The Fathers of the Church and the Catholic Interpreters of the Bible," "The Church's Position towards Science in the Time of Galileo," "Aristotelianism and the New System of the Universe," and "Galileo and the Jesuits." In the chapter "On the Chief Cause of the Erroneous Judgment" of the Holy Office (pp. 290-303), Professor Grisar very appropriately points out those dangerous systems of Neo-Aristotelianism and Neo-Platonism which were to be found in Padua and Florence in the time of Galileo. It was the age of Giordano Bruno, Campanella, Varzini, and Sarpi, whose incessant attacks on the most sacred interests of the Church might well incline the Cardinals all the more firmly to conserve traditional explanations of the Bible and to stamp with the brand of novelty any attempt to supersede them. Professor Grisar's work deserves warm recommendation as a very able vindication of the Church in a case which has long been the theme of misrepresentations as to her doctrine, and of misjudgments as to her government.

BELLESHEIM.

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*Little Hinges to Great Doors, and other Tales.* By F. S. D. AMES.  
London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

THREE tales make up the contents of this bright little volume—"Little Hinges," "Cousin Prudence," and "Old Isaac's Christmas-Box," illustrating respectively the struggles and triumph of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Three more entertaining stories need not be asked for by the young reader of any age. Somebody writing a preface to the volume expresses the hope that the appetite of the

public for books of this class may continue to grow; and it will surely grow with such relishable and pure food as this to feed on. There is no obtrusive preaching; the lessons are wrought into the tales, and no reader but can see how the turnings of great doors, the crises in men's lives, is on the little hinges of unseen virtues and principles. The reader will meet not a few characters cleverly drawn—notably, Miss Trevor, flirt and fortune-hunter, who had become a Catholic, and “very religious”—if talking of nothing else but religion could be a criterion. This remark about her is acute: “Her principal *attrait* at that time, I should say, was herself, but she informed her friends it was for nursing the poor.” Her pathetic story, however, we are not going to reveal. “Cousin Prudence” is also a capital story. Cousin Prue’s aunt Dorcas had left her an old stocking; for Aunt Dorcas eschewed banks of all kinds. Her husband had been ruined by one, and had broken his heart over it.

“It’s a very fine place, no doubt,” she is said to have remarked, upon seeing the Bank of England, “a very fine place; but just give me my old stocking. Put your money in that, and there it is; put it into a place like that yonder, and where is it?”

We might multiply sparkling little bits, but must leave them, with the tales they adorn, for the reader to find out. The stories are warmly Catholic, but may be enjoyed by all. One passage in which the grandeur of “hope” is shown—wherein the priest describes to the scoffing and bigoted uncle that Cousin Prue’s twelve pounds has been invested, not in “those rascally new companies, with their eight and ten per cents.,” but in “a very old one; for the Company of Sorrowers, Sufferers, and Sinners (not limited) is as old as mankind itself,” with interest “thirty, sixty, or a hundredfold,” and its security the “word of God Himself”—is, in spite of this quaintness, quite a dramatic passage. Parochial libraries will do well to get this book, which will be as delightful reading for children as influential for good. We may also remark that it deserves the very attractive binding which the publishers have given to it.

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*The Gamekeeper’s Little Son, and other Stories for Children.* By FRANCES J. M. KERSHAW. London: R. Washbourne, 1883.

THE three short stories which comprise this volume are interesting, cleverly written, and will please children. The second, “A Quiet Little Heroine,” is the one we prefer, but with both boys and girls we expect that brave little Robin, the Gamekeeper’s Son, will be the favourite. The authoress of “Bobbie and Birdie” has not, however, we think, made here any advance on that charming story. We scarcely anticipated to find such advance in a volume following so quickly thereupon, but young readers will doubtless be abundantly satisfied that these latest stories are so good; and the book being for them, that is the main point.

*A Catholic Priest and Scientists.* By Rev. J. W. VAHEY. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THIS certainly is a title to pique curiosity. Looking into the book we find it represents the author's part in a discussion on Matter, God, and Revealed Religion, forced on him in Milwaukee in 1878, by some "scientists" of that city. As with all discussions so with this, its chief interest is for near spectators. Readers on this side of the ocean will feel chiefly pity for men who could make such shameless assertions as are some of those Father Vahey was called on to refute. "The wild, vague assertions of my disputants," he tells us, "I dare not give in full; they breathed a spirit of blasphemy." Some of them show that the men scarcely deserved serious attention: for instance, an objection against praying to Saints is that "there are no telephones in operation between God, the Saints, and Catholics," &c. Father Vahey is a vigorous disputant, yet shows great patience with his men. His replies are for the most part terse and vigorous, and they take very properly the form of statement of true doctrine rather than of mere refutation.

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*The Medical Language of St. Luke.* By the REV. W. K. HOBART, LL.D. (Dublin University Press Series). London: Longmans. 8vo. 1882.

THE object of this work is to show, by a detailed and minute examination of the language of the third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles, that both of these were written by a person familiar with medicine, and with the language current in the Greek medical schools. It need not be said that Mr. Hobart's point is one of considerable interest, since, if he has proved it, it strongly confirms our belief that both these books of Scripture were written by the "beloved physician" to whom they are attributed. The inquiry is pursued under two heads. The author first goes over all the accounts given of the miracles of healing and the like, comparing them with the other Evangelists, and showing that the language employed, and the circumstances mentioned, are such as a Greek physician would adopt. In the second part the rest of the narrative is examined, with the object of showing that its ordinary language is that usually employed by the Greek medical writers. The whole has been worked out with such conscientious industry, that the subject may be said to be exhausted, and all the materials for forming a judgment upon it have been submitted to the reader. The writer of the present notice (who can pretend to little qualification for the task, beyond having formerly devoted much time to the study of Hippocrates and Galen) has gone carefully through the book, verifying such passages as suggested inquiry, and is satisfied that Mr. Hobart has abundantly proved his point. It is unfortunate that no general analysis can be given of a work which is almost entirely composed of extracts from Greek medical authors; we can only give a taste of its quality by selecting a few points of special interest.

In describing the miracles of healing, the third Evangelist and the author of the Acts alone enumerates such particulars as a medical man would be likely to notice; such as the duration or congenital nature of the disease, its being a "pernicious" fever (for which *μεγάλη* of Lc. iv. 39 is the technical expression), and such details as the side of the body which was affected. Above all, he is careful to distinguish cases in which a miracle was wrought immediately from those in which it was gradual, when the stages of improvement are also noted (as in Lc. vii. 14, xiii. 13, and Acts iv. 23, ix. 41). Similarly, he notices the symptoms of the blindness of Elymas, and the mode in which St. Paul recovered his sight (*ἀποπίπτειν* and *λεπίς* being the medical terms proper for the occasion, and used by the medical writers in conjunction). In describing paralysis, he always uses the technical word *παραλελυμένος*, instead of the popular *παραλυτικός*, employed by the other Evangelists. The parables of the Good Samaritan and of Lazarus especially abound in words and phrases, some of which are distinctly medical, and others are most common in the medical writers.

The general narrative, excluding medical subjects, affords much equally interesting matter for quotation. The divisions of time, *μσημβρία*, *ἑσπέρα*, *μεσονύκτιον*, *ἥρθρος*, and the like, are almost peculiar to St. Luke, and were in common use among physicians. Conversely, he never uses (as no medical writer would) *μαλακία* and *ἀκοή* for "sickness" and "fame," as the other Evangelists do. The variety of words used to describe beds and stretchers for the sick is suggestive of a physician's vocabulary; money is denoted by the common terms for medical weights, *δραχμή* and *μνᾶ*. Finally (for we can quote no more, though much is very interesting) *τεκμήρια* and *σημεία* (Acts i. 3) are said by Galen to be the words usually employed by physicians to distinguish proof by demonstration from that by observation.

It appears to us, however, that too much is made by Mr. Hobart of the occurrence in St. Luke of words which are found indeed in the medical writers, but also elsewhere. Not much importance need be attached, for instance, to the frequency of compounds of *βάλλειν* and *ἐρχέσθαι*; and of the employment of *ἄτοπος*, *καθόλου*, *ἀσφάλεια*, *ὀρίζειν*, and others, which are by no means peculiar to the physicians. Even some other words, of which the unusual employment by St. Luke can be paralleled from the medical writers, are also found with the same sense elsewhere; thus *ἀρχαί* (used for "the ends" of the sheet in Acts x. 11) is found in the same sense in Euripides; and *χρῶς* (Acts xix. 12) is used by Plutarch for "body." But these are minor points, which do not detract from the value of the great mass of evidence which Mr. Hobart has gathered, and made to converge on his conclusion. And even amongst these debateable words are some of much interest, such as the very common use of *σύν*, and the employment of *ἄτερ*, an old poetical preposition retained by the medical writers. Much light is incidentally thrown, too, upon the precise meaning of some words (*e.g.* *ἑὺθετος*) by the parallel passages adduced; indeed, we greatly wish

the author had added to our obligations, by pointing out some of these himself. We can only mention one or two examples—*ἀπελπίζειν* is used by the physicians in both the senses which may be given in Lc. xii. 35, its use in the sense of “hoping” occurring when it is joined with a negative;—*ἐπιστρέφειν*, as used by the physicians, supports the “*conversus*” of the Vulgate in Lc. xxii. 32, rather than the “*in turn*” of other translators.

Another point of interest has not been remarked by our author. No distinctively medical term, and few which can be said to savour of the physician, occur in the section of the Gospel i. 5—ii. 52: thus giving some confirmation to the belief that it was derived, almost if not entirely, “*verbatim*” from Our Lady or St. James. On the other hand, the long section (ix. 51—xviii. 14), also peculiar to St. Luke, in which some critics have traced a difference of style, contains a full average of medical words and phrases. From these examples, which might be easily multiplied, it will be seen that this work has an indirect value for students of Holy Scripture, beyond the main purpose its author has had in view.

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1. *The Conveyancing and Law of Property Act, 1881; &c.* By AUBREY ST. JOHN CLERKE, B.A., and THOMAS BRETT, LL.B., B.A., &c., both of the Middle Temple, Barristers-at-Law. (Second Edition.) London: Butterworth.
  2. *The Conveyancing and Law of Property Act, 1881, Amendment Act, 1882.* By the same Authors and Publishers.
  3. *The Settled Land Act, 1882.* By AUBREY ST. JOHN CLERKE, B.A., &c. London: Butterworth.

THESE three handy works on the recent sweeping measures of reform in the laws affecting the transfer of land, call for very high praise indeed from the class for whom they are written—the legal profession. In these days of much and badly drafted legislation acting on, and in turn to be acted on, by a “Codeless myriad of precedents,” the office of the legal text-writer becomes yearly more important and more difficult.

The requirements of a good law book are more numerous now-a-days than ever: we have recognized most of them in the works under notice, in a degree most refreshing in comparison with the average of the vast number yearly inflicted on the profession.

The Acts which are the subjects of Messrs. Clerke and Brett’s criticisms, though passed with the common object of facilitating the transfer of land, are of widely different scope and importance. The Acts included in works (1) and (2) deal almost exclusively with changes in the procedure of conveyancing, but the Settled Land Act of last Session introduced a change into the existing substantive law of the most sweeping character. Shortly stated, the main object of the Act is to give to every tenant for life, in possession (the definition of which term is very wide indeed, and includes a married woman entitled for her separate use) of

land the subject of a settlement, absolute, uncontrollable and inalienable power to sell the whole estate included in the settlement, as if he were absolute owner in fee. The purchase-money, however, must be paid to the trustees or into court, and not to the life tenant, though they must be invested as the life tenant pleases within the limits allowed by the Act. The extent to which this power of sale will be availed of so as to carry out what we may suppose to have been the ruling motive of the Legislature—namely, to ensure that land in the possession of owners too encumbered to do justice to it shall pass into the hands of those better able, will no doubt chiefly depend on the nature of the investments into which the purchase-money may be changed. The motive of the Act appears here in a double way: on the one hand, in its giving the widest possible scope to schemes for the improvement of the estate; and, on the other, in its offering as little temptation as possible to limited owners to sell for the purpose of bettering, not the land, but their own incomes. The most tempting investment included in the Act is probably “the bonds, mortgages, and debentures, or debenture stock, of any railway company in Great Britain or Ireland having for ten years next before the investment paid a dividend on its ordinary stock or shares,” and such an investment can now-a-days hardly be made to return 4 per cent. on the cost price. As land at present does not fetch on an average twenty-five years’ purchase of the nominal rents, the temptation to sell for their personal benefit can hardly be said to be thrown in the way of tenants for life. It would be out of place here to do more in the way of criticism than merely to repeat our conviction of the merits of all the three works above named, and to express our hope that the later works will meet with that popularity which the first has already obtained, and which, in the case of Law Books above all, is the best proof, as it is the general result, of industry and skilfulness.

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*Decreta authentica Sacrae Congregationis Indulgentiis Sacrisque Reliquiis praepositae ab anno 1668 ad annum 1882, Edit a jussu et auctoritate ss. D. N. Leonis PP. XIII. Ratisbonae: Pustet, 1883.*

ONLY twenty years ago Mgr. Prinzivalli brought out his collection of authentic resolutions of this Roman Congregation. But it laboured under two defects: it was neither complete, nor stamped with an official character. Hence, for many years the Congregation had determined to publish a new edition, comprehending the most important decrees published from the very beginning of its existence in 1668. It is to a German Jesuit, F. Schneider, that we are indebted for the useful collection issued by special command of the Holy Father Leo XIII. In comparing Schneider’s official edition with that of Prinzivalli, the reader is at once impressed by the immense difference between the two books. The latter, besides general decrees, contains a large number of rescripts and answers given by the Congregation to particular cases, whilst the former supplies exclusively general and important decrees. A collection of

Papal Bulls is annexed, whilst three registers much enhance the value of the collection. It will prove of great value to every priest in his missionary work, and will become indispensable to religious congregations.

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*The Editio Princeps of the Epistle of Barnabas.* By ARCHBISHOP USSHER. As printed at Oxford, A.D. 1642, and preserved in an imperfect form in the Bodleian Library. With a Dissertation on the literary history of that edition, by the late Rev. J. H. BACKHOUSE, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1883.

IT is lamentable to find that the inordinate love of a Royalist soldier for roast pig caused the world a great literary loss in the year 1664. This wretched man first stole his pig, then set to work to roast it, and for his Sunday dinner, too! In doing so he burnt the house down, and set a good part of Oxford ablaze. Lichfield's printing house was burnt, and Ussher's edition of the Epistles of Barnabas, Ignatius, and Polycarp, stored therein, perished, excepting only a fragment, consisting of a Preface and Eight Chapters.

This fragment, which has been in the Bodleian Library for two hundred years, has just been published in facsimile by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press. As a unique literary curiosity the reprint will be welcomed by bibliophiles. Two title-pages are given in facsimile, with the four crowns and emblems underneath. There is a curious misprint on the title-page "*acta Barnabæ, consobrino ipsius Johanni Marco ineptè afflictæ.*"

Ussher's preface and readings have, of course, a certain intrinsic value, but the work might have been made more useful to students by supplying the deficiencies of what is but a fragment of a most interesting Epistle. The question of authenticity might have been discussed, a question which Ussher shirks in his preface; the remaining chapters might have been added, and the newly acquired Greek text of the first five chapters might have been given. The finding of the Sinaitic Codex by Tischendorf in 1859, with the entire Greek text of the Epistle of Barnabas, has awakened fresh interest in the question of its authenticity. This fresh evidence will tend to make critics reconsider their former opinion of its spuriousness. Dr. Milligan, the writer of the article in Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Biography," is not afraid to encounter the strong objections of Bishop Hefele and Dr. Donaldson. It is a case in which there is a conflict between external and internal evidence. Still, despite the testimony of St. Clement of Alexandria and Origen, together with the quasi-canonical honour paid to the Epistle in the Church of Alexandria, it would be hard to credit St. Barnabas with the solemn trivialities contained therein,—unless we suppose, to quote the irreverent suggestion of the German critic Weizsäcker, that he wrote it in his dotage! Certainly no one who believes that St. Paul wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews, could suppose that St. Barnabas, the Levite, his friend and fellow-student in the school of Gamaliel, was the author of a letter which is but a feeble and ignorant copy

of the inspired Epistle. It is a remarkable coincidence that Tertullian should have attributed the Epistle to the Hebrews to St. Barnabas. Apart from the question of the authorship, there are many points of interest in the Epistle. We may instance one, which Dr. Ussher calls attention to in his Preface. It is the statement of the writer (ch. iv.), that our Lord, to prove that He came to call not the just but sinners to repentance, chose as His Apostles men who had been very great sinners, *υπερ̄ π̄σαν̄ ἀμαρτίαν ἀνομωμένους*. This it was, so Origen says, that gave Celsus an occasion for slandering the Apostles as he did. Another point of interest is the strange explanation of the six days of Genesis. "The meaning," the writer says, "is this—that in six thousand years, the Lord God will bring all things to an end. For with Him one day is a thousand years. . . . Therefore, children, in six days, that is in six thousand years, shall all things be accomplished" (ch. xii.). If this interpretation is any way near the mark, we may safely affirm that we are considerably nearer to the end of the world than to the end of the controversies about its beginning.

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*The Bhagavad Gītā, a Sanskrit Philosophical Poem, translated with Notes.*

By JOHN DAVIES, M.A. (Trübner's Oriental Series.) London : Trübner & Co. 1882.

THERE are few more difficult and important problems in Oriental literature than that of the date of the Bhagavad Gītā: "the Song of the Divine One." What appears to be tolerably certain is that it is an interpolation in the Mahābhārata: but whether it was written three centuries before or three centuries after the Christian era, or at any time between these two dates, is entirely uncertain. One of the most curious things about it is the number of passages it contains, which exhibit a remarkable similarity to portions of the New Testament; and hence Dr. Lorinser has been led to maintain that it was written by one who had knowledge of Christian doctrines, and who, therefore, must have lived some considerable time after the beginning of the Christian era. As a specimen of coincident passages take the following :—

#### BHAGAVAD GĪTĀ.

I am exceedingly dear to the wise man; he also is dear to me (vii. 17).

I am the way, supporter, lord, witness, abode, refuge, friend (ix. 18).

I never depart from him (the true Gogin), he never departs from me (vi. 30).

They who worship me with true devotion (Chaklyā) are in me and I in them (vi. 29).

#### NEW TESTAMENT.

(Protestant Version.)

He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him (John xiv. 21).

I am the way, the truth, and the life (John xiv. 6). I am the first and the last (Rev. i. 17).

He dwelleth in me and I in him (John vi. 57).

I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one (John xvii. 23).

Be assured, that he who worships me perishes not (ix. 31).

I am the beginning and the middle and the end of existent things (x. 20).

I will deliver thee from all sin; do not grieve (xviii. 66).

He who knows me as unborn and without beginning, the mighty Lord of the world, he among mortals is undeluded, he is delivered from all sins (x. 3).

What sacrifice, almsgiving, or austerity is done without faith is evil (asat) (xvii. 28).

That man obtains the perfect state who honours by his proper work Him from whom all things have issued, and by whom this All was spread out (xviii. 46).

Now it must be acknowledged that these coincidences of thought and expression, although not conclusive of the correctness of Dr. Lorinser's theory, are very startling. The problem is examined by Mr. Davies in an appendix to his recently published work, with great care, and his conclusion is as follows:—

We cannot attain to perfect certainty on the questions which have been here discussed, but all the evidence we have is in favour of the following propositions: (1) That some Hindū writings were affected after the second or third century, A.C., by the Christian faith and ritual; (2) that the doctrines of the Christian faith had been preached and Christian communities formed in India during those centuries; and (3) that the Bhagavad Gītā cannot probably be referred to an earlier period than the third century A.C. From a long study of the work, I infer that its author lived at or near the time of Kalidāsa, who is supposed by Professor Lassen to have lived about the middle of the third century after Christ. Formerly he was assigned to the first half of the century before Christ, but this opinion is not now generally maintained. We require more evidence on the subject than we have at present before the question can be finally answered. We must say with Professor Weber on this subject, as well as on our author's acquaintance with Christian doctrines, "The question is still *sub judice*."

So much as to Mr. Davies's view upon this matter. Let us add that his translation of the Bhagavad Gītā is, as we judge, the best that has as yet appeared in English, and that his Philological Notes are of quite peculiar value.

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*The Philosophy of the Upanishads and Ancient Indian Metaphysics.* By ARCHIBALD EDWARD GOUGH, M.A. (Trübner's Oriental Series.) London: Trübner. 1882.

WHAT is the true value of the philosophy of the Upanishads? Schopenhauer, so little inclined himself to mysticism, for his whole endeavour was to reduce philosophy to mere cosmology,

He that believeth in me shall never perish, but shall have eternal life (John iii. 5).

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending (Rev. i. 8).

Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee (Matt. ix. 2).

This is the life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent (John xvii. 3).

Whatsoever is not of faith is sin (Rom. xiv. 23).

Whatsoever therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God (1 Cor. x. 31).

speaks of them as "the highest product of the highest wisdom" (*Ausgeburd der höchsten Weisheit*). "From every sentence deep, original, sublime thoughts arise," he affirms; and he pronounces the whole to be "pervaded by a high and holy and earnest spirit." Far other is the judgment of Mr. Gough, whose very valuable work, recently published in Messrs. Trübner's Oriental Series, is the result of long and careful study of those Sanscrit originals, of which Schopenhauer was ignorant.

The Upanishads, writes Mr. Gough, are so many "Songs before Sunrise," spontaneous effusions of awakening reflection, half poetical, half metaphysical, that precede the conscious and methodical labour of the long succession of thinkers to construct a thoroughly intelligible conception of the sum of things. . . . They exhibit the pantheistic view of things in a naïvely poetical expression, and at the same time in its coarsest form. (Pref.)

And again:—

The Orientalist will have to look in the face this fact of the inferiority of the hereditary type of Indian character. His work may be hard and unproductive, but at least it is necessary to a full and complete survey of the products of the human mind. He has much to do and little to claim as regards the value of his labours, and he will not demur to the judgment of Arthur Butler: "It presents a fearful contrast to observe the refinement to which speculation appears to have been carried in the philosophy of India, and the grossness of the contemporary idolatry, paralleled in scarcely any nation of the earth, as well as the degraded condition of the mass of the people, destitute of active energy, and for the most part without a shadow of moral principle to animate the dull routine of a burthensome scrupulous superstition. The aim of human wisdom is the liberation of the soul from the evils attending the mortal state. This object is attempted by one modification or other of that intense abstraction which, separating the soul from the bonds of flesh, is supposed capable of liberating it in this life from the unworthy restrictions of earthly existence, and of introducing it in the next to the full enjoyment of undisturbed repose, or even to the glories of a total absorption into the Divine essence itself. In all this we may detect the secret but continual influences of a climate which, indisposing the organization for active exertion, naturally cherished those theories which represent the true felicity of man to consist in inward contemplation and complete quiescence." (P. 6.)

Once more Mr. Gough writes:—

Such as they are, and have been shown to be, the Upanishads are the loftiest utterances of Indian intelligence. They are the work of a rude age, a deteriorated race, and a barbarous and unprogressive community. Whatever value the reader may assign to the ideas they present, they are the highest produce of the ancient Indian mind, and almost the only elements of interest in Indian literature, which is at every stage replete with them to saturation. (P. 268.)

So much may suffice to exhibit Mr. Gough's judgment as to the value of the Upanishads. For the grounds upon which that judgment rests we must refer our readers to his very scholarly and thoughtful pages.

*Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne, taken from original sources.* By JOHN ASHTON. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1882.

MR. ASHTON'S book is not much more than a compilation, and that is its great merit. He has laid under contribution a great number of original authorities upon the manners and customs of our forefathers in the days of good Queen Anne, and he has arranged his matter very well and illustrated it by a considerable number of engravings, all taken from contemporary prints. His two volumes are divided into forty-two chapters, and in them we think he has travelled pretty well over the ordinary field of human activity. "Quidquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli," he might say as truly as the Roman satirist. But he is not satirical, although, indeed, his pages contain abundant food for meditation upon "life's poor play." One of the most amusing chapters is that on "Food (Solid)." Here is an extract from it:—

In the matter of food, people were not gourmets as a rule. The living was plentiful, but plain, and a dinner was never more than two courses; as Addison wrote, "Two plain dishes, with two or three good-natured, cheerful, ingenious friends, would make me more pleased and vain than all that pomp and luxury can bestow;" and this sentiment pervaded the whole of society. Dinner is almost the only meal ever mentioned, and one looks in vain for details of breakfast or supper. They were taken, of course, but men then did not sufficiently deify their stomachs, as to be always talking about them: dinner was the meal of the day, and there is no doubt that the most was made of that opportunity. Mission says, "The English eat a great deal at dinner, they rest a while, and to it again, till they have quite stuffed their paunch. Their supper is moderate: gluttons at noon and abstinent at night. I always heard they were great flesh eaters, and I found it true. I have known several people in England that never eat any bread, and universally they eat very little; they nibble a few crumbs, while they chew the meat by whole mouthfuls. Generally speaking, the English tables are not delicately served. There are some noblemen that have both French and English cooks, and these eat much after the French manner; but among the middling sort of people they have ten or twelve sorts of common meats, which infallibly take their turns at their tables, and two dishes are their dinners: a pudding, for instance, and a piece of roast beef; another time they will have a piece of boiled beef, and then they salt it some days beforehand, and besiege it with five or six heaps of cabbage, carrots, turnips, or some other herbs or roots, well peppered and salted, and swimming in butter; a leg of roast or boiled mutton, dished up with the same dainties, fowls, pigs, ox tripes and tongues, rabbits, pigeons, all well moistened with butter, without larding. Two of these dishes, always served up one after the other, make the usual dinner of a substantial gentleman or wealthy citizen. When they have boiled meat, there is sometimes one of the company that will have the broth; this is a kind of soup, with a little oatmeal in it, and some leaves of thyme or sage, or other such small herbs. They bring up this in as many porringers as there are people that desire it; those that please, crumble a little bread into it, and this makes a kind of potage." (Vol. i. p. 185.)

This same writer goes into ecstasies over what Mr. Ashton calls "our national diet, the Pudding." The following is his account of it:—

The pudding is a dish very difficult to be described, because of the several sorts there are of it; flour, milk, eggs, butter, sugar, suet, marrow, raisins, &c. &c., are the most common ingredients of a pudding. They bake them in an oven, they boil them with meat, they make them fifty several ways. Blessed be he that invented pudding, for it is a manna that hits the palates of all sorts of people; a manna better than that of the Wilderness, because the people are never weary of it. Oh, what an excellent thing is an English pudding! To come in pudding time is as much as to say, to come in the most lucky moment in the world. (Vol. i. p. 188.)

Oysters, we learn—real natives—were wonderfully cheap, the wheelbarrow-men selling them at twelve-pence a peck. Those were indeed the good old times! In the chapter upon “Food (Liquid)” it is amusing to find Carlowitz in the list of wines drunk in the reign of the last of the Stuarts. Port was introduced in 1703, owing to the Methuen Treaty—the shortest treaty known—and soon became very popular in that hard-drinking age, as may be seen from Steele’s praise of it. “A bottle of good edifying Port,” writes the author of “The Christian Hero,” “at honest George’s made a night cheerful and threw off reserve. But this plaguy French Claret will not only cost us more money but do us less good.” Mr. Steele probably was of the opinion which the late Mr. Richard Shillitoe, the famous classical coach at Cambridge, used to express: that Claret would be Port, if it could. Punch was by no means the potent fluid it afterwards became. Here is a receipt for it, given by a noted brandy merchant of the time:—

Major Bird’s receipt to make punch of his brandy: Take one quart of his brandy, and it will bear two quarts and a pint of spring water; if you drink it very strong, then two quarts of water to a quart of brandy, with six or eight Lisbon lemons and half a pound of fine loaf sugar; then you will find it to have a curious fine scent and flavour, and drink and taste as clean as Burgundy. (Vol. i. p. 202.)

Wines were considerably dearer than they are in these days, and the price of tea was so high as to confine its use to the rich:—

Black tea varied in 1704 from 12s. to 16s. per lb.; in 1706, 14s. to 16s.; in 1707, which seems to have been an exceptionally dear year, 16s., 20s., 22s., 24s., 30s., and 32s.; in 1709 it was from 14s. to 28s.; and in 1710, 12s. to 28s. Green tea in 1705 was 13s. 6d.; in 1707, 20s., 22s., 26s.; in 1709, 10s. to 15s.; and in 1710, 10s. to 16s. The difference between old and new is given once. The new tea is 14s. and the old 12s. and 10s. (Vol. i. p. 203.)

Smoking and snuffing were almost universal. Ward gives an amusing account of a famous tobacco shop in Fleet Street:—

Speaking of the company assembled, he says: There was no talking amongst ’em, but puff was the period of every sentence; and what they said was as short as possible, for fear of losing the pleasure of a whiff, as How d’ye do?—puff; thank ye—puff. Is the weed good?—puff. Excellent—puff. It’s fine weather—puff. G—d be thanked—puff. What’s a clock—puff, &c. Behind the counter stood a complaisant spark, who, I observed, showed as much breeding in the sale of a pennyworth of tobacco, and the change of a shilling, as a courteous

footman when he meets his brother skip in the middle of a Covent garden; and is so very dexterous in discharge of his occupation, that he guesses from a pound of tobacco to an ounce, to the certainty of one single corn, and will serve more pennyworths of tobacco in half-an-hour than some clouterly mundungus sellers shall be able to do in half four and twenty. He never makes a man wait the tenth part of a minute for his change, but will so readily fling you down all sums, without counting, from a guinea to three-pennyworth of farthings, that you would think he had it ready in his hand for you before you asked him for it. He was very generous of his small beer to a good customer; and I am bound to say thus much in his behalf, that he will show a man more civility for the taking of a penny than many mechanics will do for the taking of a pound. (Vol. i. p. 206.)

Mr. Ashton continues:—

Tobacco is very much used in England. The very women take it in abundance, particularly in the Western Counties, writes Mission, and Brown also mentions the practice; but, although Torevin reports that in Charles II.'s time, in Worcestershire, it was not only usual for the women to join the men in smoking, but that the children were sent to school with pipes in their satchels, and the schoolmaster called a halt in their studies whilst they all smoked—he teaching the neophytes. Yet Thoresby runs him very hard:—"20th Jan. 1702. Evening with brother, &c. at Garraway's coffee-house; was surprised to see his sickly child of three years old fill its pipe of tobacco and smoke it as audfarandly as a man of three score; after that, a second and a third pipe, without the least concern, as it is said to have done above a year ago. (Vol. i. p. 207.)

This seems incredible, but there is a good deal of testimony available to the same effect. On the whole we think most readers will rise from the perusal of Mr. Ashton's amusing and instructive volumes in a frame of mind much like that expressed by the Roman poet:

"Prisca juvent alios, ego me nunc denique natum  
Gratulor; hæc ætas moribus apta meis."

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*The Doctrine of Last Things, contained in the New Testament, compared with the Notions of the Jews, and the Statements of Christian Creeds.*

By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D., LL.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

THIS is a very learned book, and, we do not doubt, a very honest one, but the chief reflection of a Catholic reader upon it will be, what a pity that so much learning and honesty should not have been employed under the guidance of faith! Failing faith, however—which, of course, is a Divine gift—we could wish that Dr. Davidson would acquire a deeper, fuller, and more accurate knowledge of Catholic theology. He would find the advantage—merely from an intellectual point of view—in devoting himself to its systematic study. In illustration of the wish to be fair, with which we credit him, let us quote the following passage, merely premising that he personally does not hold the doctrine which it discusses:—

The expressions employed in the Bible do not entirely settle the question of everlasting punishment, though they favour it. If a specific sense be attached to words, never-ending misery is enunciated. On the

presumption that one doctrine is taught, it is the eternity of hell-torments; and those who maintain such to be the Bible statement have valid arguments on their side. Bad exegesis may attempt to banish it from the New Testament Scriptures, but it is still there; and expositors who wish to get rid of it, as Canon Farrar does, injure the cause they have in view, by misinterpretation. Of the two methods resorted to for putting the tenet out of the New Testament, the annihilation hypothesis is more plausibly supported by language. Both, however, must be rejected.

The strong language, *everlasting destruction, everlasting punishment, unquenchable fire, perdition of ungodly men, destruction and perdition*, and the like, may be taken for *annihilation* or ceasing to be, and the adjective *æonian* may be modified; but that interpretation is unsatisfactory. It is impossible fairly to eliminate the eternity of hell-torments from the following passages:—"To be cast into the everlasting fire," "the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels," "these will go away into everlasting punishment," "whosoever shall blaspheme against the Holy Spirit has never forgiveness, but will be liable to everlasting sin"; "to be cast into hell, where their worm dies not, and the fire is not quenched." If the words of Jesus in these places be correctly reported, He taught the doctrine of everlasting punishment.

The Apostle John, in the Revelation, who must have known the mind of the Master, uses language of the same import, when he says that whoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire, where the beast and false prophet "are tormented day and night, for ever and ever." It will be said, perhaps, that the Greek terms put into Christ's mouth, and the figurative language employed, should not be insisted on; while the fact that His authentic sayings must be separated from the traditional ones incorporated in the Gospels should be kept in mind. His general teaching, at least, scarcely agrees with the never-ending misery of many human beings, for it rests on an ethical basis. Can His doctrine be less excellent than Zoroastrianism, in which the eternity of evil disappears, and immortal life prevails in the renovated universe, dualism being merged in unity? It must be allowed, however, that the New Testament record not only makes Christ assert everlasting punishment, but Paul and John. In opposition to Rothe, we hold such interpretation to be more natural than that which substitutes the annihilation of the wicked for their perpetual torment. (P. 136.)

*Peregrinus Proteus: An Investigation into Certain Relations subsisting between "De morte Peregrini," "The Two Epistles of Clement to the Corinthians," "The Epistle to Diognetus," "The Bibliotheca of Photius," and other Writings.* By J. M. COTTERILL. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THIS is a work of great erudition sadly misapplied. The learned author is possessed with the notion that the above-mentioned writings, and many more besides, are a literary fraud, practised upon the world by Henry Stephens, son of the famous Robert, the French printer of the sixteenth century. Mr. Cotterill is a literary detective, and he tells us how he was first led to suspect the aforesaid Henry of dishonesty, how he tracked him in all his dealings with Apostolic Fathers, profane writers, and early heretics, and how he finally caught him in the very act of tampering with the Bibliotheca of the Heresiarch

Photius. We must confess that whilst we admire the wondrous sagacity and untiring research of the detective, we fail to be convinced by the proofs he has accumulated against the accused Henry. Verbal coincidences and curious similarities of phrase do not prove much beyond the undoubted diligence of him who hunted them up. At the utmost they warrant suspicion, but are not strong enough to procure a conviction. In Mr. Cotterill's idea, Henry Stephens was the head-centre of a secret society, having for its object the palming off literary frauds upon the simplicity of the age of Renaissance. We are glad to be able to assure our readers that this terrible impostor was not a Catholic, but a Protestant of Protestants, living in the full light of the glorious Reformation. If the son of the Protestant Pope Stephens, as Bentley loved to style his father, was really the writer of Lucian's bitter satire on Christianity, the less said about Isidore Mercator and his forged Decretals the better.

We are quite unable to enter upon the various questions which Mr. Cotterill raises as to the authenticity of the writings he impugns. We must content ourselves with two remarks: First, that the charge against St. Clement's Epistles is singularly ill-timed, in the light of recent discoveries of two ancient MSS. containing the Epistles in full. So that in addition to the Alexandrian Codex of the fifth century, we have an eleventh century MS., discovered in 1875 by Bryennios, Metropolitan of Serræ, and a Syriac version of the twelfth century, lately purchased by the Cambridge University Library. These MSS. were written centuries before Henry Stephens was born. No doubt Mr. Cotterill thinks Bryennios a Simonides not yet found out. Secondly, we admit that Mr. Cotterill has a better case in the Epistle to Diognetus. Here he has no old MSS., and but little external evidence to trouble him. It is generally admitted that St. Justin did not write it, and there is no other claimant for the honour of having written a letter the classic eloquence of which is worthy of a Christian Demosthenes. Two transcripts of the sixteenth century exist; one made by Stephens, the other by his friend Beurer. There was an older MS. in the Strasbourg Library, but this perished in the fire of 1870 caused by German shells. It is thought that this was the original which Stephens copied out, not over-faithfully. It is not impossible, as Dr. Donaldson suggests, that the Epistle to Diognetus is the rhetorical exercise of a later Greek writer. The burnt MS. proves that Stephens was not the author but the transcriber. If there is any fraud in the Epistle, it is surely more likely that Stephens was himself deceived than that he took such infinite pains to deceive others. We have no desire to protect Stephens from Mr. Cotterill's wrath, but we do object to having our libraries turned topsy-turvy in Mr. Cotterill's vigorous attempts to catch a literary thief.

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1. *The Sacred Laws of the Aryas: as taught in the School of Apastamba, Gautama, Vāsishtha and Bandhâyana.* Translated by GENG BÜHLER. Part II. Vasishtha and Bandhâyana. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1882.
2. *Pahlavi Texts.* Translated by E. W. WEST. Part II. The Dâdistân-i-Dînîk and the Épistles of Mânuskîhar. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1882.
3. *Vindya Texts.* Translated from the Pâli by T. W. RHYS DAVIDS and HERMANN OLDENBERG. Part II. The Mahavagga, V.—X. The Kullavagga, I.—III. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1882.
4. *The Zend-Avesta.* Part II. Translated by JAMES DARMESTER. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1882.
5. *The Fo-Sho-Hing-Tsar-King.* A Life of Buddha, translated from Sanskrit into Chinese, by DHARMARAKSHA, A.D. 420; and from Chinese into English by SAMUEL BEAL. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1883.

WE have received from the Delegates of the Clarendon Press these five new volumes of the very important series of Sacred Books of the East, to which we devoted an article in the number of this REVIEW, published in July last. These new contributions to Professor Max Müller's great undertaking are fully worthy of their place in it, and of the reputation of the illustrious Orientalists, to whom they are due.

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*A Scamper through America.* By T. S. HUDSON. London: Griffith & Farran. 1882.

FIFTY thousand miles of ocean and continent in sixty days is an idea suggestive of what a Yankee would call "greased lightning;" when the scamper is in itself such a feat, it is nothing small to say, in this case, what is often said of a book—that the author carries his readers along with him. Instead of lengthy descriptions and studied style, there is the brisk talk of a quick observer, who is anxious to tell, bluntly or piquantly, as they come to mind, those impressions that were the keenest noted on the spot, and those trifles which the professional book-making traveller considers too small or too well-known to mention, but which in reality mark for us the contrast between American life and ours. Thus, he notes in New York his first incongruous impression of foreign surroundings and English and homely signboards, the wooden façades of shops daubed green and blue, the telegraph poles clustering at the street corners; and in the finer parts of the city, and in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "that magnificent mixture of splendour and coarseness" which led him "to the charitable conclusion that it is want of time that drives the Yankees to omit such supererogatory words as 'please' and 'thank you,'" and to bolt meals as if to-morrow were the Last Day. At the farthest western city of the States,

we hear of something new in taking the railway ticket for a journey, with stoppages, from San Francisco to Quebec.

"Two for Quebec." Accustomed as the hard-faced official doubtless was to big things, this brief request momentarily threw him off his guard, and he remarked, "That's a tall order, mister" (the fare was sixty pounds). Observing, however, that I had the roll of greenbacks ready, he lapsed into imperturbability, and handed me the three and a half feet of ticket, to be used up in pieces as we went along.

He peeps into various places of worship with impartial curiosity, from the Washington negro meeting-house which a little girl outside pointed out to him as a "colored Baptist" church, even to the new cathedral of St. Peter's, with its five domes and twenty-five chapels, in course of erection at Montreal—"a striking example of the wealth and power of Roman Catholicism in Canada." In the descriptions of scenery there are happy touches, and the right spirit. The wondrous valley of all valleys is visited—the Yosemite, lying high up in a vast mountain country, a sudden rift a mile deep, a mile in breadth, and about seven miles long. The writer is an enthusiast for its rich colours of luxuriant bloom, its pine-trees on the ledges, and wooded depths below, its spires and towers of rock, and its waterfalls, so far surpassing each other that travellers in the Yosemite valley leave unnoticed cascades as grand as the famous waterfalls of Europe. Leaving such scenery at early morning, in the freshness of a life-giving atmosphere, the author calls his delight a foretaste of heaven, an earnest of what paradise might be; and he found himself reflecting in wonder, What have we poor mortals done to merit such a happiness?

The book contains many thoughtful observations, such as the simple solution of that question of centuries, What is to be done with the Indian?—Treat him as a white man.

*A Son of Belial.* By NITRAM TRADLEG. London: Trubner & Co. 1882.

UNDER a transparent anagram, and with an unpleasant tinge, not of brightness, but of levity, there is here a short and bitter "Apologia pro vita suâ" by a Unitarian minister. "Be you Christian, Jew, Turk, infidel, heretic, or doubter," the preface runs—"do you want to know why I wrote this book? I wrote it because I could not help it." Later, in the text, a more definite reason appears; he has set down these reminiscences, though a painful task, in the hope that Evangelical parents may see what effect their teaching can have upon a sensitive child. He describes himself as "a sickly, nervous, brooding child, with a lively fancy and a restless brain, continually dreaming of the Judgment Day, when I was always among the goats."

Indeed, a more frightful picture of a child's mind nurtured on Calvinism than the one we find in these pages could scarcely be imagined. Details of the picture would be very painful reading for Catholics. The whole autobiography shows indirectly and uncon-

sciously a life blighted by this beginning, affections stunted, and instead of happy faith, a growing tendency to scoff at all belief. The writer tells how at length he cast aside the last remaining shackles of a dogmatic creed, and doubt, once so welcome, grew "terrible and stern, when it seemed to steal upon the sanctities of trust in a Heavenly Father and hope in a future life." The logical sequel to his course of action would be atheism, rationalism, and the last light of Heaven gone out. We believe Nitram Tradleg has a contempt for all things Catholic: we have no contempt for him, but a hearty sympathy for a life that was so warped at the outset, and that ran in so dark a groove. Does it not occur to the author that his experience of religious belief would at least be widened by an honest knowledge of the Catholic Church, acquired *vivâ voce*, rather than from books or from hearsay, and sought with that species of almost daring earnestness which we believe underlies the vaunted levity of "A Son of Belial."

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1. *Through Thorny Paths*. By FRANCES NOBLE. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.
  2. *My Story*. London: Burns & Oates.
  3. *Killed at Sedan*. A Novel. By SAMUEL RICHARDSON, A.B., B.L. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.
  4. *Rachel's Fate, and other Tales*. By WILLIAM SETON. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.
  5. *Uncle Ned's Stories for Boys and Girls*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

"**T**HROUGH Thorny Paths" is a difficult title for voice and memory: one word less would have spared the unoffending reader a furze-and-blackberry-bush sensation. After the hard name comes easy reading; in fact the story is so happily told, that it is worth criticism, and too good to be dismissed with a compliment. The wonder is that with so much power, excellence is missed after all. There was judgment enough to create a current of interest setting stronger and stronger; yet the current is allowed to leave us high and dry on the mud-flats several pages from the end, with only a languid desire to glance at the fate of our imaginary friends. Again, though the provincial descriptions are vivid, the provincialisms ought not to infect the author's text; and the London life becomes vague, even inaccurate, until where vagueness would have been in better taste, there is definite point; for instance, in the mysterious region of M—— Street, Grosvenor Square, which deep disguise or course leaves us obtuse readers blinded, and, as old writers would say, "much exercised in mind." The author's high purpose is beyond question. The story is a contrasting picture to the former one, "Gertrude Mannering," and tells how a Catholic girl gives up for a time the practice of her religion, and is driven back to it by misery and humiliation, when the man who had been "her idol" is discovered to be base and faithless to her. Marion Lindsay's

secret, gradual, fascinated descent to her fancied paradise, is told with peculiar force; but her sudden disillusion touches unpleasant ground, which would be new to many young Catholic readers. We prefer Catholic books not to do for our Catholic girls, even for a good purpose and for the highest motives, any part of the common work of novels. We should like to have heard more of Monica, Marion's prayer-loving, duty-doing sister. Does piety extinguish active and attractive character? or is the reader to take no final interest in such an example? It seems rather hard on Monica that she should be only faulty Marion's foil, not worth good-by, punctually praying, and doing nothing else, until—perhaps, literally “absorbed” in prayer—nothing whatever becomes of her. The disappearance is less distressing than the persistence of Stuart Leigh in appearing as “an Apollo;” his propensity for “curling his lip” is nearly as bad as the hero's blushing, which last trait we do not remember to have seen mentioned in the famous “Broad Stone of Honour,” nor among King Arthur's Knights; it is hardly suggestive of his chivalrous character, and in moral strength the cotton-spinner is better than the hero as the portrait of a man.

“My Story” was written “to while away many very lonely hours,” by one who through infirmity was “thrown upon mental resources for companionship and occupation.” It is founded on recollections of family experience in Ireland. The best pages are those relating to Alice Herbert's illness at the Castle; they show that a shorter plot, within narrower limits of scene and time, ought to be chosen in any future efforts.

“Killed at Sedan” contains the events of several sensational novels, without the slightest detriment to our nerves or to those of any of the characters. It boasts a missing heir, deaths, war, elopement, gambling, a murderous quarrel, no lack of heart-breaks; and there is a constant sense of harmless quiet, like that which followed the “terrible curse” in the “Jackdaw of Rheims,” when—

What gave rise to no little surprise  
Was, that nobody seemed one penny the worse.

“Rachel's Fate” is the name of one of several stories in an American volume; the “Other Stories” mentioned in the title are no shorter, and nearly all better. “Pretty Marguerite” is charming and original, and “The Old Stone Jug” is as full of life, colour and quaintness as a rustic comedy, the Stone Jug being no vessel but a tavern where, during the War of Independence, mine host keeps a negro boy in the cherry-tree to signal all comers, and reverses his signboard just in time to suit their politics, leaving the King or Washington turned to the wall, with the greatest impartiality. How he expected his daughter to turn her heart like the reversible signboard, and what came of it, forms matter for a pleasantly told story. “The Wraith of the Achensee” is graceful, and more distinctly Catholic; and if weakness and inequality is traceable through the volume, there is plenty of merit, and variety as well; and the author has the gift

of contentedly working to provide pleasure and bright amusement—a rare quality in Catholic writers.

“Uncle Ned’s Stories” is an attractive gift-book, profusely illustrated for children, but in the text hardly English enough for this side of the Atlantic. When Uncle Ned is preparing a second edition he will cut out an expletive not understood in the nursery, and likely to cause a sensation if the olive-branches were to produce it downstairs.

*The Life of the Rev. Father Hermann.* Translated from the French of the Abbé CHARLES SERVAIN, by Mrs. RAYMOND BARKER. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.

THERE are few religious that have occupied so large a share of public notice as Père Hermann. His conversion created an extraordinary stir at the time, so that even in his own life his enthusiastic disciples could not refrain from some very eulogistic biography of the great musician. *Magnifica post consummationem* is the idea of the present biographer, M. L’Abbé Servain; though we feel bound to say that his panegyric, even under more excusable conditions, is tame in comparison with the “Vie” published during Père Hermann’s lifetime. The present “Life” is written in the style that seems most to find favour with the readers of French ecclesiastical biographies. An English reader is apt to find perpetual eulogy a little monotonous. But we suppose it is hard to say how the subject could be differently treated. We have not the original work from which Mrs. Barker has made her translation; but the ease and flow of the English version point to that lady’s high gifts as a translator.

*History of the World, for Schools and Colleges.* By JOHN MACCARTHY. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

ALL that ever man did or suffered “from the earliest period to the present time” will be found mentioned here within the compass of six hundred octavo pages; events of every sort being compressed into short and nearly equal paragraphs—concentrated historic lozenges. We have no doubt it is as well written as such circumstances permit, and as accurate as one mind can make it. We have spared our feelings anything more than a glance into it to be able to say that those who like this sort of thing may find it here.

*Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty and the Reformation Period.* By S. HUBERT BURKE. Vol. III. London: John Hodges. 1883.

THIS third volume bears so strong a family likeness to the two preceding volumes that beyond welcoming it, we need refer only to our appreciation expressed on their appearance.\* The author

announces a fourth and concluding volume as shortly to appear: when we come to speak of it will be an opportune moment to estimate, as it will be interesting to do, what these volumes have effected towards a more honest history of the period which they cover.

Cardinal Pole, Archbishop Cranmer; Latimer, Hooker, &c.; Calvin and Servetus; Philip and Mary; Elizabeth and her favourites;—these are some of the chief personages who pass before us in the pages of this third volume. The chapter on Queen Mary's Consort is particularly interesting; the estimate of Philip's character is more kindly and accurate than that which has long passed current in English histories. Putting the father and son in antithesis, Mr. Burke says, *inter alia* :—

The father had a genius for action; the son a predilection for repose. Charles took all men's opinions, but reserved his judgment, and acted on it, when matured, with irresistible energy. Philip was led by others; was vacillating in forming decisions, and irresolute in executing them when formed. (p. 109.)

This last sentence is not easily reconciled with another in a later chapter on "Persecution of Conscience," in which to defend Philip from the charge of being the instigator of the Marian persecution, the author says :—

If the Spanish monarch approved of the horrors of the stake, as so frequently alleged, would the Abbé de Castro have dared to preach against it? Philip was a man that neither cleric nor statesman could control when he had made up his mind on a certain course. (p. 221.)

*Lectures and Discourses.* By the Right. Rev. J. L. SPALDING, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

THESE twelve lectures, with an underlying unity of design, may be described as a very eloquent exposition of the claims and attractiveness of Catholic belief in opposition to infidelity. Anything so warm and bright cannot be called controversy. There is no infection like the infection of genuine enthusiasm, and the reader is caught by the author's enthusiastic delight in the power, the life, the splendour of the Church, her comfort for the yearnings of man's heart, her perfect answer to his highest aspirations. The first chapter, "Religious Indifference," points out that "the heart rather than the mind is the fountain-head of our opinions and beliefs;" that "no greater absurdity has been advanced than the notion that we are not responsible for our faith or want of faith;" that religious indifference, a more insidious evil than infidelity, is "the outgrowth of a way of living and not of rational investigation, of absence of thought and not of too much thinking." Other chapters, equally well conceived and written, follow, on "Religious Faith and Physical Science," on "The Catholic Church, her Priesthood and Worship," "The Virgin Mother," and others, ending fittingly with a short

study on the "Rise and Decline of Protestantism." We have space, however, only to indicate the scope of the volume, and to give, as a sample of the whole, a quotation from its brightest chapter:—

A nation which has had no great men, has led no great life; and a religion which has no saints is self-condemned. . . . Would to God our saint-worship were not dilettanteism! We speak their panegyrics and light candles before their shrines; but they were not children of this world. We are wiser in our generation than they. We believe in time and the things we see; but their heart's desire was in eternity with the invisible God. To them what appears was shadowy; the unseen alone was substance. . . . The honour which we pay to them, if it help not ourselves to a higher and more Godlike life, is empty and without meaning.

And speaking of the example of the Virgin Mother, at once the most heavenly and the most simply imitable, he says of our Blessed Lord's teaching:—

He does not exalt intellect and enterprise and heroic daring, but gentleness, and lovingness, and sweet chastity. The strong will always be bold and eager. They will protect themselves. He clothed the weak in heavenly panoply, when he placed purity above strength and humility above pride. Now, of this true womanly phase of Christianity, the Blessed Virgin is for ever the ideal. Mother and Virgin, she is the model of the wedded and the free; and, like all best things, she is near to the level of our common nature. She is no fine lady; she is no worldly queen. The peasant mother toiling beneath her thatched roof knows such was Mary's lot. She makes us content with quiet virtue, with common life and familiar things. They are the best, and they are near to all. God's mother sat by her spinning wheel, and angels watched near her.

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*Excelsior.* Recueil d'Odes, d'Épîtres, de Contes, de Sonnets, &c.  
Par JULES NOLLÉE DE NODUWEZ. Paris: E. Plon & Cie.  
1882.

THESE poems are so excellent in intention, so generous in feeling, and so elevated in tone, that it is with real regret that we find ourselves unable to speak as favourably of their manner as of their matter. Not a few of them are, in fact, less poetry than prose. Prose, full of earnestness and feeling, movement and warmth, it is true, but wanting in the nameless, intangible, divine *afflatus* which alone makes poetry.

Moreover, Monsieur Nollée, as he tells us in his "Preface on the French Poetry of the Twentieth Century," purposely disdains the rules of French versification. And yet these rules, for the most part at least, have grown out of the requirements of the language, and therefore cannot lightly be discarded. For instance, they would have saved M. Nollée from questionable Alexandrines and his numerous false rhymes.

In "Excelsior" M. Nollée has as much as possible avoided the beaten track in his choice of subjects. In these, which are chiefly new, and "as varied as the life of man," we have grave and gay, humorous and didactic, sprightly fables, and well-intentioned sonnets; but—with the sonnet there is no medium; if not a diamond, it is

glass. There is a pleasing freshness about many of the poems. Few deal with love ; and what love there is, whether glad or sad, is always pure, Christian, and true. Of mythology there is none. M. Nollée "knows no heaven but one, and in this heaven God—the God of the Catholic Christian. Only in the air of this heaven can the soul spread her wings and soar upwards." After this, it seems superfluous to say that these poems may be placed without hesitation in the hands of the young, a merit which, apart from those of Marie Jenna, scarcely another volume of contemporary French poems can share.

As a fair specimen of M. Nollée's lighter vein, we quote the lines having for their title

AU CONFESSIONAL.

Récit.

(À Monsieur le Prince de Schiara.)

Un jour une superbe fille  
De je ne sais plus quelle ville  
S'en vint à Pâque (ou bien à Chandeleur ?)  
Trouver son Confesseur.  
"Mon père, mon péché capital c'est l'orgueil !  
Chacun me fait de l'œil  
On me loue, on m'encense,  
On me couvre de fleurs dans les lieux où l'on danse,  
On tombe à mes genoux, chacun m'offre sa foi,  
Et je n'ai plus ma tête à moi !  
Je suis l'objet d'un culte et l'on me sacre idole !"  
Le bon prêtre, caché sous son grand foulard blanc,  
Souriait de bon cœur sans trop faire semblant.  
"Le crime n'est pas grand ! Je te crois un peu folle,  
Mon enfant"—"Folle ! moi ? Non ! C'est ma sœur qui l'est  
Depuis hier ! Apprenez que l'oncle Mercadet  
Par testament lui laisse une grosse fortune !"  
—"Tu n'as pas une part du magot d'or ?"—"Aucune !"  
—"Dans ce cas, j'en suis sur, Jeanne, à ta vanité  
La chance de ta sœur apportera remède ;  
Et puisse la leçon te profiter ! Dieu t'aide !  
Car tous les amoureux vont changer de côté !"

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*Elementary Meteorology.* By ROBERT H. SCOTT, M.A., F.R.S.  
(International Science Series.) London : Kegan Paul, Trench  
and Co. 1883.

THE energetic Secretary of the Meteorological Office is one of the best abused men of the times. The shortcomings of the department over which he presides, the failure of the weather forecasts, are matters of periodical complaint in the daily and scientific Press. Instead of wasting his time in drawing up elaborate answers to appease his critics, Mr. Scott prefers to devote himself to the more profitable occupation of compiling an excellent handbook of meteorology. Hitherto the "Introductory Text-Book" of Buchan has found the highest favour among meteorologists ; an admirable

book of its kind, clearly and brightly written, and capable of arresting the most casual reader.

Mr. Scott's new work must necessarily challenge comparison with our old favourite. And upon examination we are rather surprised to find that Mr. Scott, far from declining the comparison, has worked upon exactly the same lines as the accepted text-book. The order in which the subjects are treated is the same in both works, while the titles of the chapters are almost identical. Whether Mr. Scott is deliberately using running powers over his rival's lines the work before us does not give us any indication, but we fancy that we have discovered, from internal evidence, marks of a very decided purpose in our author's proceedings. Buchan's book is cheery and enthusiastic; written when the science was younger, it gives us the idea of great promise and development yet in store. Mr. Scott, on the contrary, is prosaic and discouraging; he has much to say about hopes that have never been realized, and of imperfection and drawback generally.

Buchan strongly recommends Stevenson's thermometer stand; Mr. Scott finds it too small, and the currents of air that pass through the louvres are too much broken. Robinson's cup anemometer was formerly looked upon as an instrument of great promise; Mr. Scott shows that it is impossible to establish any fixed relation between the revolution of the cups and the velocity of the wind. Many of Buchan's observations are founded on the observations of navigators; Mr. Scott shows how utterly untrustworthy such accounts generally are. It strikes us, therefore, that Mr. Scott has of set purpose followed up the great Scottish meteorologist to administer the proverbial cold water to all his cherished ideas. As a record of recent advance in the science, and of the checks and limitations that it has encountered, Mr. Scott's work is of the highest value. It is, moreover, a text-book of the first class, one in which difficulties are not evaded, and the explanations given are thorough and accurate. It is a little disappointing to find that, after more than ten years' daily discussion of weather returns from all parts of the United Kingdom, Mr. Scott has nothing new to tell us—no new secret snatched from the mysterious weather divinities. So it is: the £1,000 a year voted by the Royal Society to the Meteorological Office seems to have been spent in vain.

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*Man before Metals.* By N. JOLY. Second Edition. (International Science Series.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

IT is now nearly fifty years since M. Joly published an account of a discovery of pottery of early workmanship at Nabrigas; the excellent little handbook at the head of our notice will probably be the last production of so interesting and devoted a geologist. M. Joly's name is not at all as familiar to English readers as it deserves to be, the devoted services he has rendered to pre-historic research have been passed over in silence by our great writers, Lubbock and Lyell. In fact, Lyell is by no means careful to give that

attention to the work done in bone caves in the South of France that its importance deserves, and many an English student will be indebted to M. Joly for information upon a number of important discoveries hitherto not sufficiently known amongst us. We can recommend to our readers the section on page 81, containing a complete account of the human skeletons found in bone caves, the instances in which flint implements have been imbedded in bones—above all, the curious discovery of a skull which had been trepanned. M. Joly, we are glad to see, is far from convinced that man existed in Miocene times, as the Abbé Bourgeois would have us believe. It is curious to note on what slender basis some geologists will advance the most startling theories. The whole evidence for dating the existence of man back to the hundreds of thousands of years ago of the Miocene age rests on the following data—(a) The discovery of human bones in a deposit similar to that in which the remains of a mastodon had been discovered; (b) some flints which bore traces of scratches; (c) some rough flints discovered in a Miocene deposit. And this actually seems evidence to some to justify them in attacking some of the most cherished beliefs of our race. M. Joly's book is not free from occasional sneers at the Catholic Church; but it will prove useful in directing attention to the many precautions to be taken, to the many difficulties that beset the geologist in his attempt to assign distinct dates to the appearance of man upon the earth. He very wisely refrains from attempting even to draw aside the veil that hangs over the birth of our race. He is not afraid to make the following admission, which is capable of a good deal of extension. Speaking of American flint implements he says:—

For the most part, side by side with these rudely-shaped stone implements, others are found so well polished, that they will bear comparison in this respect with our most skilfully wrought flints, a circumstance which seems to indicate that the archæolithic and neolithic ages are less distinct in America than in Europe. (p. 168.)

On the whole we could hardly recommend a better handbook, clearly and brightly written, on the present state of our knowledge on pre-historic archæology. One hundred and forty illustrations add considerably to the charm of the work, and many a reader will linger with interest on the rude carvings executed in far distant times of the rein-deer, of man, and of the woolly elephant. We can only regret that the author has not seen fit to expunge pp. 350 and 351, they are grievous blots on the book. It can surely serve no useful or even scientific object to reproduce with faint condemnation the crude and insulting theories of M. Carl Vogt. The translation of the work, which is anonymous, is not of any great merit; we have noticed numerous lapses; and surely M. Joly could never have penned such nonsense as appears in the second sentence of chap. viii. p. 175.

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*Catechism of Perseverance.* By Mgr. GAUME Vol. IV. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

THIS is the concluding volume, translated from the tenth French edition, fully maintaining the excellence of translation which characterized the earlier volumes. Of the value of the work it would be difficult to say too much, seeing that, although in concise form, it is a very complete exposition of the Church on earth, whether viewed from historic or liturgical or dogmatic standpoint. The present volume is chiefly liturgical. It should, we think, be particularly acceptable now, seeing the large extension of merely school-churches, or of small churches served by but one priest, in which ritualistic display is all but impossible, and where poverty veils the glory of the Church's liturgy, and with it so much of its doctrinal teaching. Very copious references are given throughout the book, which has also the advantage of a carefully compiled index. One inaccuracy may be noticed. It is said that St. Simon Stock, sixth general of the Carmelite Order, was "a descendant of the noble family of the *Barons Stock* in England." Alban Butler says the surname of Stock was given to the Saint from his long residence, when a recluse, in a hollow oak-tree.

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*Mexico To-day: A Country with a Great Future.* By THOMAS UNETT BROCKLEHURST. London : John Murray. 1883.

THIS handsome volume appears at an opportune moment, when the renewal of diplomatic intercourse between England and Mexico, and the settlement of the outstanding grievances of the creditors of that State, have begun to direct attention to it as a promising field for enterprise and speculation. Mr. Brocklehurst, during a visit of seven months, principally spent in the capital, learned much about the country and the people, and communicates his information to his readers in an agreeable and attractive fashion ; while the numerous coloured plates and illustrations which diversify his pages help to a more vivid idea of scenery, architecture, and manners than could otherwise be formed. A city as large as Rome, situated within the tropics, at as great a height above the sea-level as the highest Alpine chalet, is in itself an interesting subject of study, and we are glad to hear all our author has to say about its handsome architecture, its picturesque environs, and the social life of the various grades of its motley population. Its general aspect he describes as follows :—

A clear, unclouded atmosphere at an elevation of 8,000 feet above the level of the sea in the tropics puts everything *couleur de rose*. There is no heat, no cold ; the average temperature is about 60°, and the atmosphere is so clear that when you see the mountains at the ends of the streets they appear close at hand, instead of being from twenty to forty miles distant.

All the houses in the city have a gay appearance ; such as are not white, or light yellow, or green, are tinted with various shades of red, and many of the churches may be pronounced pink ; three or four hundred

yards of a street in pink has a pretty effect, especially if continued in pale green; a house in grey stone, adjoining another faced with blue encaustic tiles, is, to say the least, pleasing to the eye of any one who for months past has only gazed upon dwellings of dull-red brick. As you get into the outskirts of the city the houses are meaner, but many of them are festooned with flowers and wreaths, so the appearance of beauty is maintained, even if on close inspection it is found delusive.

Mr. Brocklehurst was a conscientious traveller, visited the mining districts, studied the antiquities, of which he gives many interesting illustrations, and ascended the peak of Popocatepetl, 5,000 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. He is an optimist about Mexico, and supports his view by valuable statistics as to commerce, produce, &c. English travellers so seldom find anything to praise among the Catholic priests of foreign countries, that one is glad to note the anecdote of the poor Mexican curé who, roused in the middle of the night to admit a party of belated travellers, received them with genuine hospitality, had a hot supper cooked for them, and brought in his best church carpets for them to sleep on, while even his servants would accept no gratuity on their departure. There is no greater barrier to intelligent perception than religious prejudice, and Mr. Brocklehurst's freedom from it in its extreme form renders his book all the more valuable and trustworthy.

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*A History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation.* By M. CREIGHTON, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1882.

THE perusal of a history of the Catholic Church, written by one who is an alien to that Church, is at the best an unsatisfactory task to a Catholic. For to write worthily of God's Church, of the Spouse of Christ, something more is needed than a ready pen, a facile style, or an analytical mind; such gifts are not to be despised, but greater than these is Faith, which sees in the Church the divinely built-up and the divinely governed Kingdom of Christ; and Charity, which knits the soul of man in reverent union to His mystical body. And when it comes to writing of the Papacy, to treating of that very power whose rejection is the corner-stone of the "Anglican disobedience," we should devoutly pray that Catholic instincts, not Anglican, Catholic views, not Protestant, may inspire the thoughts, and guide and guard the words of the historian. And what besides is necessary when the history of the Reformation has to be written?

We have been led into these thoughts by reading Mr. Creighton's volumes on the History of the Papacy during the Reformation. His work is, in its way, an admirable one, giving a good, complete, and succinct account of a long and troubled period in the Church's life. Indeed, for the fulness of its references to standard works, English and foreign; its careful summary, especially in the appendix to each volume, of the literature of special events or epochs—*e.g.*, the Hussite Rebellion, or the Council of Pisa; and its spirit of fairness; it may be commended as a model to others than Anglicans.

But to our thinking Mr. Creighton's work is marred by some rather serious blemishes, as Catholics must consider them. He starts with the assumption that the organization of the Church was a matter of pure accident, forgetful that in its higher grades at least, and pre-eminently in the headship of S. Peter, the Church could point to something of a nobler origin than what was dictated merely by the exigencies of the times, and the social needs of the early Christians. Here are his words :—

The history of the early Church shows that even in Apostolic times the Christian congregations felt a need of organization. Deacons were chosen by popular election to provide for the due ministration of Christian benevolence, and elders were appointed to be rulers and instructors of the congregation. As the Apostles passed away, the need of presidency over meetings of the representatives of congregations developed the order of bishops, and led to the formation of districts within which their authority was exercised. (p. 5.)

And so on. This, to say the least, is inadequate, and rather suggestive of the experimental efforts at self-government of an emancipated colony, or a new sect, than of the all-perfect kingdom which Christ had established. We were accordingly not surprised at reading, a few pages further on, that—

The precedence of the Bishop of Rome over other bishops was a natural growth of the conditions of the times. The need of organization was forced upon the Church by internal discords and the hardships of stormy days; the traditions of organization were a bequest from the Imperial system. . . . The prestige of the Imperial city, combined with the integrity, impartiality, and practical sagacity of its bishops, won for them a general recognition of precedence. (p. 7.)

Ideas such as these vitiate the whole work. The Papacy is not a mere expedient; the Church is not a mere haphazard assembly of men who have heard the name of Christ. On these grounds, then, we are obliged to withhold the full meed of praise which Mr. Creighton's labours are otherwise entitled to. Again, the name of the work is misleading: the "Reformation" is usually understood to mean the religious revolt of the sixteenth century. These two volumes only treat of the period between 1378 and 1464. In some of its detail, too, the book is unsatisfactory. One can only smile when the Iconoclastic persecution is passed over with the remark that, "by ordering the restriction of images to the purpose of architectural ornaments, Leo hoped to infuse into his degenerate people some of the severe puritanism which marked the followers of Mahommed!" The Roman martyrology has quite another account to give of that matter. Nor is Mr. Creighton more happy in speaking of S. John Nepomucene, or "John of Pomuc," as he prefers to call him. The slanders here reproduced are not unanswerable; they were answered by anticipation exactly five centuries ago in the epitaph which the Canons of Prague placed over the wonder-working shrine of S. John in 1383.\* In English affairs, too, our author's

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\* It may not be uninteresting to mention an Article in the *Civiltà Cattolica* of May 5, 1883, entitled "La Critica moderna e il martirio di S. Giovanni Nepomucene," in which the claim of John of Pomuck is discussed.

usual accuracy fails him when he speaks of the See of St. Albans as having an existence in the year 1400 (p. 305).

These are but trifles, perhaps, and hardly worth notice ; the graver objection to a work which has had the benefit of the revision of such well-known writers as Professor Stubbs and the Rev. M. H. G. Buckle we have indicated above.

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*Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société ; ou Philosophie de l'histoire Contemporaine.* Par N. DESCHAMPS. 6<sup>me</sup> Edition. Avec Introduction sur l'Action des Sociétés secrètes au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle, par M. CLAUDIO JANNET. Trois Volumes. Avignon : Seguin Frères. Paris : Oudin Frères. 1882-83.

THIS new edition arrives at too late an hour for us to do more than give it a brief introduction to our readers. Père Deschamps' work is the classical authority on a subject which can scarcely be other than deeply interesting even to English readers. True, the difference between English and Continental Freemasonry is emphasized even in these volumes (especially vol. iii. p. 501); but we cannot but be alive to the utterances of the past Popes and the present ; while the recent solemn warnings from Irish scaffolds, and evidence brought forward by men but the other day condemned in this country, tend to show that some secret societies have really crossed the Channel. The charges brought against secret societies on the Continent embrace all the worst crimes of modern life there, and the object with which Père Deschamps composed his work was to prove publicly that they are destructive of all religion, of morality, of family ties, of civil order, and of property. Freemasonry, in fact, is the mother and guide of the Revolution—the spirit animating every development of the bitter persecution waging in nearly every European State against Christian education, against religion, against the very foundations of society. To study the sect is, in fact, to study the real philosophy of contemporary history: the sub-title of Père Deschamps' book, "*Philosophie de l'Histoire Contemporaine*," is there from design. That it is appropriate it is his aim to show. The motto of his first volume contains words of a very different man who also believed in the same philosophy. M. Goblet d'Aviella, Senator, and member of the "Grand Orient" of Belgium, there says :—

La Maçonnerie n'est pas un jeu d'enfants une réunion de bons vivants, une fabrique de courtes échelles, voire une société de bienfaisance. Elle est avant tout une sorte de laboratoire, où les grandes idées de l'époque viennent se combiner et s'affirmer pour se répandre ensuite dans le monde profane sous une forme palpable et pratique. Nous sommes la philosophie du libéralisme.

The reader will desire to know how far the author is judicial in his method, impartial, and discerning, and how far his citations or

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authorities may be trusted to represent real sentiments and facts. A favourable reply may be given on every head; it is much to be feared that it is all too true. Very emphatic declarations from members of the French Episcopate, Mgr. Gay, of Poitiers, and others, testify to their opinion in his trustworthiness, and in the value of his labours. His assertions, startling and momentous though they be, are founded throughout on Masonic evidence. This has been particularly candid and fearless since the persecution of Bismarck in Germany began. In Belgium, what with us would be called the religious prejudices of the people have been quite ignored or purposely offended by this outspokenness.

The first edition of this work was exhausted in less than a year; the demand for it grows. This new edition has been recast, enlarged, and brought up to date by M. Claudio Jannet, a disciple of the late Père Deschamps. The new portion of the work is equal to the bulk of the original; and it is important to add that the editor has worked on the lines of the author, in his spirit, and with the same critical ability. Hence, for example, his chapter on Freemasonry in England recognizes its special character, and the benevolence, philanthropy, and probity of the English lodges; and he adds, that to compare English Freemasonry, "à la Maçonnerie des pays Catholiques ou seulement à la Maçonnerie de l'Allemagne, c'est commettre une grave erreur." His chapter on recent events in Ireland are on the whole very fair: he quotes largely from Mr. A. M. Sullivan's "New Ireland" but not less from the letters of Cardinal MacCabe and the Holy Father. In a French dress the story of the "Invincibles" reads quite as deep dyed and ghastly as any Carbonarism. Monsieur Carey and "Le numéro un" have quite the air of a dark French *roman*.

Père Deschamps' ample sketch of the history of Freemasonry from the earliest times, and his tracing of it to four chief sources, Gnosticism, Manichæism, the Albigenses, and the Templars, is most interesting reading. The book will be found to be *the* reference book on all details of the history of secret societies, and their work in Germany, Russia, Italy, France—indeed, in almost every country of the old and *civilized* world.

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*An Account of some well-authenticated Miracles.* With an Introduction. By GEORGE RICHARDSON. London: Washbourne. 1883.

**I**N an octavo pamphlet of thirty pages, Mr. Richardson has put together short accounts of a few well authenticated miracles, and has made a very excellent tract for popular use or distribution. The Finding of the Holy Cross, St. Cecily, St. Januarius, the Stigmata of St. Francis, Domenica Lazari, and Louise Lateau, and Lourdes, are among the wonders he has selected, in the hope of showing, by the mere account of them, that they rest on evidence

which seriously challenges the attention of thoughtful people who believe at all in the supernatural. The pamphlet has passed theological censorship, and bears the "imprimatur" of the Bishop of Salford.

#### NOTE TO THE ARTICLE "FIFTY VERSIONS OF DIES IRÆ."

THE writer of the article, "Fifty Versions of Dies Iræ," and the author of the quotation and footnote, pp. 374-77, C. F. S. W., are thankful to avail themselves of the Editor's kindness yet again to acknowledge certain omissions and errors in their contributions. Further information, not indeed concerning the Mantuan Marble itself, but concerning its text, has, since the publication of the last number of the DUBLIN REVIEW, presented itself. The edition of Mohniker referred to in "Fifty Versions" was the first, 1824; the second, however, 1836, has now been consulted, and an important reference found in it to the "Variorum in Europa Itinerum Deliciæ" of Nathaniel Chytræus, 3rd ed., 1606, which is stated to contain the text of the Marble at p. 140. A search in the British Museum has disclosed, not only this third edition, but the first, 1594, from which (p. 186) a copy has accordingly been taken. It differs from that at p. 376 of "Fifty Versions" in the following readings: i. 1. *Quæso*, alone; 2. *Ah* for *Ad*; ii. 1. *A te poscet* for *Cum deposcet*; 3. *Et* for *Ob*; xxi. 1. *Ut consors* for *Consors ut*. 1594 is therefore now the earliest date up to which the printed text of the Marble has been traced; and as Joshua Sylvester was then living, it is possible that he may have taken his original from Chytræus, instead of (as was too rashly concluded at p. 375 of "Fifty Versions") from the actual Marble itself.

The writers have also to apologize for not having before consulted the original edition, 1848, of Dr. Irons' translation; they were unaware that it contained also versions not only of the Mantuan Marble, but of a part (not the whole) of the "Hæmmerlein Codex." They are as follows:—

##### Mantuan.

1. Think, O Christian soul, and sigh—  
Unto what thou must reply,  
When Christ cometh from the sky!
2. When he asketh, one by one,  
For each good deed left undone,  
And for every evil done.
3. Ah that day, for judgment sent!  
May we now that day prevent—  
Meet our God, and now repent!
4. With contrition deep and sad,  
With all grace that may be had,  
And amend our life, if bad.

##### Hæmmerlein.

20. When the heavens shall pass away,  
Then shall be the fearful day,  
It shall be no time to pray.
21. For the saved—what joy to tell!  
For the lost—no peace in hell!  
But with demon forms to dwell.
22. O thou God of majesty,  
— Holy, blessed Trinity,  
Now, with saints unite thou me!

The following is perhaps the last translation of the prose which has been made. It reached the writer of the article after his MS. had been sent to the printer, and hence he was unable to notice the version. The rendering, which preserves the poetical form of the original, is from the pen of the Very Rev. W. Hilton, V.G. St. Mary's, Wrexham. It is a valuable addition to those which have been already published.

## DIES IRÆ.

Day of wrath, on which earth's framing  
Shall dissolve in ruin flaming,  
David, Sibyl, so proclaiming.

What the trembling then ensuing,  
When the judge shall come, reviewing  
Strictly deeds of mankind's doing.

Trumpet's blast spread through creation,  
Rending tombs of every nation,  
All before the throne shall station.

Death and Nature shall, affrighted,  
Rising see the creature cited,  
And before the Judge indicted.

Brought shall be with book containing  
All the counts the world arraiguing,  
And the judgment too sustaining.

When Christ sits with judgment vested,  
Secrets shall be manifested,  
And from vengeance naught be wrested.

Wretch, what plea then shall I tender?  
Or where shall I seek defender?  
Since account the just must render.

King majestic, terror flinging,  
Free to thine salvation bringing,  
Save me fount with pity springing.

Loving Lord, this thought awaken,  
That for me thy way was taken;  
Lose me not that day forsaken.

Seeking me thou worn hast rested;  
Saving death of cross hast breasted;  
Toil so great of fruit divested?

Judge of justice, vengeance wreaking,  
Let me hear thee pardon speaking,  
Ere the day of reck'ning breaking.

Guilty sighs are from me stealing,  
Blushing face my sin revealing,  
Spare me, God, to thee appealing.

Mary's bonds by pardon broken,  
Hearkened prayer by robber spoken,  
And to me too hopeful token.

Vile my prayers to thee ascending,  
But be thou benign defending  
Me from fire that knows no ending.

With the sheep a place providing,  
And from me the goats dividing,  
On thy right give me my bidding.

When the cursèd meet conviction,  
Doomed to flames in dire affliction,  
Call me with thy benediction.

Low I bend unto thee crying,  
Crushed my heart like ashes lying,  
With thy care protect me dying.

Tearful day, that day whose breaking  
Shall see guilty man awaking,  
Out of dust account to render,

Spare him, God, with mercy tender:  
Jesus, Lord, in love paternal,  
Give unto him rest eternal.

Since the above was in type, yet another Catholic version of *Dies Iræ* has been discovered in an old number of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," 4th Series, vol. viii., 1880, page 273. This version is almost, if not quite, unique. It is written in ten-syllable iambic triplets, and is anonymous.

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ERRATUM to Mr. W. J. O'N. Daunt's Article, "How the Union Robs Ireland," in April last:—

Page 363, line 12, for including read excluding.

# THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

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OCTOBER, 1883.

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## ART. I.—THE THREE FAUSTS.

1. *Faust, eine Tragödie.* VON GOETHE. Stuttgart: 1867.
2. *El Mágico Prodigioso, Comedia.* Por D. PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA. Nouvelle édit. Par J. G. MAGNABAL. Paris: 1875.
3. *Old English Drama: Marlowe's Tragical History of Dr. Faustus, &c.* By A. W. WARD, M.A. Oxford: 1878.

WHAT is the meaning, the aim, the destiny of this life which we are leading upon earth? Whence came our life? Whither is it going? "Is it worth the living?" This, says Mr. Mallock, is—

that painful mystery by which the heart of the modern world has been tortured, and before which the modern world is now standing with a fresh pang of amazement . . . the question grows before us far more rapidly than the answer does. Farther and farther, certainly and more certainly are men pushing their conquests into regions that were once mysterious, and yet the mystery that has not been conquered remains more formidable than ever; or else if we would fain have nothing but mystery at all, a choice confronts us more momentous than was ever offered to the ancient world. Either man's life is a mystery to be solved by no scientific method, a mystery which no scientific method so much as sheds a glimmer of light on; either there is an order of things, which the proofs and verifications of the physicists cannot touch, or even go near to—things supernatural, supersensual and essentially immaterial, whose ways are not the ways of matter, nor the laws of matter its laws; and if this be so, in this region is to be sought by *faith*, a reconciliation of all the contradictions that torment us; — or else, if all this be untrue, then there are really in things no contradictions at all, except those of our own making. Man's moral and spiritual life is a dream. Justice is nothing but a name. It is not a power, and there is no reason why we should look for its supremacy. Men are

nothing but machines ;—forces of Nature by some means or other become self-conscious, but their lives are without any significance whatsoever . . . . .

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

W. H. MALLOCK, *LUCRETIUS*, pp. 170–172.

It would not be easy to find a better statement of the momentous problem which is agitating every intellectual mind at the present day—at least every intellectual mind outside the pale of the Faith—than in these memorable words of Mr. Mallock.

But it would be incorrect to suppose that this Sphinx's riddle is altogether a modern one. It may be true that it is agitating men's minds more seriously in our days than at any other time; and this just because, as Mr. Mallock puts it—

Now on all sides we see faith failing, philosophies in conflict, and science, though its superstructure is daily growing, feeling its foundations becoming more and more insecure. And amongst the most thoughtful minds who cannot accept faith as the guide of life, and who yet feel that reason alone will not take the place of it, we find traces theoretically, if not practically, of a despondent scepticism (*op. cit.* p. 172).

Quite true; and the reason of it all is, that Protestantism is rapidly evanescent—that all religious (or indeed philosophical) dogma, or all that is religious resting on a dogmatical basis outside the Catholic Church—is dying away, leaving merely a species of religious activity based purely on emotion, which can never be permanent. But although men's attitude towards the problem may have changed, the great problem itself is ever the same. "What is life? What is the origin,—the meaning,—the end,—the aim,—the philosophy of *this* life?" That is to say, not merely of life in the abstract, but of this particular life of man in our world, in this present given state of lapsed nature (as theologians would say). The problem is the fundamental problem of all philosophies, and must ever remain so.

But not only of philosophy, of poetry also, is this great riddle the ultimate subject-matter. And here we would say that, rightly considered, the divine discipline of poetry is not merely that to which it seems to have sunk in the present day—the art of merely producing pleasure by exquisite beauty of picturing, by dainty colouring, by subtle and refined music of rhythm and diction, as one of our most recent and melodious poets has it—

And these make up my sum of life's desire,  
To live for ever in the sun's broad fire,  
To know and love strong men and shapely girls,  
And nobly working till the end aspire.

And what end? Please notice his *summum bonum* :—

With colour, verse and harmony to frame  
A house of beautiful delights, whose name  
May stir the world with pleasure, like fine pearls  
Strung on a golden thread.

E. W. GOSSE, *On Viol and Flute*, p. 4.

Now, such an utterly sensual ideal as this, even for lyric poetry, is a calumny on the heavenly muse. Were this true, then we should have to confess that modern poetry, to speak at least of England, France, and Italy, like modern plastic art, had reached its acme of perfection.

But poetry, in its highest sense, is the Art of Philosophy. We mean this: Philosophy is that science which occupies itself with the great problem of man's life and end; and poetry is that art by which the poet,—the inspired one,—practically puts before the world, in a living manner, the true answer to the problem. The poet—the *vates*—at least the great world-poet, who is to be something more than a mere troubadour, “a singer on a summer's day,”—is essentially an interpreter; and his task is to interpret for mankind at large the universal problem of life, the philosophy of the world. So it is well and beautifully put by one of the best of our English poetesses—

Quoth the hero dying, whelmed in glory:  
Many blame me, few have understood;  
Ah, my folk, to you I leave a story—  
Make its meaning good.  
Quoth the folk: *Sing, poet! teach us, prove us,*  
*Surely we shall learn the meaning then.*  
Wound us with a pain divine; oh, move us,  
For this *man of men*.—JEAN INGELow, *Winstanley*.

The hero is the typical man, “the man of men,” whose life is a concrete teaching concerning the philosophy of life, and this concrete philosophy must be interpreted by the poet.

This view of poetry directly refutes a bold statement of that morbid lyrist, Mr. E. W. Gosse, from whose poems we have just quoted. After the lines cited he goes on to say—

There have been sage philosophers who found  
That pleasure was a dream, and song mere sound;  
They passed, and left us poorer.—(*Loc. cit.*)

If, as we take it, this refers to those old philosopher-poets who thought that life was not destined merely for pleasure, nor poetry for mere jingle of sweet sounds, then is it doubly false. In the first place, they did not believe “song” in the sense of their divine art of poetry to be “mere sound;” but they *did* believe that the morbid, ultra-sensual singing of such writers

as Mr. Gosse, Mr. Marzials, Mr. Swinburne,—however dainty, however melodious (and all this it is more than we can say)—was “mere sound.” And they were right. The great world-poets, both those of the *ancient* pagan world, the mighty Greek dramatists, for instance, and above all, the poets of Christian times, and among those pre-eminent Dante, Calderon, Shakespeare, Christopher Marlowe, Goethe, were conscious of a higher and a greater calling; they felt the true inspiration of the seer; and can we say, that they have left us poorer? This being so, what answer did they give to the great problem put before them?

Mr. Mallock has already told us of the utter inability of reason and science to find any definite solution to the riddle. He has told us that Faith alone is capable of giving us the reconciliation of all the difficulties which meet us in it. There can be one, and only one, true solution; and that solution we must hold to be the Christian solution. This solution depends upon the revealed truths concerning the origin (creation) of man and his destiny, and the revealed historical account of that “order” or “state” of lapsed nature in which he now finds himself. Clear, distinct, definite, complete, coherent is this explanation. The Christian philosopher and poet, and we who share their faith and their doctrine, do not need to seek after truth,—we possess it, and rest in it calmly. Recall those wonderful lines of Lucretius, at the commencement of his second book:—

’Tis sweet, when tempests roar upon the sea,  
 To watch from land another’s deep distress  
 Amongst the waves—his toil and misery.  
 Not that his sorrow makes our happiness,  
 But that some sweetness there must ever be,  
 Watching what sorrows we do not possess . . . . .  
 But sweeter far to look with purged eyes  
 Down from the battlements and topmost towers  
 Of learning, those high bastions of the wise,  
 And far below us see this world of ours,  
 The vain crowds wandering, blindly led by lies.  
 LUCRETIVS, *De R. N.* ii. 699, Mallock’s translation.

This well expresses the position of the Catholic intellect in regard to the surging theories and arguments that rage around him.

Of all the Christian poets named above, one stands pre-eminently forth in the universality, the completeness, the clearness, the certainty of his solution of life’s problem. For this reason Archbishop Vaughan says that Dante stands alone among the poets, as St. Thomas of Aquin in the schools.\* Dante himself tells us the meaning and object of his poem; and his funda-

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\* “St. Thomas of Aquin,” vol. ii. p. 827.

mental idea may be thus stated, as summed up by Franz Hettinger: "The solution of the great, eternal, only problem of our life—the delivery from evil, and the final beatification in God."\* One is tempted here to expound this philosophy as developed through the "*Divina Commedia*," but space will not allow us to dwell upon it; we must hurry on to other poets more immediately concerned in this essay.

We have mentioned above, among eminent world-poets, Calderon, Christopher Marlowe, and Goethe; and of these three we would especially speak in this paper. The three poets mentioned have chosen to convey their teaching to the world in the interpretation of a hero, a "man of men"—not, as in the case of Dante, the poet himself—but, rather, a typical individual; and this individual, this type, may in a way be said to be the same in all three, and we may call him Faust.

Everybody knows the outline of the Faust story. The learned doctor—the new Solomon—who has exhausted every branch of human learning, who has reached to the uttermost bounds of every science, still finds that his heart is void and unsatisfied. That heart (made, as we know, for God) can be satisfied with nothing less than God. He is precisely the modern materialistic philosopher of our day, arrived at the furthest bounds of the human knowable, and feeling a great want all unsatisfied. Whither shall he turn? whence shall he seek to be satisfied? And here steps in a new power, highly intellectual, mighty—altogether outside of humanity, an individuality, interfering continually, but not always visibly, in human affairs—the Evil Spirit. Like the Serpent with Eve, he offers to the unsatisfied yearning of the doctor, of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and promises that it shall bring all contentment. But he exacts a terrible condition in exchange for the boon he offers, he requires at the end to receive the soul of the philosopher. The wretched man yields to the strong temptation, and signs the fatal deed. He enters at once upon his enjoyment of new and strange knowledge, vast powers, unlimited license of every kind of pleasure, and runs through several years of intoxication like a summer's day. But in the end he finds that all his wisdom, his power, his delights end in smoke; all is "vanity of vanities," the great void in his nature is still unsatisfied, and the Evil One at last suddenly comes upon him to claim payment of his awful debt.

In one sense, then, Faust is a "man of men;" that is to say, he is typical of human intellect arrived at its fulness of knowledge, but lacking divine grace and faith, and thereby wandering

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\* "*Grundidee and Charakter der göttl. Com.*," Bonn, 1876, p. 5.

astray and falling in the temptations and delusions of the Evil Spirit. But is there any historical foundation for the concrete individual character of which this is the type?

In the Roman Breviary, on September 26, we have the feasts of SS. Cyprian and Justina, martyrs. Their lessons tell us—

Cyprian, at first a magician, but afterwards a martyr, once endeavoured to win by his charms and spells a Christian virgin Justina, who was beloved by a certain youth. He consulted the demon to know how he might do this. The demon answered that no art would succeed with him against those who really worshipped Christ. Cyprian, moved by this reply, began to lament deeply his past life. And so, leaving his magic arts, he turned himself wholly to the faith of Christ.

The story thus briefly told suggested the subject of a great and immortal tragedy to Spain's greatest poet.

Pedro Calderon de la Barca, who was born in 1602, and died in 1681, was the greatest of Spanish poets. Germany especially has been foremost in recognizing the high rank of Calderon.

Wilhelm v. Schlegel was the first to reveal this poet to his country. He has almost canonized him, to use Sainte-Beuve's expression. Schiller reads him, Goethe imitates him, Schlegel translates him; Gries, his indefatigable disciple, in his turn, gives us a fairly complete copy of the Castilian dramatist; Charles Immermann recasts (on the stage) the "Wonderful Magician."\*

Thanks to Schlegel, and in this country in a great measure to Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy, the merits of Calderon have become well known to other nations than his own; but we may venture to doubt whether we yet fully realize his superlative greatness. Do we wish to do so, we cannot do better than read his *Faust*—his "*Mágico Prodigioso*." "After reading this play," says a German critic, "my heart was enlarged; I was in an ecstasy of admiration."† The words are not too strong.

Calderon is above all—and in this he stands beside Dante—essentially a Christian, a Catholic, even a theological poet. Like Goethe's "*Faust*," like Dante's "*Commedia*," his "*Mágico*" is an attempt to solve the great problem of human life. But in this,—like Dante, and unlike Goethe,—his solution is the one based on Christian faith and philosophy; is therefore absolutely true and just; like the "*Divina Commedia*" again, even minutely accurate in its scholastic phraseology, its theological and philosophical arguments and distinctions. But he does not remain among quibbles and syllogisms—he soars into the highest regions of passion and poetry.

\* Magnabal, Preface to "*Mág. Prod.*," p. xvii.

† Baumstark, "*Excursion to Spain*," 1872.

Calderon follows the human heart going astray from God; he follows it even into its greatest aberrations. All the doubts, all the torments, all the sins of the man who tries to fight *alone* against life, he has reproduced in his "Mágico Prodigioso" in a manner which often recalls, even in its minutest details, Goethe's "Faust."\*

True; but strikingly, painfully distinct is the result arrived at by the one poet and by the other. If Calderon is essentially the Christian, Goethe is essentially the natural man.

And what about Christopher Marlowe, whose name we have also mentioned? In what relation does he stand to his two brother-poets?

Christopher Marlowe lived before Calderon. He was born in 1565, and died miserably in a tavern brawl in 1593. A predecessor of Shakespeare, he was "a little less" than the great dramatist. Had Shakespeare never lived, Kit Marlowe would probably have enjoyed a celebrity beyond any English poet. Like Ben Jonson, and others of his contemporaries, he was a giant,—it was an age of giants,—but of course the superlative greatness of Shakespeare has had the effect of causing their greatness to dwindle.

Marlowe was the first in point of time to take up the old Faust legend and immortalize it by his genius. That legend we have roughly traced in its outline already. During the life of Marlowe, there had appeared in Germany a popular collection of the many legends current about Dr. Faustus. The *editio princeps* of this "Faustbuch" appeared in Frankfort in 1587. The book was rapidly translated into various languages, and somehow or another became known to the English dramatist. Professor Ward thinks that his "Dr. Faustus" was certainly founded upon the edition of 1587, and itself first produced on the stage between that year and 1589. Perhaps it was brought to England by some traveller, and Marlowe may have seen a MS. translation of it. Certain it is, as Professor Ward shows, that Marlowe was the first to dramatize the tale, and that all subsequent plays, German or otherwise, were founded on his.

One is here tempted to inquire—Is there any historical foundation for the tale of Dr. Faust? We should not have space even to summarize Professor Ward's examination of this question. Suffice it to say that he establishes, firstly, that, "The supposition . . . . that the story of Faustus is a legendary fiction pure and simple, invented as a warning against practices of magic, is altogether untenable. Faust, or Faustus, was a real personage."† Secondly, that "Faust the magician and Faust the printer are the same person, cannot be accepted (p. xxxiv.). But, lastly,

\* Baumstark, *ut sup.*

† Ward, *op. cit.*, p. xxxiii.

that there really existed a certain Dr. Johann Faust, who became famous in public,—some time between the years 1510 and 1540" (p. xlii.). "This Dr. Faust appears to have been the last of the cosmopolitan type of *scholastici vagantes*" (p. xliii.).

Concerning this type, Mr. Ward says:—"Formerly students had migrated in masses, or whole bodies of doctrine had been carried from university to university, transplanting part of Paris to Oxford, and of Oxford to Prague; now [*i.e.*, in the period of the Renaissance, at the beginning of the fifteenth century] the individual has become cosmopolitan, and we are in the age of the *scholastici vagantes*, the knight-errants of the new learning, possessed of and practising a multitude of arts, and masters of a mysterious variety of knowledge."\*

"Popular awe and superstition gathered round these men, as round so many Eugene Arams, and all the floating legends of the Middle Ages concerning magic and magicians,—super-human knowledge and powers, gained by diabolical compacts, naturally centred round them; as, in an earlier age, round the great physicist of Oxford, the precursor of modern exact science, the Franciscan friar, Roger Bacon. And, above all, all the wonderful tales which—some of them for centuries—had floated about among the people were fathered upon this last representative of the mediæval magicians [Dr. Johann Faust.] There is accordingly hardly one, if any, incident or feature in the legend of Faustus to which a parallel may not be found in one or more of the legends of his predecessors."†

If we ask whereabouts Dr. J. Faust flourished, the answer is difficult. Various places are connected with him and his exploits. Poda in Saxe-Altenberg, and near Weimar; Anhalt; and, above all, Knütlingen—all lay claim, in one legend or another, to be his birthplace. The University of Wittenberg—Luther's university, where the reformer took his degree in 1509, in the time, therefore, of Dr. Faust, of whom there is direct mention in Luther's "Table-Talk"—appears to have been the chief seat of his studies and adventures; though many others, Heidelberg (where a Johann Faustus took the same degree, B.D., in the same year as Luther at Wittenberg), Erfurt, Würzburg, Prague, Ingoldstadt, &c., are said to have been visited by him. His awful death is narrated to have occurred at or near Wittenberg.

But to return to our poets. We have said that Marlowe immortalized the Faust legend. He made it a tragedy of human life, and though without the theological light of Dante or Calderon, his treatment of the great problem is thoroughly Christian.

\* Op. cit., p. xxviii.

† Ward, p. xliii.

The tragical history of Dr. Faustus opens, like all its successors, like Calderon's "Mágico Prodigioso," like Goethe's "Faust," like modern attempts, themselves imitations of the last named, *e.g.*, Byron's "Manfred," and Longfellow's "Golden Legend"—with the self-same scene. Were space to serve, we should like to quote the opening soliloquies of all these five plays—they are all very fine, and it is surely a rare thing to find five poets handling, each in his own manner, the self-same situation, the self-same ideas. But there is more significance in this than mere similarity. The fact is, that these openings are distinct statements of that great problem of human life which, we have before said, is the subject of the highest poetry. We are shown the natural man arrived at the limit of all human knowledge,—wearied of each study in turn, and finding his heart still unsated—

Sorrow is knowledge ; they who know the most  
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth :  
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.\*

Did Faustus but know the truth, this yearning in his soul is for a knowledge of God, for the knowledge of enlightened faith, without which the human mind will never be satisfied. But here intervenes a temptation, which carries the restless mind far astray from the right source of satiety. The lust after knowledge still unsated, still increasing, urges its victim after a new kind of knowledge—a knowledge which, according to the popular and misleading axiom, "is power"—that is, a knowledge and a power which are superhuman indeed, meddling with what is beyond nature, but which are certainly not of God. And so Dr. Faustus longs for magical knowledge and powers, and proceeds to invocations whereby to obtain them.

There is a remarkable analogy between the typical Faust and the aberrant intellectual world of our times. Arrived at the ultimate limit and refinement, almost, of human knowledge, we find the intellect of our time utterly dissatisfied, and unsated. "Will the wild ass bray when he hath grass, or will the ox low before a full manger?" (Job vi. 5). And this strange hunger of the purely natural intellect, in a wonderful manner turns to seek its satisfaction after all in spiritualism, in a morbid search after things hidden from human ken, in what, in the Middle Ages, would have been called magic and necromancy. Verily, the legend of Dr. Faustus reads like an apologue of our own contemporaries.

Marlowe has worked out well the subsequent four-and-twenty years, during which Faustus is attended by the mighty demon

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\* Byron, "Manfred," act i. sc. 1.

Mephistophiles—years of marvellous astrological skill, joined to every kind of preternatural power, and all the fame and all the unlimited opportunities for self-indulgence and sensual pleasure which this power affords. Faust grows inclined to be sceptical. He asks the fiend about hell and its whereabouts, and on Mephistophiles's reply, exclaims:—

Come, I think hell's a fable.

*Meph.* Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

*Fau.* Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine  
That after this life there is any pain?

Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

(*Sc. v. ll. 125–129.*)

But notwithstanding his affectation of carelessness, of sarcasm and scepticism, a power is strongly at work in his soul urging him to repent; and great gushes of remorse from time to time break upon him. These are some of the most telling parts of the tragedy. His good angel frequently interposes with his urgent pleadings, but his evil angel or else Mephistophiles himself are at hand to drown feelings of repentance in despair. Here is a telling scene. In the course of one of their conversations, Dr. Faustus asks:—

Tell me who made the world?

*Meph.* I will not.

*F.* Sweet Mephistophiles, tell me.

*M.* Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

*F.* Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me anything?

*M.* Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is.

Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

*Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.*

*G. A.* Think, Faustus, upon God, that made the world.

*F.* . . . Is't not too late?

*E. A.* Too late.

*G. A.* Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

*E. A.* If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

*G. A.* Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

*F.* 'Ay, Christ, my Saviour,

Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul.

*Enter LUCIFER.*

*L.* Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;  
There's none but I have interest in the same.

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We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;  
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise:  
Thou should'st not think of God; think of the devil.

And, further on—

Talk not of Paradise, nor creation . . . . . talk of  
The devil, and nothing else (*Sc. vi. ll. 69, seq.*).

Wonderfully true is this anxiety of the Evil One to keep away from Faustus' mind any thought even of God or His mercy. Such moments of remorse occur several times, as when Faustus in the eleventh scene composes himself to sleep, saying, "Christ did call the thief upon the Cross" (l. 43). But frequent as are the stirrings of grace within his heart, the wretched man does not, will not correspond with them, and his graces remain inefficient. At last the end draws near; and here we reach the climax of the tragedy. Professor Ward quotes Mr. Fleay as calling this fourteenth scene "the only dramatic deathbed scene which can be compared in horror to "Henry VI.," iii. 3;,"\* but we will venture much further than this, and say that in tragic awe, in awful realism, it far transcends even the scene in Shakspeare. We know only the Night Scene in "Macbeth"—Lady Macbeth after the murder—that surpasses it. In its wonderful picture of a deathbed attempt at repentance, the strong grace, the urging of friends—and then, after all, the awful despair, the battling against hope, when hope seems easy enough to the outsider, the consciousness of coming damnation, the final impenitence, the last sin against the Holy Ghost—these are limned with mighty hand and powerful colour, in theological accuracy. No wonder that Ben Jonson could extol "Marlowe's mighty line," and that Goethe could "burst out with an exclamation of praise" (at mention of the play), saying: "How greatly it is all planned! I had thought of translating it. I am fully aware that Shakspeare does not stand alone."

Calderon, as we have seen, lived considerably later than Marlowe; and it is highly probable that he may have read Marlowe's great tragedy, at least some version of it.

Of the numerous predecessors of Dr. John Faust, however, Calderon chose St. Cyprian of Antioch, of whose history we have spoken, as the hero of his play. But he made a greater change than this—which was, after all, but a change of the accidentals of name and place, the theme remaining the same. He bound up with the thread of the hero's life, another life, and made the life-tragedy a double one. He introduced Justina, the fair, pure, Christian damsel, with whom Cyprian falls in love, and whom he employs every effort of his superhuman power to win. Hence the double struggle; the struggle in the hero's mind, the struggle in the soul of the heroine. In this Goethe imitated the Spanish poet; and hence the play takes a quite new development, over and above Marlowe's, in their mind. Of Goethe's own immortal work we are not going to speak; it is too trite a subject. We will only refer to its obligations to the "Mágico

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\* Cardinal Beaufort's.

Prodigioso." Byron, talking to Captain Medwin, said :—" You tell me the plot is almost entirely Calderon's. The fête, the scholar, the argument about the Logos, the selling himself to the fiend and afterwards denying his power, his disguises of the plumed cavalier, the enchanted mirror, are all from Cipriano. That 'Mágico Prodigioso' must be worth reading."

If we attempt a comparison between the mighty "Faust" of Goethe on the one hand, and the great Christian drama, the "Mágico" of Calderon, and, to some extent, Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," on the other,—we shall find that the contrast is between a non-Christian and a Christian reading of the problem of life. Let us cite some foreign critics in support of this assertion. First, with regard to Goethe and Calderon. Philarète Chasles, in his brilliant study on the Spanish drama, says :—

The drama of Calderon is, above all things, Catholic; it is profoundly and ardently so, with a renouncement of every other pretension, with a serious and passionate exaltation . . . to prove the necessity of grace, the powerlessness of man, the emptiness of passions, the nothingness of earthly love—is everything to him. He ought to be, you would think, very tedious : he is sublime. . . .

On the other hand, M. Bougeault says of Goethe's Faust :—

It was, doubtless, a poetical machine, rather than a conviction of his mind, for, from all the works of this great genius, there does not result a single positive affirmation, a single doctrinal conclusion. . . . He passed into another life to seek the light from on high, uncreated, undying, divine; but he had refused to find its germs here below in religious truth, the anticipated though incomplete revelation of the truth which has no shadow.\*

And the same critic thus compares Goethe and Marlowe :—

Goethe, with his sceptical art, has given his poem a conclusion which loses itself in fantastic vagueness. As regards the moral effect, he is far from that heartrending cry of remorse with which Marlowe inspires his hero at the moment of his supreme crisis. Here is man struggling with his conscience; it is the inward wrestling of the truth against the error of mind and sense; whilst with the German author everything ends in a sort of unreal phantasmagoria, losing itself finally in the clouds of symbolical mythology. The English author keeps to human truth; he is less profound, and less complete, but he moves us more.†

We have seen above how fully and truly Dante has grasped the entire Christian philosophy, which secures him the only true and the only happy solution of the great world-problem. Whilst Goethe's dying exclamation, if it be not apocryphal, as he bade

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\* "Histoire des Littératures Etrangères," t. i. pp. 268, 269.

† Op. cit., t. ii. p. 54.

them push back the curtains, "Light, more light," is a significant commentary on the incompleteness and unsatisfactoriness of the solution, which, unaided by Christian philosophy and theology he has worked out in his colossal Faust. After all it may be but a fancy; it has always struck us that there was a mystical significance in the fact that Dante styles his poem "*Commedia*," as Calderon's is "*Comedia*," whilst Goethe writes "*Eine Tragödie*." In Dante's case, this appears bizarre; but he has taken the trouble to explain the reason himself:—"Tragedy is, in the beginning, admirable and calm; but at the end, or in the event, it is foul and glowing. . . . On the contrary, comedy begins untowardly, but ends happily. . . . Hence it follows the present work is called '*Commedia*.' For if we look at its matter, at the beginning, it is dreadful and horrible, being in hell; but at the close, happy, desirable, and agreeable, because it is in paradise."\*

And so, whilst the "*Mágico Prodigioso*," like the "*Divina Commedia*," ends happily, the ending of Faust leaves to the reader resultant emotions, which are, after all, bitterly melancholy and disappointing. Dante and Calderon had found in their Catholic Philosophy precisely "that positive affirmation" of truth which alone can lead to the *dénoûment* of the "Comedy" rather than of the "Tragedy" of life. Marlowe, it is true, also calls his play a tragedy, for it ends most unhappily; not that he was incapable of a happy solution of his plot, but because his gloomy and tragical genius impelled him to end with a scene of unrivalled horror.

To return to our subject. The Christian religion teaches us that man must work out the problem of his life by means of the two faculties of his soul, Intellect and Free Will; not indeed unaided and of their own strength, but with the help and support of Divine grace.

I. The *Intellect*, in the first place, tends naturally towards truth. But the highest kind of natural truth is the natural knowledge of God; and this knowledge alone can satisfy it. So Dante acknowledges in reply to Beatrice:—"I clearly see that our intellect is never sated until that truth illumine it, outside of which no truth strayeth. In this it rests, as the beast of prey in his lair, so soon as it hath reached it, and reach it, it can,—else were every natural desire vain" ("*Parad.*" iv. 124). So, too, Calderon puts into the mouth of Cipriano whilst yet a heathen, this natural yearning for the highest truth: "This question which keepeth my soul in suspense . . . for my intellect findeth not this God, in whom so many mysteries and indications meet.

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\* "*Epist. dedicat ad Can. Grand.*"

This hidden truth must I sound to its depths ("Mágico," *jornada i. sc. 2.*)

Now Goethe's Faust, at the opening of the tragedy, is indeed wearied and dissatisfied with all his acquirements, and feels still a great want. He has studied philosophy, law, medicine, even theology; and alas! stands "like a poor fool, and is as wise as at the beginning." But here the poet himself has failed to find out what precisely is this great want, that leaves Faust's soul hungry and thirsty. True, once, and once only, does the real answer rise to Faust's lips:—

The message hear I clearly, *but Faith alone doth fail me.*

But herein the poet acknowledges his own real inability to rise to the solution of the problem: the confession is too transient and too lightly uttered to be of any permanent significance.

Turning once more to the Christian doctrine, this *natural* faculty of the intellect needs, in order to attain its object fully, the assistance of revelation and illuminating grace, lifting it up to a *supernatural* knowledge of God. Hence Dante tells us that "the *natural* thirst is never quenched except by the water for which the Samaritan woman begged" ("Purg." xxi. 1). And Cipriano, after his long gropings after truth, and even his servitude to the Evil One, at the supreme moment of struggle, by an act of full confidence and hope in the yet unknown God, draws down this illuminating grace, which fills his soul, makes him a Christian, a victor over Satan, and a martyr ("Mágico," iii. 16 *seq.*), whilst it is just here that Faust fails and is overcome.

II. The second natural power, by which we are to work out our life-problem, is *Free Will*. This faculty tends to the good. Dante tells us that:

The greatest gift which God, by His largesse  
Gave in Creation, which to His goodness is  
The most conformed, and what He prizes most,  
Is of our Will the liberty; with which  
All these His creatures who have intellect,  
And those alone are dowered. ("Parad." v. 19-24.)

It is to be remarked that with both Goethe and Calderon the struggle of the Free Will is carried on rather in the heroine than in the hero. This is a point of high artistic skill in the Spanish poet, to whom no doubt the German was indebted for it. Comparing their treatment, however, we find that whilst the sad fall of poor Margaret is the pathos of Faust, the steadfast constancy and glorious victory of Justina is the very turning-point of "El Mágico." Now it is precisely through the failure of her free will that Gretchen falls to the passion and will of Faust, to whom her last words—the supreme moment of temptation and

surrender—are: “I know not what it is *drives me after thy will!*” How different with Calderon! In the very first scene, Justina triumphs in and by her Free Will. The Devil seeks to terrify her into submission: “If some strange science,” says he, “exercise its force in thee, how canst thou resist, Justina, if it bend thee with such violence that it *force* thee whither it tends?” “By knowing how to avail myself of my Free Will,” is her calm reply. “My might will force it.” “Then would it be no longer Free Will, if it suffered itself to be forced.” And so the Devil is completely baffled. (“Mágico,” iii. 5).

Moreover, as the Intellect, so the Will needs divine grace for its final triumph, and to attain supernatural virtue or “true charity” (“Parad.” x. 83). And so Justina, at the crisis of the attack, calls upon God’s help when the Demon seizes her, and the Fiend is forced to flee, crying out “Thou hast conquered, O Woman, thou hast conquered!” (“Mágico,” l. c.).

To sum up the life-histories presented to us by the great poets cited:—Cipriano and Justina, Dante and Beatrice—the latter at once his beloved and the type of divine grace—have, with God’s help and the exertion of their natural faculties, triumphed over the flesh and world and Devil, and attained the double end of happiness for which they were destined. Faust and Gretchen have miserably succumbed and fallen. But their history has to be patched up into some semblance of final felicity, for Goethe’s artistic taste could not have been content with the gloomy and terrible, yet consistent and logical, ending that suited Marlowe’s weird genius. And so Margaret is indeed saved by a touching repentance; but Faust himself, at the close of the second part, is almost ludicrously saved, without his own co-operation, or rather in spite of himself. This essentially false and unnatural finale betrays the utter failure of Goethe’s life-theory, or indeed of any philosophy of life, except the Christian one, as so happily and successfully developed by the great Christian poets of Italy and Spain, and to some extent also by the Englishman, Christopher Marlowe.

L. C. CASARTELLI.

## ART. II.—MODERN MEXICO.

1. *Mexico to-day*. By THOMAS UNETT BROCKLEHURST. London: John Murray. 1883.
2. *Mexico*. By C. SARTORIUS. London: Trübner. 1855.
3. *Aus Mexico*. Von FRIEDRICH RATZEL. Breslau. 1878.

NOWHERE is the future of empire more clearly marked out than in the great isthmus territory of the Spanish Main styled by Humboldt, "the bridge of the commerce of the world."

The mountain breakwater between two oceans—the crag-built causeway between two continents—the gangway of the eastern and western, the northern and southern hemispheres—this lordly land enthroned on Andes seems destined by Nature to be the toll-gate of nations. For hitherward is now tending that advancing wave of population and progress, whose secular tide is ever impelled westward by some hidden law of human gravitation.

The group of confederate States constituting the Republic of Mexico occupies, roughly speaking, a horn-shaped segment of the American mainland, embracing in its concave that great ocean cauldron, the overflow of whose heated waters tempers the eternal frosts of the remote shores of Nova Zembla. Here, where the rearing continent narrows to the south, it lifts its gathered mountain bulk terrace above terrace, in superimposed ridges of Andes, to form the gigantic *tête-du-pont* of the Isthmus of Darien. In the shallow trough between these opposing crests, at an altitude of from six to nine thousand feet, high above the lower world as the burning rafters of the sunset, lie the great Mexican plateaus of Chihuahua and Anáhuac, the frigid regions of the tropics, fenced with eternal snows beneath a vertical sun. This extensive table-land is nearly level, with only a gradual slope to the north, for a distance equal to that from Lyons to the Tropic of Cancer, and as Humboldt says, a wheeled carriage can run from Mexico to Santa Fé, by a high level route at the altitude of the St. Gothard Pass, long enough to connect Geneva with Constantinople. The descent is very steep from this uplifted territory to the low coast lands, whose inclined plane from fifty to a hundred miles in width, dipping at a small angle to either ocean, forms the glacis of the great scarp of the Cordilleras.

From sea to sea, athwart the axis of these main ridges, are studded, like a chain of watch-towers, the great volcano-pyramids of Mexico, the models of its fire-crested temples; Orizava,

"the peak of the burning star," the beacon of the Gulf of Mexico, round whose frosted cone a halo of lambent flame is sometimes seen to play; Popocatepetl, "the mountain that smokes," still so-called though no breath goes up to heaven from its silent snows; its twin peak, the White Woman, cold and lifeless too as a sheeted corpse in her frozen shroud; Jorullo, a monstrous mushroom-birth of mountain, 1,600 feet high, protruded from the groaning flank of a luxuriant valley in a night of earthquake and conflagration, September 28, 1759; and Colima, seen from the Pacific shores, trailing its vaporous plume across the tropical blue.

Such is, roughly speaking, the skeleton outline of the country taken in trans-continental profile from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and thence to the western ocean. Thus built up in stages from the Equatorial seas to the regions of perpetual frost, it is in climate and productions an epitome of the universe. Zone above zone, an uplifted world hangs aslant on the mountain scaffolding of the Cordilleras, and between the secular snows of Orizava and the steaming shores of the Caribbean Sea, we traverse, in seventy miles of distance, the entire gamut of terrestrial temperature and vegetation. For here—to quote Humboldt once more—we have climates in layers, and cross thermal belts in perpendicular instead of horizontal plane.

The ordinary division of the country into three regions—the *Tierras Calientes*, *Templadas*, and *Frias* (hot, temperate, and cold lands)—is convenient for purposes of description, but is not always adhered to by the inhabitants, and in some places at least, they recognize only the two extremes, divided by a very uncertain and fluctuating line of demarcation. The first zone, extending from the coast to a height of 3,000 feet, with a mean temperature of 77° Fahr., is of torrid heat and character; the next, between 3,000 and 5,000 feet, though called temperate, is really tropical and sub-tropical, with a mean temperature of 68° to 70°; the third, the "cold," but more properly the temperate region, includes the central plateaus, reaching their maximum elevation of 8,450 feet in the valley of Toluca, and its thermal mean may be taken as 64°, that of the city of Mexico. At 11,000 feet vegetation ceases, the *Pinus Montezumæ*, the highest growing forest-tree, being last to disappear, and at 14,700 feet is reached the pereunial ice-cap of Orizava, eighteen to twenty feet in thickness at its lower edge. The regularity of this ascending scale is broken by a singular feature of the landscape, the stupendous chasms or barrancas yawning to a depth of 2,000 or 3,000 feet athwart it, and on the narrow strip of sunken floor fenced by their cloven precipices, carrying the torrid climate of the coast far into the heart of the highlands.

The stagnation of air and reverberation of sun within their walls, renders them perfect heat-rivers; and the Indian, who builds his reed hut at the bottom of the green abyss, or shelters himself in the caves in its flanks, rears the luscious fruits of the coast within a few hours' toilsome journey of the great cities of the plateaus. Necessarily formidable obstacles to communication, they are in some places spanned by natural viaducts. Across the ravine of the Atayac, in the Valley of Puebla, rocks fallen from either side have met at an obtuse angle, and, by a singular coincidence, the same accident has even repeated itself some thirty feet overhead, so that two natural pointed arches, one over the other, form a double bridge, called by the natives *El Puente de Dios*.

To the traveller reaching Mexico by the ordinary sea-route, its boasted fertility seems belied by its first appearance. No golden gate, but a leaden portal, is here, to mask the approach to the treasury of Nature. The province of Vera Cruz, he has been told, produces all the cereals of the temperate and all the spices of the torrid zone, its jungle growths distil precious balsams, its forests yield the ornamental woods of commerce, the golden fruitage of the tropics ripen beneath its vertical sun, and its teeming soil returns sixty or eighty to one of wheat, and two hundred and fifty to three hundred of maize. The Indian, who merely inserts the seed of the latter grain in the rudely-cleared ground, reaps a triple annual harvest, as it ripens irrespective of seasons at the end of ninety days.

Yet Vera Cruz itself, a group of grey towers and cupolas, girt by a sea-shaken wall, stands in an arid desert, and the chill "norther" that comes blackening over the Gulf, blotting out its blue horizon, whirls before it dense clouds of sand, like the simoom of the Sahara. Unlike the simoom, however, it is the harbinger of health, sweeping the poison of the dread *vomito prieto*, or yellow fever, from the streets of the pestiferous city, where the black *zapilotes* are the only sanitary officers, and the open drains furnish a perpetual *table d'hôte* of garbage to these scavenger vultures.

To north and south the turquoise sea laps against long curves of coral sand, backed by the pale crests of the dunes, ever shifting, as the wind remoulds them at its pleasure. Their continuous rampart bars the inland waters from their natural egress to the sea, and dams them back upon the reeking soil in stagnant lagoons and marshes. Characteristic vegetation flourishes in the succulent soil, plants of exuberant foliage, the wild plantain, and aroidæ with huge, arrow-shaped leaves, abound on the land, the standing pools are studded with gleaming water-lilies and blue pontederia, and the sluggish streams are edged with a mighty sedge growth by the *tarros* or *caña vaquera*, which

rustles its pale-green pennons thirty or forty feet above the water. Here lurks the ungainly caiman, the crocodile of the west, his ridgy back scarce showing above the unctuous ooze; here the rosy-winged flamingo stalks among the sedge, and adjutant birds, black and white, sit in rows on the branches of the Indian fig overshadowing the inky waters.

Here, too, is a congenial home for such creeping things as are enumerated by Madame Calderon de la Barca, a Scotch lady married to a Spanish diplomatist, "a lively observer of men, manners, and millinery," as she has been called. Her list is a formidable one, including *alacrans*, or scorpions; a gaily-striped viper, the *chicalillo*; the *coralillo*, a black-headed red snake; the *vinagrillo*, an orange-hued cricket, leaving a strong smell of vinegar behind it; the *esclaboncillo*, which dies of spite if prevented from stinging; the *salamenquesa*, whose bite is fatal; and the *cencoatl*, a creature with five legs, which shines in the dark. Spiders, too, are numerous, among others the *cenclaquilla*, a beautiful red-and-black variety, whose bite, producing pains in the bones, requires for its cure several days seclusion in a dark room thick with smoke; and the fat, black-haired tarantula, said to cause the loss of the hoof of a horse which treads on it. Dr. Ratzel, a recent German traveller whose book is among our headings, in riding through a forest, saw a tree which seemed to him to be swathed in bearskin, but which proved on examination to have a living mantle of hairy spiders covering it completely. The natives sometimes revenge themselves on their numerous tormentors by devouring them in turn. Roast viper is a remedy for skin diseases; even the scorpion is eaten after extracting its sting; and the fat larva the size of a man's finger which burrows in the cactus leaves, is sold in Mexico, and when fried in butter is said to taste like eel.

Population is scanty in the hot plains, and it is only at long intervals that the traveller comes upon a clump of bananas, waving their broad banners of pale-green satin, and hanging huge clusters of yellowing pods over the bamboo hut of the Zambo, the lazy, light-hearted compound of negro and Indian blood. Lazy he can surely afford to be, since fourteen days' labour in the year suffices for the maintenance of his family; and his banana garden of an acre, which under wheat, would only yield food for two or three human beings, can, if necessary, here support fifty. His artificial wants are few. A bundle of mats and some earthenware pots constitute his household furniture; and a banjo, constructed in primitive fashion from a gourd, satisfies his artistic cravings. Such as he is, he represents the only branch of the human family that can live and thrive in the sweltering atmosphere of the Mexican lowlands.

It is only at a height of 500 feet and upwards that the luxuriance of tropical vegetation is developed by the abundant moisture, cloud-borne from the Gulf of Mexico, to condense on the slopes of the Cordilleras. In this forest-zone we have the same reversal of the ordinary conditions of Nature, the same wild saturnalia of the plant world, the same tumultuous upheaval of vegetable life, as elsewhere under similar conditions. For here nothing is content to be lowly, nothing will submit to be obscure; the leaf dyes itself in the gaudy tints of the blossom, the blossom mimics the forms of animal life, the very weeds aspire and spurn the soil, to roost like birds among the trees; earth is bare, and the boughs are draped in blossom. Everything struggles upwards and outwards, battling with its neighbours for sun and space; the great palma real, or king palm, springs to the audacious height of 100 feet before it shakes against the sky its unbound sheaf of plumes; its congeners, the corozo and fan and wax palms strive after it in vain; arborescent shrubs, bananas with fluttering scarves of puckered green silk, magnolias with white goblets of perfume amid foliage that seems carved in gleaming bronze, and daturas with creamy cornucopias reversed, attain the size of forest trees; while a nondescript mass of parasitic vegetation, writhing up trunks, streaming over boughs, smothering foliage under its vampire growth, linking tree to tree by cable bridges spanning the dusky aisles between, interlaces all the forest together in a universal tangle of riotous confusion. Coral trumpets, the haunt of the humming-bird, wave from a bough which the bignonia has clasped with its sinewy stem; frail cups are shed among dark foliage by an intrusive convolvulus intertwined with it, pale waxen censers swing from a branch that rocks an orchis in the air; here a red spike of blossom is thrust like a tongue of flame from a coil of green; there the scarlet vine wraps the sustaining trunk in a fiery embrace; growth lives upon growth, and plant preys upon plant, in chaotic defiance of all law and order.

Bayard Taylor\* describes the vegetation on the Pacific slopes, as a torrent of verdure pouring down inclines and ravines, while the creepers, topping the highest trees, wave and toss in sprays of lighter green above them, like foam-crests on the forest billows. By night "the embalmed darkness" of the tropical jungle is crossed by the flying gleams of the *cocuyas*, those fire-beetles whose quick flashes, taken by the enemy for the matchlocks of a surrounding army, once lit the followers of Cortes to victory. These woods supplied most of the curious plants collected in the gardens of the Aztec monarchs and thence transferred to

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\* "El Dorado." By James Bayard Taylor. New York. 1850.

Europe, where the idea of similar botanical nurseries was quickly adopted.

But amid the marvels of tropical vegetation no sight is so welcome to the traveller as that of the Mexican oak, since its appearance at some 2,500 feet above the sea marks the limit of that scourge of the eastern coast, the yellow fever. Fifteen hundred feet higher stands Jalapa, the sanatorium of Vera Cruz, in a region described as a strip of Paradise fallen on earth. Here all the fruits of the globe may be cultivated side by side, and the Indian villages present a charming spectacle, embowered in the papaws and plantains of the tropics mixed with the oranges and pomegranates of Southern Europe, while their plots of ground are gay with the roses and lilacs, the dahlias and fuchsias of an English garden.

At 5,000 feet above the coast, the banana, the bounteous bread-giver of the tropics disappears, and its place is taken by the cereals of the north. The plateau of Puebla, a great plain waving with golden grain, is in the Tierras Frias, since it lies at an elevation of 7,000 feet. The voluminous leafage of the torrid zone has here shrunk to the sparser foliage of a harsh scrubby bush, characteristic of the table lands. Thorny stemmed mezquite or dwarf-acacia, feathered with minute foliage and producing beans much used for cattle, and mimosas,\* breaking in summer into a frothy bloom of salmon or sulphur colour, are mixed with fleshy-lobed prickly cactuses like vegetable polyps, with euphorbias that mimic their grotesque forms, and with spiky aloes whose scythe-like blades are set with curving teeth like a crocodile's jaw. This defensive armour of its vegetation, makes an attempt to penetrate the Mexican *chapparal* or bush, anything but a pleasing experience for man or beast.

Yet these unfriendly-looking growths are among the most useful, for the cactus is "the vegetable spring in the wilderness" of Humboldt, and the cattle breaking off the woolly tops of the echino-cacti, construct for themselves a drinking fountain in the hollow thus made, which yields a liquid supply for weeks. The mezquite produces fodder and fuel, and the aloe food, drink, and clothing, its heart being eaten, its sap fermented, and its fibres woven into coarse cloth.

The Pass of the Rio Frio, 8,000 to 9,000 feet high, separates the Valley of Mexico from the adjacent plateaus, and on crossing its mountain threshold, the grey and tawny levels of the celebrated basin gradually unroll before the eye. From this point Cortes first saw before him the goal of his ambition and his rapacity—the fair, strange city, the Venice of the West, which

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\* Mexico has some hundreds of species of acacia and mimosa.

he called in his enthusiasm "the most beautiful thing in the world," as with its palaces and gardens, its mighty temples and sacrificial towers, it floated like a mirage on the tremulous waters of its great salt lake.

The glamour of a mysterious past overhangs this central plateau of Anáhuac. Here it was that the invading Spaniard stood bewildered in presence of a civilization, whose medley of some familiar elements was rendered more marvellous by its intermixture with much that was utterly strange and new. Here was found a system of figurative writing recalling that of the Egyptians, an astronomical accuracy in the measurement of time beyond that of mediæval Europe, a series of symbols for the epochs of the calendar identical with those in use throughout Eastern Asia, and architecture so closely allied to that of the Assyrians, that the huge *teocalli* of the Mexican sun-god is believed by antiquarians to have reproduced the plan of the great Babylonian temple of Bel. And strangest of all, there existed here, in monstrous juxtaposition with the most sanguinary rites that have ever polluted humanity, not only glimpses of a purer theology and a higher morality, but also some fragments of Hebrew tradition, a ceremony analogous to baptism, and even a dim foreboding of Christianity. For side by side with such hideous idols as are evolved from the fantastic imagination of the savage, the Cross was here revered as an object of worship, and associated with it was the strange legendary belief that one day, brought by strangers as a religious emblem from afar, it should supplant and overthrow the ancient faiths of Anáhuac.

But the Aztec, when led to found the city of Tenochtitlan, the modern Mexico, on the spot indicated by a singular omen—an eagle perched on a cactus clutching a serpent with beak and claw, the device to this day of the Republic of Mexico\*—found, but did not originate, the civilization he adopted. To his predecessors, the Toltecs, a shadowy race whose presence on the soil of Mexico is as inexplicable as their disappearance from it, and who flitted over the land, leaving as their monuments vast ruins engulfed in vast forests—to this mysterious people modern science ascribes the importation from their Asiatic home of the arts and sciences inherited by their conquerors. That the Aztec had been subjected to Asiatic influence however derived, seems clear for many reasons, but the evidence of language alone is conclusive. The number of Sanskrit roots found in the Mexican language is too great to be explained as a coincidence, and, from among many,

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\* The same combination of eagle and serpent or dragon, also found on Greek coins, formed the portent disregarded by Hector in the twelfth book of the "*Iliad*" (201-2), a passage which suggested the symbolical opening of the "Revolt of Islam."

we give a few as specimens.\* *Chichi* to suck, Sans., *chush*; *meya*, to flow or trickle, Sans., *mih*; *mate*, to know, Sans., *medh*; *choloa*, to run or leap, Sans., *char*; *tatli*, father, Sans., *tata*; *atoya*, a river, Sans., *udya*. The Aztec *pilli*, a son or child, comes very close to the European *filis*, *figlio*, &c., while *pepeyal*, poplar, and *papalotl*, butterfly, recall equally obvious parallels.

The Valley of Mexico, an oval basin some sixty-seven leagues in circumference, lying 7,600 above the sea, forms a vast natural amphitheatre, a fitting stage for one of the most striking dramas in history. Its irregular rampart of porphyry and basalt crag is over-topped at one point by two stupendous volcano watch-towers, lifting their sheeted snows far into the sapphire blue. Yet despite this general grandeur of outline, it is wanting in many of the minor harmonies of beauty. The attenuated air lends no softening veil to distance—no magic of mystery to the horizon. The sheer rays of the vertical sun efface all tender modulations of surface and hue in a shadowless uniformity of glare. Moreover, the scene is no longer the same as when the fierce Castilian wooer stood enamoured of its beauty. The shrinkage of the six lakes which still occupy a tenth of its surface, has left exposed round each an unsightly fringe of saline marsh. The Spaniard—ruthless exterminator of trees as of men—has denuded the landscape of timber; and the universal cultivation of the aloe (most picturesque of plants where self-sown amid rocks and precipices, most harsh and unlovely when artificially reared as an agricultural product) imparts its character of weird scantiness to the remaining vegetation.

The volcanic nature of the soil is evidenced by the sulphurous fumes exhaled by the lakes at the southern extremity of the valley; and the wind from this quarter, symbolized in the Aztec writing by a death's head, wafts the odour of sulphuretted hydrogen to the city, and is dreaded as unhealthy. The conformation of the plain, that of a stupendous tazza uplifted on a mountain pedestal, has suggested the theory that it formed one vast eruptive crater, on a scale recalling those of the lunar landscape. It absorbs its own rainfall, sending but one inconsiderable stream, the Tula, to the Gulf of Mexico; and canal works of the most gigantic magnitude have been carried out to create a freer outlet for its waters and avert the danger of inundation from the capital. The streets, which are nearly flush with the salt lake Tezcuco, are frequently submerged after rain, and the marshy

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\* "Anáhuac." By Edward B. Tyler. London: Longmans. 1861.

† The Mexican Government has now contracted for the replanting of the Valley of Mexico with two million of trees, within four years, beginning from March 15, 1884.—*Times*, July 27, 1883.

ooze on which they are built occasionally sinks beneath them, causing visible architectural dislocation. Though the gorgeous modern cathedral stands on the site of the great *teocalli*, dedicated to the Aztec war-god in 1486 with a hideous massacre of 70,000 human victims, Mexico is no longer islanded among the waters as was the lake city of Montezuma, accessible from the land only by three long causeways. The salt tide that rocked it has withdrawn, leaving a tract of barren briny marsh, several miles in extent, where towers and palaces were once mirrored in the wave. Such a site is scarcely likely to be a healthy one, and Mexico is not a sanatorium. The rarefied air produces pulmonary disease, and the want of drainage favours the spread of contagion. Thus, in 1799 and in 1830, there were respectively 9,000 and 12,000 deaths from small-pox; and in 1825 15,000 from measles and scarlatina. Ophthalmic affections, attributed by the inhabitants to the vivid hue of scarlet flowering plants like the geranium, are common, and leprosy is not unknown. It is said too, we know not with what truth, that no European woman can reside uninterruptedly in Mexico city for more than three years without her reason becoming affected.

Rising many-towered and sunlit from the plain, its distant aspect recalls to some travellers that of Oxford, to others that of Florence. It is, however, larger than either; and its population of 300,000, the same as under the Aztec empire, is nearly equal to that of Rome. Its social characteristics resemble rather those of Naples, where the traces of Spanish occupation are conspicuously visible. There are in both the same domestic seclusion of the ladies, and concentration of all gregarious life into the public carriage promenade; the same in-door slatternliness and out-door magnificence; the same *al fresco* habits of the lower orders, and universal love of gambling among all. Many minor traits, too, are common to both cities—such as the substitution of pantomime for speech, the presence under the porticoes of public scribes, here quaintly called *evangelisti*, the practice of driving the cows into the city to be milked at the house-doors, and various other details of street life. Nor are the *lazzaroni* without their prototypes, who are found in the *leperos*, a class not less characteristic of Mexico. More repulsive, however, than the jovial proletarian of Santa Lucia or the Mercatello is the Mexican street-prowler—a very human jackal, slouching, predatory, unclean and degraded, as the pariah-dog of Constantinople. An instance of their versatility in fraud is given by Mr. Brocklehurst, in the interesting and valuable work on Mexico which we have taken as our text.

He tells how, during his stay, the senior magistrate of the city of Mexico being asked the hour by a friend in the street,

exclaimed aloud that he had forgotten his watch, and left it hanging beside his bed.

A thief having overheard this remark, bought a turkey and took it to the house of the magistrate, sending in word to madame that master had sent a turkey, and requested that she would send him his watch, which he had left in his bedroom; this, in her simplicity, she did. On the magistrate's return in the evening, his wife observed, "Thank you for the turkey; but I have not ordered it to be cooked to-night, as another dinner was prepared." The explanation revealed the loss of the watch. But this was not all. On the following day, an accomplice of the thief called at the house and said, "The magistrate has had his watch returned to him, and he begs you to send him the turkey, that it may be offered in evidence against the prisoner." Of course when the magistrate arrived at home in the evening, he found that he was *minus* both watch and turkey; and, moreover, the tale got bruited about, and both he and his household lost the credit which should attach to one in his important position.

The author, however, appends some striking instances of Mexican honesty in the return of stray articles of his own property.

Mexico is distinguished from all European cities by the presence of a large coloured population, representing a social stratum lower than the lowest class of white inhabitants. The native Indians, descendants of a once imperial race, occupy the suburb of Tlatelolco, the scene, at the time of the Spanish invasion, of the great market so eloquently described by Prescott, where all the products of the fantastic civilization of Anáhuac were displayed to a concourse of 30,000 people. Instead of the varied assortment of delicate fabrics, and elaborate metal-work, and luxurious viands, enumerated in his pages, there are now to be seen rude pottery, and primitive mats and baskets, toys of wood or feather work, simple preparations of maize, such as *atole*, a sort of sweetened porridge, and *tortillas*, flat hearth-cakes, of universal consumption. These wares, with ducks and fowls, live sandpipers, and humming-birds (*chupa-mirtos*) in grass cages, form the principal stock-in-trade of the vendors.

In the adjoining streets the mild, sad-looking, cinnamon-hued people may be seen sleeping on the pavement or picnicking in the sun. Their *itacate*, or supply of food carried in a net, consists of *totopo*, stale maize bread, boiled beans wrapped in leaves, or salt fish with Spanish pepper. Their life is to a great extent amphibious, passed in wading among the marshes, catching small fish, frogs, and *achalotes*, a compound of frog and lizard, also used for food; or poling their flat boats among the sedgy canals, gathering frog-spawn, water-cresses, and other aquatic productions. Among the most singular of these are the eggs of a fly, called in their language *axayacatl* (water-face), which lays

them on Lake Tezcuco in such quantities as to form a kind of stone like travertine when imbedded in the calcareous deposits. This substance, known as *ahuauhtli* (water-wheat), is sold in lumps like fish-roë, and eaten either raw or fried.

Indian girls, with garlands of poppies and corn-flowers on their dark hair, paddle their *chalupas* smothered and enwreathed in flowers as though for a floral procession, along the Viga Canal, whose stream, starred with water-lilies, orange, pink, and crimson, connects the salt waters of Lake Tezcuco with the fresh-water Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco. The name of the latter, signifying, "in the flower plantation," is derived from the water-borne market-gardens of Mexico, singular creations of native industry, which existed in thousands at the time of the Conquest, and are proved, by the illuminated tribute rolls of Montezuma, to have furnished a considerable revenue to the Aztec rulers. The surface of the two last-mentioned sheets of water is covered with a matted growth of weeds several feet in thickness, and capable of supporting the weight of a man, though undulating beneath it like young ice. The *chinampas*, or floating-gardens, are created by binding the reeds and sedges together, and adding on successive layers of artificial soil until the surface is raised two or three feet above the water, for a length of one or two hundred feet. These strips called *cintas*, ribbons, are generally staked in their places by willow poles, which take root in the bottom, but if free and movable, are styled *bandaleros*, rovers. Some are large enough to afford pasture for animals, and to contain the dwellings of the proprietors, who are taxed for the maintenance of channels for navigation by constant cutting of the weed. They are irrigated by being frequently splashed with water from the lake, and are very productive. Not, however, the wonder growths of the tropics, but the most prosaic of vegetables, cabbages, carrots, and turnips, are reared on these islets, while homely border flowers, pinks and balsams, and larkspur and sweet-pea, are planted round their edges. They furnish the daily floral decorations of the *pulquerias* and other shops, as well as Brobdingnagian bouquets, sold for a shilling, and consisting principally of roses, perennially blooming, but scentless, like all other flowers in the rarefied air of the plateaus.

Diversity of race, and distinctiveness of dress, give animation to the streets of Mexico. The fashionable dandy still wears the full *charro*, or national costume—the wide *sombrero* laced with silver, short jacket, and pantaloons fastened down the seams with massive silver buttons, while his curvetting nag is caparisoned with a silver-embossed, high-peaked saddle, that has cost a thousand or two of dollars, and his bit and stirrups are plated with the precious metals. The coquettish *poblana*, with stockingless

slipperd feet, showing under her *enagua*, or bright-coloured skirt, is clad as to the upper part of her person, in a white cotton camisole, low in the neck, short in the sleeve, and unconfined save by a girdle at the waist, while her head and shoulders are draped in the universal *rebozo*, a long scarf, blue or gossamer-coloured, fastened to the back-hair and falling in front, or with one end flung backward over the opposite shoulder, partly concealing the face. The brown bare-footed Indian woman, similarly attired, but in coarser materials, has her *rebozo* most frequently tied round her neck to sling a chubby baby on her back. The Creole dame, her black lace mantilla shading her olive cheek and delicate profile, is the only figure that recalls the Old World; and even her surroundings have a semi-Oriental character, for her dwelling is built in the Hispano-Moresco style, with a *patio* or internal court adorned with tropical flowers and plants, and an *azotea* or flat roof on which to take the air.

But however picturesque may be city life in Mexico, it is the rural aspect of the country that most interests a stranger, and no traveller thinks his visit complete, unless it include a glimpse of life on one of those great demesnes, originally created by extensive grants of land to the conquerors. The *hacienda*, with a fortified enclosure for its buildings and offices, ought to comprise at least 20,000 acres, and some have a superficial area of fifty Spanish square miles. Tillage and grazing estates are called respectively *hacienda de labor*, and *de ganado*, horned-cattle and sheep being distinguished as *ganado mayor* and *menor*. The hacienda of Tepenecasco, the property of the Tejira family, visited by Mr. Brocklehurst, was principally a dairy farm, but had also land under tillage. The correspondent of *Harper's Magazine*, who shared his visit, describes it in the pages of that journal for March, 1882, as follows:—

The house was approached from the main road through fields of the purple-flowering alfalfa, a larger and hardier clover, past a dark-walled corral or cattle yard, a very long steeped-roofed barracks for labourers' quarters, and by a pond embowered in willows. From a distance, with its numerous outbuildings, it had the appearance of a ducal residence. It is plainer when reached, the place immediately in front having a farm-yard appearance, and containing in the centre a very large stone threshing-floor, of the kind in which it is customary to thresh out grain as in the *patios*—by troops of running horses. It is of rubble stone, plastered and neatly white-washed; a single liberal story in height, the part devoted to the residence having large windows covered with gratings and a belfry on the top. To this are added on the flanks such a collection of granaries and corrals that a façade is made of probably three hundred feet in length. Some fonts project from the wall beside a door opening into the family chapel. Over the main entrance-door is an inscription—

*En aqueste destierro y soledad disfruto del tesoro della paz.* ("In this retirement and solitude I enjoy the treasure of peace.") Each principal granary or barn (called *troje*) is inscribed also with its title. They are built, to keep the contents cool and of an even temperature, with walls of great thickness. Buttressed without, and with columns or piers of a yard square running down the long dim interiors, they are more like basilicas of the early Christians than one's preconceived idea of a barn. The buildings in the central clump, not counting those detached, alone cover between four and five acres of ground. The estate, of which they are the focal point, is eighteen miles in one dimension, by six in the other, and contains not less than forty thousand acres.

Cheese to the value of £2,500, and £800 worth of butter, are annually sent to market. The cattle, some 2,000 head, are hornless, the horn being seared when sprouting. Forty ploughmen unyoke their teams at night, and the ploughed land yields on an average, 15,000 bushels of maize, 4,000 of barley, and 1,000 of wheat. While manure is scarcely ever required for the soil of Mexico, artificial irrigation is a necessity for the growth of cereals, and eleven large dams and reservoirs, one a lake (Zupitlan) two miles in length, supply the hacienda of Tepe-necasco. The celebrated spring of San Dionisio, mentioned by Humboldt, is also on its territory; but it has only the use of the water for seventy-hours in the week, two neighbouring villages having joint rights over it.

A hundred and fifty men and boys are employed under the overseership of a major-domo, besides three captains, and twenty men and boys, in care of the cattle. The principal functionaries are mounted, and Don Rafael, the administrator, has a salary of 1,000 dollars a year, and houses and farms of his own, with the *mayordomo* and *sobresaliente* as his lieutenants. The *pastero* has charge of the pastures, the *caporal* of the stock, and the *aguador* of the water-works. Don Angel, the book-keeper, administers a revenue of 20,000 dollars a year. A sentry is stationed on the roof night and day, and the walls are loopholed for musketry.

The *peons*, or native labourers, are miserably lodged, and are practically serfs. A *tienda*, or store, is always an adjunct of the hacienda, where they are supplied with necessaries on credit, pledging their own labour, and even that of their children, as security, and thus contracting themselves and their posterity out of liberty. There is a prison, too, on the premises, to which the refractory are consigned for short terms, an illegal but perhaps necessary exercise of authority, without which it is said they would not work.

The routine of the establishment is thus described by Mr. Brocklehurst:—

At whatever hour you rose you found chocolate and an immense basket of buns and sweet cakes in the dining-room. A painfully elaborate midday dinner was served about noon, and repeated again in the evening at nine. I amused the family one day by asking to write down the bill of fare, which commenced with large cups of broth and green aguacaté (*Taurus Persea*), a pear-shaped vegetable, which you generally spread in its raw state on bread as you would butter; then followed a thick soup full of vegetables; then a jambalaya of stewed rice and gravy, with hot pepper-pods upon it; a large dish of beef boiled to threads, and, in place of gravy, a garnishing of roast apples, sweet bananas, and fried potatoes, quite an *olla podrida*; pigs' feet in sweet white sauce like custard; mushrooms in gravy; roast fowls and salad; the end of dinner being always the frijoles or beans, undoubtedly the best dish on the table. Frijoles are to the Mexican what pork and beans are to a Bostonian, macaroni to an Italian, salad to a Frenchman, and caviare to a Russian; but they are better than any of these other dishes, though they look somewhat like a purple-brown mess of oatmeal porridge. The whole thing wound up with puddings, pies, sweatmeats and coffee; cigarette smoking was freely indulged in by both ladies and gentlemen after each course; cigars were handed round at the conclusion of the repast. Such was the meal, with variations, which was served twice a day, and we were generally a dozen persons at table.

Music was the evening amusement, the usual one in Mexico, where a variety of stringed instruments are played—the Spanish guitar, the jarana a modification of it, the bandolon, a compound of guitar and banjo, and a small portable harp.

A tone of patriarchal simplicity in hacienda life is shown in the fact that the young lady of the family was addressed by all the dependents as Cholita, diminutive of her name Soledad.

The conditions of Mexican farming vary widely in different districts, and there are cotton, sugar, and coffee haciendas, each devoted to the culture of its particular staple.

On some of the large stock-farms the cattle roam at large like deer in a park, grouped into herds or families, with separate feeding grounds. Each of the *potreros*, or pastures, is under the charge of a *vaquero*, having under his care from 500 to 800 head of cattle, who know him, and come crowding round him in answer to his cry of *Toma! toma!* eager for the salt carried in a bag at his saddle-bow. When the capture of a bull has to be effected, several horsemen give chase together, turning and heading him off like greyhounds coursing a hare. When the moment comes for flinging the lasso (a long rope of leather or aloë-fibre fastened to the high pommel of the saddle), the dexterous *vaquero* sends it whizzing through the air, and its coil settles over the horns of the bull. The trained horse has then to play his part—planting his legs firmly on the ground, and throwing his weight against

the strain of the tightening rope, so as to bring the captive animal to a sudden check. Another form of capture, called *coleare*, requires still greater strength and skill, but is an everyday feat in Mexico. The rider, when sufficiently near, stoops from his horse, catches the bull's tail, and twists it between his own leg and the saddle, giving sufficient purchase to check or throw the animal with a jerk, causing doubtless an unpleasant shock to his nervous system.

The Mexican *vaquero* lives in the saddle, and is probably the most accomplished horseman in the world. If illiterate, as is frequently the case, he keeps count of his stock by a system of tallies on a broad strap of leather. Once every year all the cattle on the estate are driven into the corral, that they may be numbered and the young beasts branded. This muster, called the *herradero*, is a scene of great bustle and excitement, and is celebrated as the gala of the year with music and dancing.

Where the farmer or proprietor slaughters his own animals, the meat is usually preserved in the form called *sesina* or *tasajo*. Cut into strips several feet long by four fingers in breadth, it is left for one night wrapped in the fresh hide, after having been liberally sprinkled with salt and lemon-juice. Several days' exposure to the sun and air by hanging on lines, completes the process, after which it keeps perfectly. Though resembling old leather in appearance, it is savoury and easily cooked, requiring only to be broiled on the coals.

Milk does not count for much among the products of the *vaqueria*, and is generally the perquisite of the herdsmen. The calves are kept tied up in the corral for the first two months, in order to induce the mothers to come in twice a day and allow themselves to be milked, a process they will only submit to when their offspring have been first attended to. It is thus no uncommon thing on a Mexican grazing farm, where there are perhaps hundreds of cattle in the pastures, to be told that there is not a drop of milk to be had, as there is not a calf tied up.

Sheep in Mexico are of an inferior breed, and raised more for the sake of the flesh and tallow than of the wool, the production of which was discouraged by the commercial jealousy of the Spaniards.

On the arid table-lands of Chihuahua, Durango, and Zacatecas, horses are extensively bred; but here, where water is scarce, they have to be driven every day to the drinking-place, as they will not, like cattle, go in search of it for themselves. It is a striking sight to see them come galloping up, in the early morning, in droves or *atajos* of fifty or sixty, each consisting of animals of the same colour, under the escort of a leading horse, who wheels round and round his party to keep them together. One of the

dangers to which they are exposed in these regions is that of swallowing the *zatateco*, or grass-insect, called from *zacate* (grass), because indistinguishable from a green blade of some four inches long save when it is seen to move, and said to be fatal to a horse if taken into his stomach.

The *hacienda de beneficio* has no connection with any form of agriculture, but is devoted to the extraction of silver, on what is called the *patio* system. The ore, after being crushed in the mill, is spread, in the shape of puddle over a paved court to the depth of two or three feet. Sulphate of copper, in the proportion of one-half per cent., six per cent. of common salt, and 100 per cent. of quicksilver, being thrown in, the mass is trodden by a drove of horses for fourteen or twenty days. The precious metal is then separated by the action of water, from the clay and quicksilver, and the latter, purified by the application of heat, is available for use again. Silver is the chief product of Mexico, whose numerous mines have yielded half the quantity in use throughout the world.

The Mexican *ranch* (in Spanish, *cortijo*, in contradistinction to the *hacienda*), is the homestead of the smaller class of farmer, generally of semi-Indian extraction. The *ranchero* is a picturesque figure, always mounted and armed, clad in deerskin as to his nether extremities, while the invariable woollen blanket, the gaily-striped *serape* or more sober *manga*, is draped or rolled round his shoulders. His dwelling is little more than a shanty, built of *adobe* or sun-dried mud brick, in the higher elevations; but in the Tierras Calientes, constructed of bamboo staves, with a roof of reeds or grass sloping to the ground at the rear. The furniture is equally primitive. A bamboo bedstead or two in the sleeping-room, reed mats and skins thrown on the floor, and some calabashes and earthenware vessels, are the principal items of the inventory. A gun hanging on the wall, and agricultural implements few and simple, represent the industry of the males of the household; a bundle of rods for weaving, that of the females; and a clumsy guitar or bandolon, the accomplishments of the family. The larder is in the roof, as a safeguard against the depredations of white ants or similar marauders; and bunches of bananas, strings of jerked meat, and palm-leaf baskets containing beans, rice, eggs, and other provisions, are hung overhead. The hearth occupies the centre of the room, and near it are the never-failing *metate* and *metalpila*, a flat and round stone for bruising the maize in the process of *tortilla*-making, in which the women are engaged from early morning and at intervals all through the day. Thus the interior of the ranch presents an unvarying tableau of a group of buxom brown women, in coarse dark skirts and white smocks, kneeling on the ground, kneading, pounding,

and baking the yellow disks of Indian corn which constitute the principal food of the people.

For land in the Tierra Caliente, the *ranchero* will probably pay so much per head for his live stock, about two reals and upwards; and for every *cuartillo*, or five-acre plot of maize ground, a certain quantity of the produce, say, three *fanegas* (measure of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  imperial bushels). On small patches of cleared land he grows beans, Spanish pepper, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, arums (each plant producing ten and fifteen pounds of edible bulbs), and yams, which grow to a weight of forty or fifty pounds. The banana, however, is his staple. Fruitful from the second year of its growth, it produces, for half a century, 75 to 100 pods a year; and a few dozen plants requiring scarcely any culture, suffice to maintain a family. The problem of life is here reduced to its simplest elements, and can be solved with the minimum of labour. Tropical Nature is an over-indulgent parent, who spoils her offspring by excess of bounty, and life given thus gratis seems but a valueless boon.

The most characteristic form of culture practised in Mexico, is that of the maguey or aloe (*Agave Mexicana*), grown for the fermented liquor produced from it. This sour aloe-beer, called *pulque*, has been the national beverage since before the Conquest, and thirty million kilogrammes are annually consumed in the capital alone. Thither come every morning special *pulque* trains from the surrounding country, for the beverage does not keep and must be supplied fresh every day. The duty on it yields a revenue of a thousand dollars a day, and the railway companies pocket as much by way of freight. Notwithstanding these charges, it is sold at the rate of fifty quarts for a dollar, or eight cents a gallon, and it is calculated that the luxury of helpless inebriety may be enjoyed for twopence-halfpenny.

The *maguey* flourishes on rocky soil unfit for any other cultivation, and is of as hardy a constitution as its cast-iron aspect promises. A thousand plants are reckoned to the acre, and of these about five-and-twenty will be productive at any given time, as they take ten years to mature, and continue to yield sap for three months before they die. The skill of the *tlachiquero*, the specialist in *maguey* culture, is shown in divining the right moment for excising the central spike, called *meyolote*, where the blossom is developing before it has opened completely. In eight days after this operation, the *cajete*, or cavity in the stump, fills with the sweet juice, called *agua miel*, and continues to yield a gallon a day for three months, or ninety gallons in all before its death. The chemistry by which this amazing quantity of fluid is extracted from the most parched soil, is one of the bewildering secrets of the laboratory of Nature.

The juice is drawn off by a singular process. To the plants fit for "milking," goes round the *tlachiquero*, a picturesque figure, with tattered sombrero, sandalled feet, and leathern apron. Inserting into the well of liquid a siphon, called *acajete*, or in Mexican *acocatl* (water-throat), made of a large gourd tipped with a cow's horn, he sucks up into it the *agua miel* and pours it thence into the *corambes*, inflated sheepskins borne by an attendant donkey. Mr. Brocklehurst describes as follows, the remainder of the process:—

We proceeded from plant to plant, until the sheepskins on the donkeys' backs were filled; then we returned to the *tinacal*, or place where the "pulque" is made—a large fine barn, the earthen floor clean as the deck of a man-of-war. It was filled with square wooden frames, on which were stretched cow-hides, shaped like vats, the hairy side upwards. The liquid seemed to curdle in process of fermentation, and smelt very badly. The cowhides with their frames are called "tinazas." The rotten curds are fed three times a day—in other words, after each milking—with *agua miel*. This ferments for about three hours, and from the "tina" is drawn into barrels for the pulquerias, or gaudily-adorned public-houses, where pulque is sold, and which are to be found at the corners of almost every street in Mexico. In many cases it is carried about the country in sheepskins, on the stalwart shoulders of peripatetic pedlars.

We entered the *tinacal* in a sort of procession, each one on entering exclaiming, "Alabo á Dios,"—"I praise God"—as he reverently removed his hat. The donkeys remained on the threshold, and the *agua miel* laden sheepskins were carefully brought in on the backs of Indians one by one. When the orifice of the sheepskin was opened, and the liquor ready for pouring out, the *tlachiquero*, or "boss" pulque maker of the *tinacal*, took the *meneador*, a long stake or switch from the corner, and making the sign of the Cross in the rotten curds, reverently exclaimed, "Ave Maria purisima," to which the Indian devoutly responded, "Alabado sea Dios y la Santisima Trinidad." Then the Indian proceeded to pour the contents of his sheepskin into a great vessel held over the "tina" by a man who cries, "Uno! dos! tres!" &c., as he turns the contents into the "tina."

Pulque, which is an opaline liquid like cocoa-nut milk, seems to foreign palates a most nauseous beverage, tasting like sour whey, with a strong flavour of decayed eggs, and a faint suggestion of putrid meat. It is said however to be a most wholesome drink, and the Indians are much addicted to its use and abuse. The intoxication produced by it, principally affects the legs and power of walking, leaving the head comparatively clear.

A more fiery intoxicant, called *mezcal*, is produced by a different process from a smaller-leaved aloe. The great *bourgeon*, or bud, somewhat like a head of cabbage, is cut out and roasted, and

a spirit distilled from the water in which it is then soaked. It is a very deleterious stimulant, and the usually pacific Indians become under its influence quarrelsome and violent.

Many of the products peculiar to Mexico require very tender nurture, and these are generally left to the patient care of the natives. It is they who understand the treatment of the vanilla bean, the fruit of an orchis (*Epidendrum vanilla*), produced only in a district of a few square miles in the province of Vera Cruz, whence is exported the supply of the entire of Europe. The pods are gathered between March and June, and after gradually drying in the sun, or in cloudy weather before a slow fire, are packed with the utmost care, the presence of a single damaged pod sufficing to injure the contents of a whole chest.

Equal watchfulness is required in rearing the tiny insect which furnishes the cochineal of commerce, called in the native language *nochiztli* (cactus-blood). Principally produced in Chiapas and Oajaca, the annual export amounts to from a million to a million and a half pounds, value one-and-three-quarters to two million dollars. The cochineal insect (*coccus cacti*) lives on a species of nopal or cactus (*Cactus cochinillifer*), whence its cultivators are called *nopaleros*. The plant, and with it the quality of the insect, is improved by cultivation, so that the *grana fina* and *grana sylvestra*, or tame and wild cochineal, are easily distinguishable. The former, which is much larger and dusted over with a mealy powder, is gathered only three times a year, the latter six times. The insect in all stages requires solicitous care, must be protected from extremes of heat and cold by screens to keep off sun and wind, and in some cases, where too much moisture is dreaded, is transported several days' journey, to await in a drier climate the passing of the rainy season. Fruit and blossoms are carefully removed from the plant, and its leaves so constantly cleansed that the dusky Indian women may be seen crouching under the cactuses for hours together, tenderly brushing and dusting them with a deer's or squirrel's tail. In addition a constant guard has to be kept against such enemies as birds and mice, lizards, spiders, wasps and bugs. The insects, which weigh about 70,000 to the pound, are laboriously gathered by women, who detach them from the plant with a blunt knife. They are enclosed in bags, killed by immersion in boiling-water, and after being dried in the sun are ready for the market.

The manioc (*Juca jatropha*) provides the Jarochos, or natives of the coast, with one of their principal articles of diet. The poisonous juice of its root being extracted, the grated fecula furnishes the cassava flour of which their bread is made. Another starchy substance, sago, is produced by a cyca growing on the edges of the chasms, from one to two thousand feet above

the level of the sea. It is a shrub some five or six feet high, with rigid leaves and stout stem, and the female plant bears a woody capsule containing some hundreds of fruits about the size of a walnut, filled with the pure farina, also found in the stem and root.

The Pharmacopœia derives two of its familiar remedies from Mexico—sarsaparilla, the root of a smilax, thriving in the damp and dark ravines, and jalap, the tuber of a convolvulus, so called from the town of Jalapa.

Cocoa-beans, used as a form of currency by the Aztecs, supplied them with their favourite beverage, chocolate flavoured with vanilla and spices. The tree flourishes best in Tabasco and Oajaca, the latter region producing the finest cocoa in the world. The natives have still such a preference for chocolate as a drink, that in Southern Mexico where coffee grows wild, they do not even care to gather it. It is however extensively cultivated for exportation, especially in the neighbourhood of Cordoba, and considerable quantities are shipped to France and the United States, made up in grass bales of from 200 to 220 lbs. Mr. Brocklehurst quotes the report of the Hon. J. W. Foster, late Minister to Mexico for the United States, in which he says that Mexico has the agricultural capacity to produce all the coffee that can be consumed in the United States of America, of a quality equal to the best berry of any country.

Tobacco of high quality is also largely grown, much of it being sent to Havana for the brand, and then sold as Cuban in the European markets.

Mexico, thus rich in all the most valuable agricultural products of the globe, is not less bountifully supplied with metallic treasures, from whose list, as Mr. Brocklehurst was informed by an expert, but one known mineral, cryolite, is absent. It is only human energy that is wanting to develop such varied forms of natural wealth, but without it they have all been lavished in vain.

In numbers alone the population is deficient. Ten millions of inhabitants, scattered over an area of 743,948 square miles, bear but the same proportion to it, as would 1,500,000 souls to that of the United Kingdom. But even these figures do not represent the sparseness of habitation over portions of this vast territory, extending 2,000 miles in one direction by 1,000 in another, and larger than France, Spain, the German Empire, and British Islands, taken collectively. The great cities absorb a disproportionately large number of the inhabitants, and after the capital, which ranks in this respect with Rome, come Leon, with 132,000 souls, larger than Antwerp or Genoa; San Luis Potosi, of about the size of Geneva; and Puebla and Guadalajara, on the

scale of Plymouth and Wolverhampton. The valley of Mexico is moreover a nucleus of population, whence it diminishes in density towards the outlying regions. Agriculturally therefore the country is but half developed, and would offer a promising field for immigration, were other conditions favourable.

On the accession of the first independent ruler, the Emperor Iturbide, Mexico ranked in point of size, as the third empire of the world, surpassed only by Russia and China. It is now the second Republic. With a political constitution modelled on that of its neighbour, it consists of twenty-seven States, the territory of Lower California, and the Federal District of Mexico, 461 square miles in extent. The actual President, General Manuel Gonzales, succeeded to power on the overthrow of his predecessor, General Porfirio Diaz, on December 1, 1880; but the arrangement come to since then, by which these two men are to rule alternately, will, it is hoped, give stability to the Government.

The House of Representatives numbers 227 members, one per 80,000 of population. Their qualifications are, attainment of the age of twenty-five, and eight years residence in the State. Elections by popular suffrage take place every two years. The constitution of 1824 abolished all distinctions of colour, but the natives are still socially if not legally oppressed.

The population of Mexico is, perhaps, the most motley in the world. "The blue blood of Castile" has, in the New World, run in very strange channels, and while the number of *Criollos* (Creoles), persons who claim to be of pure Spanish descent, is only 500,000, the Indians are 5,000,000, and the balance is made up of the mixed races styled "castes." Of these, the *Mestizoes*, forming the middle-class of the country and representing the fusion of Indian and Spanish blood, are the most numerous; but the introduction on the coast regions of the African element, has created there another hybrid race compounded of negro and Indian. The result is a droll mixture of the physical peculiarities of both, rendering these *zambos*, *lobos*, or *chinos* (curly-heads), as they are called indiscriminately, perhaps the ugliest type of humanity. The Indian women it is said prefer to mate with negroes, rather than with their own countrymen, as the joyous vivacity of the African forms an attractive contrast to their own melancholy temperament. The negro race cannot subsist on the plateaus, and the 10,000 mulattoes, reckoned by Humboldt among the population of the capital, have completely disappeared.

Spaniards, of European birth, are called *Gachupinos*, a corruption of an Aztec word, compounded of *cactli* and *chopina*, meaning "prickle-shoes." The spurs of those formidable Spanish cavaliers, the terror of whose strange aspect was such an element

in the subjugation of the country, are thus commemorated in popular parlance.

The Indians, so far from being a homogeneous race, are divided into thirty-five tribes, speaking 140 dialects, and comprising some strange varieties of the human species. Among these are the Pintos, a race of piebald men, spotted like hounds or cattle, with large slate-coloured blotches on a dun, tawny skin. They inhabit the tangled forests adjoining the Zacatula River on the Pacific slope.

The *Indios mansos*, or "tame Indians," so called in contradistinction to their unreclaimed brethren the *Indios bravos*, live everywhere apart from their conquerors. In the cities they occupy separate suburbs, and in the country form native villages, *pueblos*, or *pueblitos*, governed by their own customs, and ruled by certain aristocratic families of hereditary position. Their social system is communistic, all lands being held in common and only a house-place and garden owned as private property. Even the personal liberty of the individual, and to some extent his labour, are at the disposal of the community. Thus residence within its precincts is compulsory, and those who cultivate distant farms are expected to return after the harvest, or in any case, to appear at certain festivals. Contracts are entered into by employers of labour with the *alcaldes* of the villages for a certain number of hands, and as payment is made in advance, the community is then bound to supply them. The peons on the great estates are practically enslaved by debt to the employer, and have generally mortgaged the labour of their descendants as well as their own.

Herr Ratzel describes the working of the internal economy of the village system at Pueblo Nuevo, near Acapulco, where he stopped on his ride from the Pacific to the interior. At six in the morning, a large drum, hung from a tree in the market-place, was sounded, to summon the male population, 150 strong, to assist in weeding the space round the church. The work, suspended after three hours, was resumed again at three in the afternoon, and continued till six, when it was followed by the rehearsal of an auto or sacred drama, for performance at a coming feast. The piece, in the style of a monotonous ballet, turned on a battle between Moors and Christians, and was accompanied by the music of violins, flutes, and drums.

The Indians are very skilful gardeners, and understand the culture and use of many plants unknown to the Creoles; but each family only grows sufficient for its own consumption. They also collect the products of the forest, such as gums and plant-fibres, those of the bromelia and agave—*pita* and *iztli*—being used for making coarse cloths. They show considerable

artistic perception in modelling figures illustrative of national costumes, in wax, terra-cotta, and even rags, and have an instinct for manufacturing musical instruments, guitars, and violins, of good tone, though clumsy construction.

As porters and messengers they perform wonderful feats, carrying enormous weights by a strap passed across the forehead; and it is on record that one of them could carry 600 lbs. of sandstone a considerable distance. Those who in former times sent them with letters or light commissions, generally made them up with some pounds' weight of stones, to ensure their not being forgotten. The couriers of Montezuma travelled so expeditiously that, by a system of relays, he was able to have the fish taken in the Gulf of Mexico served on his table at a distance of 270 miles, within twenty-four hours.

Suspicious in his dealings with white men, the Indian is generally indirect and ambiguous in his mode of expression. This timorousness is exemplified by Humboldt's description of the native system of trading with the Spanish outposts along the road to Santa Fé, by attaching their goods, buffalo robes, furs, &c., to small crosses along the wayside, while the articles given in exchange by the soldiers—provisions, salt, or tobacco—were deposited in the same place.

The Mexican aborigines approach to the Mongol type, and appear to be of a different race from the nomad Indians, who are perhaps allied to the Patagonians. They are physically inferior to the hunting tribes, and the men are universally ugly. The women, when young, are not devoid of a certain plump comeliness, and show some taste in decorating their persons. An Indian maiden, with the white blossoms of the blumeria, her favourite flower, in her dark hair, is not an unattractive object. Their dress consists, like that of the poblanas of Mexico, of a dark skirt and white upper garment. Men and women wear the same out-door wrap—a coarse mantle, *huipile*, with openings for the head and arms. Among the physical peculiarities which distinguish them from Europeans, are the greater thickness of the skin, and the characteristic gait—a sort of shuffling trot in both sexes alike.

Though infant mortality is very high among them—probably owing to injudicious food—the adults are healthy, and extreme longevity is common. Wounds are healed rapidly and easily, and even intemperance entails no penalty, as they are exempt from *delirium tremens*. They are never attacked by yellow fever, but are carried off wholesale by small-pox, as well as by the *matlazahuatl*—a sort of virulent typhus peculiar to themselves. Of this epidemic 800,000 are believed to have perished in 1545, and 2,000,000 in 1576, while a more recent outbreak depopu-

lated whole districts, where ruined villages tell the tale of its ravages.

The form of salutation on entering an Indian dwelling is, "Ave Maria," and the answer, "En gracia concebida." The men usually speak a little Spanish, the women and children only their own dialect. In the Aztec language the substantives are mostly compounded of descriptive epithets, doubtless owing to the system of writing, which required visible symbols for all ideas. The felicity of some of these combined phrases is inspired by the intuitive poetry of primitive speech. Thus: a lake is *atezcatl*, water mirror; an armadillo, *ayotochtli*, tortoise-rabbit; and the ships of the Spaniards were termed water-houses. The words *chocalatl*, *tomatl*, *ocelotl*, *copalli*, have been adopted almost unchanged from the Aztec into the European languages; and the Mexican *zicalli*, a small calabash for chocolate, appears in the Spanish as *jicara*, and in the Italian as *chicchera*, meaning a tiny cup in both cases.

The Spanish conquest was regarded by the Indians as the final defeat of their gods, no less than of their temporal rulers. An instance of their moral subjugation was afforded on the march of Cortes to Yucatan, when one of his horses being invalided and left in charge of the inhabitants of the Isles of Peten, was treated by them with such reverential ceremony as proved fatal to it. Flowers and spiced meats were the only offerings held worthy of its dignity, and the result, as might be imagined, was its death. Its effigy in stone was then placed in the principal *teocalli*, where the Franciscan missionaries, in 1618, found it worshipped as the god of thunder and lightning.

In such a frame of mind towards their conquerors, the Indians were readily converted to the victorious faith, and were baptized by millions. Within forty years 600 bishoprics and 6,000 monasteries were established, carrying civilization and enlightenment into the most remote regions, while the priests were everywhere the champions of the enslaved race. The names of Father Olmedo, the chaplain of Cortes, unwearying in his efforts to check the conqueror's fanaticism, and of the heroic Las Casas, who twelve times crossed the ocean to plead the cause of the oppressed natives, must ever be dear to the friends of humanity.

The priests of the native villages at the present day are for the most part Indians themselves. Preferring a spiritual teacher of their own race, the flocks choose one amongst them for the ecclesiastical career, and have him trained accordingly. In place of church dues, the community provides the priest with the requisite service for his household wants.

The Church, ever flexible in secondary matters, adapts itself as far as possible to the habits of the people. Thus, as Sunday is

commonly their market-day, an open-air Mass is said on the church steps, at which vendors and customers assist from their places in the square. The custom has doubtless given rise to the statement, current among Protestant writers, that the Indians are dispensed from hearing Mass on Sunday.

Some of their ancient observances are sanctioned by being associated with Christian worship, and the *mitate*, a native dance, is still performed in honour of Our Lady of Guadalupe, whose apparition to a poor Indian shepherd was accepted by the race as a visible sign of her adoption of them. A pretty native custom is that of associating the wild denizens of the forest with the procession of Corpus Christi, by capturing and tying them up along its route. A singular observance is that of offering banquets to the dead, on the Eve and Feast of All Souls. On the Vigil it is the departed children of the household who are invited to partake of sweets and dainties laid on dishes decorated with roses, marigolds, and daturas, while more substantial food is prepared for the adult dead on the following day. The smoke of incense, used in all the Aztec celebrations, fills the house during these two days, and it is thronged with visitors and friends.

Some reminiscences of Paganism still crop up occasionally, and two Aztec idols, disinterred not long ago in the capital, are said to have been crowned with flowers during the night. The gigantic cypress, the most venerable of those that shaded the favourite country palace of Montezuma on the wooded bluff of Chapultepec, is draped with fluttering rags, a practice inherited from some primitive form of worship, still prevailing in fragmentary survival, from Ireland to the frozen deserts of Siberia. In some remote parts of New Mexico,\* the return of the white god Quetzalcoatl is still looked for by the natives, and the sacred fire is kept alight in a cavern of the mountains, as it was on the four hundred altar towers of Cholula, the Holy City of Anáhuac, until Cortes quenched its rays in the blood of its votaries.

Though the Indians are the most numerous of all sections of the Mexican population, they are without political influence, and it is on the *Mestizoes*, the Indo-Spanish half-castes—said to combine the worst qualities of both parent races—that the future of Mexico depends. As domestic servants, traders, farmers, and artisans, they furnish the active element of society, and practically constitute the Mexican nation. Turbulent and unruly, they have been the source of the past disorders of the country, as they are the most formidable menace to its present prosperity.

Mr. Brocklehurst has on his title-page styled Mexico, "a Country with a Great Future," and shows plausible grounds for

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\* Now annexed to the United States.

the prognostication. He has however omitted from his consideration some of the causes likely to delay its fulfilment. For it is no doubt true that Mexico has a future to look forward to, but it will be for Mexico without the Mexicans. The effete Spaniard, the unstable Mestizo, the apathetic Indian must disappear, and the speculative but methodical, the shrewd but adventurous, Anglo-Saxon of the West must take their place, ere this great, waste, luxuriant, dilapidated playground of tropical Nature become the orderly and bounteous harvest-field of humanity. For a country may be redeemed from the depths of degradation, but a race never.

Instability of institutions, the Nemesis of modern democracy, has been the curse of Mexico. Its Government, until recently probably the worst in the world, combined all the evils of savagery and civilization. Impotent to repress disorder, as the most impotent of barbarous States, it was on a level with the most advanced in the refinements of civil corruption, and its society was at once dissolved in anarchy and devoured by officialism. Justice was so venal as to create a trade in its unrighteousness, carried on by speculators, who bought up desperate cases in order to prosecute them by bribery. Public honesty was at so low an ebb, that a bargain with the revenue officers was the recognized mode of passing goods through the custom-house at Vera Cruz. Public safety was so idle a phrase, that the diligence was daily robbed at the gates of the capital, and its passengers murdered if they attempted self-defence. In Mexico alone, of all countries in the world, the terrors of peace surpassed those of war, for while during war the brigands were at least enrolled in the army, during peace the army recruited the ranks of the brigands. And such was the character of that army, even when under nominal discipline, that travellers if offered an escort, were often in doubt whether it might not be better to trust to the mercies of their plunderers rather than of their protectors. Revolutions meantime were so frequent, that the average duration of a Presidency, nominally a term of four years, was, during an entire decade, but eight months. Amid the general shipwreck of society, the Church, unchangeable, and therefore obnoxious to innovators, austere in doctrine, and consequently odious to the violent and the vicious, above all wealthy, and therefore a tempting object of plunder to the rapacious, was soon singled out for attack. Secret societies moreover, the plague of continental Europe, and everywhere the implacable foes of religion, had taken root in the New World, and among the many civil convulsions witnessed by the city of Mexico, a sanguinary feud between two rival Masonic Lodges had been one.\*

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\* The Masonic propaganda in the New World is so active, that in a

A very large amount of property, calculated at three-quarters of the available land and houses in Mexico had accumulated in the possession of ecclesiastical bodies; such easy landlords, that their tenants were said to sublet in some cases for ten times the amount paid as head rent. The injury inflicted on the community was thus scarcely appreciable, and more than compensated even from a commercial point of view, by the services rendered. By a decree of President Comonfort, on June 25, 1856, all Church property was converted into a mortgage, the rental, reckoned at six per cent., being taken as the standard of valuation, and the tenant becoming sole owner on payment of the capitalized sum. Thus a rental of sixty dollars was redeemable at a thousand.

Three years later President Benito Juarez, a full-caste Indian, passed a still more sweeping decree, enforcing the absolute confiscation of all Church property, the suppression of the religious Orders, the prohibition of the ecclesiastical garb, and the total separation of Church and State. This drastic measure was put in immediate operation; but, by the mysterious fatality which seems to attend similar legislation, the Mexican Government, after its boa-constrictor gorge of confiscation, continued as needy and hungry as before, and showed no more signs of improved condition than did Pharoah's lean kine, after having made a meal on their fat sisters.

Yet Brutus is an honourable man,

and President Juarez was generally credited with personal honesty. But since to this epoch can be traced the sudden acquisition of large fortunes by many of the revolutionary leaders, it is difficult to acquit him of connivance at public plunder on a gigantic scale even if his own hands remained clean.

So rabid was his zeal for persecution, that he assisted personally at the destruction of the churches in Mexico, and the eagerness with which the work was carried on under his auspices caused an unhappy accident—the death of several of the workmen engaged in the demolition of the church and convent of S. Francis. The triumph of the anti-clerical party was complete, and Mr. Bullock\* found but one church available for public worship in Vera Cruz in 1860, the others being converted into warehouses, where bales of merchandise were piled on the altars. The same traveller, on his journey inland, saw church-bells thrown to rust by the wayside, the Liberals having, as they phrased it, "cut

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letter from a missionary in Ontario, in a recent number of *Les Missions Catholiques* (May 25, 1883), it is stated that each lodge is bound to send at least two colonists every year to Manitoba or some of the North-Western States, paying all their expenses, and establishing them as missionaries in the newly opened regions.

\* "Across Mexico." By W. H. Bullock. Cambridge. 1866.

the tongues out of the churches," in gratuitous malevolence. One of the churches in Mexico served as a *café*, the others for various secular purposes.

When, on April 10, 1864, a Catholic Prince of the House of Hapsburg accepted the throne of Mexico, though only as the crowned pawn of Napoleon, the Conservative party hoped for a change of policy. Maximilian made a special journey to Rome to receive the benediction of the Pope before his departure, but had scarcely reached his new dominions when counter influences began to act upon his mind. As early as October 19, of the year of his accession, Pius IX. addressed a letter of remonstrance to him on the delay in revoking the decrees of his predecessor. No steps were taken in that direction, and despite the arrival of a Papal Nuncio, the Emperor, finding the Holy See had authorized no compromise, issued a decree confirming the sequestration of the Church property. So far indeed did he lean at this time towards the anti-clerical party that he authorized the continuous working of Government offices during Sundays and holidays. He thus alienated the Conservative party without conciliating their opponents, and on the withdrawal of the French forces, had no substantial following in the country.

His last State banquet at Chapultepec, on the fatal march from Orizava to Querétaro, was commonly styled by the Juarists, his "Belshazzar's Feast," and the Mene, Thekel, Phares of mysterious warning might have been addressed to him who, like the Assyrian, was "weighed in the balance and found wanting." Swift and terrible was the retribution for errors that sprang from negative rather than positive defects of character, for failings that would have been venial in a less difficult position. And the tragedy of that June morning at the Cerro de las Campanas, has effaced from the public mind all feeling save that of tender and regretful pity for the chivalrous and amiable prince so hardly placed and so cruelly ended.

The death of Maximilian (June 19, 1867) is the last dramatic episode of Mexican history, and since then its obscure miseries have been unregarded by the world. Now it is beginning to attract attention as a profitable field for the investment of capital, and an effort is being made towards its political rehabilitation. *Pronunciamentos*, we are told, are a thing of the past; an orderly *régime* has been established by the agreement between Generals Gonzales and Diaz, and the Mexicans have embodied the wisdom of bitter experience in the proverb that, "a bad government is better than a good revolution." The revenue has increased from 18,000,000 dollars in 1879 to an anticipated 35,000,000 dollars for the current year, 1883, and the prodigal of nations gives earnest of sincerity in repentance, by

paying its debts before settling down as a respectable member of society. At a meeting of the Mexican Bondholders' Committee, held in London, May 18, 1883, it was decided to accept the terms offered in settlement of their long outstanding claims, and the resumption of diplomatic intercourse between England and Mexico followed immediately.

Two-thirds of the trade of Mexico, the aggregate of which is £12,000,000 yearly, is carried on with the United States, the principal exports being silver and other minerals; the imports, cotton and linen manufactures, wrought iron and machinery. From Great Britain similar goods are imported to the value of over a million and a half, while the exports of Mexico to the British markets are inconsiderable, averaging only £600,000, of which £80,000 are for silver ore.

With extended facilities for transport throughout the country a very large increase in its trade might be looked for, and to this end English and American enterprise are now actively directed. Mexico had, in 1882, 2,235 miles of railway open, a very small fraction, however, of the undertakings projected. The configuration of the country presents the most formidable engineering difficulties, wonderfully surmounted in the line from Vera Cruz to the capital, opened by an English company on January 1, 1873. This road, the construction of which, carried on during thirty-six years under forty Presidents and an Emperor, cost £8,000,000, or an average of £30,000 a mile, is, Mr. Brocklehurst tells us, "a very marvel of engineering, and of the 7,600 feet of ascent, 4,000 are done in 25 miles. The road spans ravines, scales precipices, gets higher and higher by loops, plunges through the heart of the mountain, and then up it goes into the cloudland, and in the teeth of almost insurmountable difficulties, passes into a lonely plain, and winds into the capital, near the celebrated shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe." This costly line is the principal one owned by the Mexican Railway Company, whose report published in London on May 19, 1883, declared a dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum. Such prosperity, however, can scarcely be more than temporary, as the normal trade of the country is not sufficient to maintain it, and it is partly accounted for by the transport of material for other railways.

These competing lines are principally of American ownership, and form part of a vast scheme, not only for connecting Mexico with the railway system of the United States, bringing its capital within five days' train of New York, but also for running two great trunk lines down the eastern and western South American sea-boards, to terminate in Patagonia.

The Mexican Government admits all railway plant free of

duty, and grants a subsidy of from 7,000 to 9,000 dollars for every kilomètre of road completed.

A picturesque incident of railway construction is the *conducta*, or treasure cavalcade, which starts from Mexico every Saturday to pay the wages of the labourers along the lines in process of formation. An escort of forty or fifty picked men of the Rural Guard, riding like Centaurs and got up like Cavaliers at a fancy ball, lead the van, the treasure mules, heavily laden with silver dollars, occupy the centre, and the rear is brought up by a retinue of *mozos*, or native servants, mounted and armed to the teeth.

But these precautions, however effective as a pictorial addition to the landscape, savour too much of actual warfare for the practical eye of the capitalist, and recall the dark shadow on Mexican prosperity. Save in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, there is no security for life or property, and the *Times*, writing on April 3, 1883, speaks of it as unsafe to visit the scene of Maximilian's death, close to Queretaro, a town of 40,000 inhabitants.

The Apache border is as disturbed as ever, and from that quarter comes news of a terrible raid during the same month of April, and the massacre of ninety-three settlers in the neighbourhood of Hermosilla. This northern frontier of Mexico is the scene of that terrible war of extermination between the red man and the white, which has furnished romance with so many thrilling incidents.\* Along the Indian march, the Spaniards established a chain of outposts called *presidios*, to check the incursions of their fierce neighbours, and by the grant of lands to the soldiers and their families, sought to give stability to the system of military colonization. The history of these settlements, were it ever written, would be a fearful record of mutual reprisals, in which the red man would often be outdone in savagery by the white.

The celebrated raid of Don Santiago Kirker, whose name deserves to be gibbeted in history, may serve as a specimen of the amenities of border warfare. The people of Chihuahua, much harassed by the Indians, having offered a reward of fifty dollars a scalp for their extermination, Kirker, an Irishman resident in Mexico, collected a band of desperadoes, and in August, 1846, surprised a party of Apaches engaged in trading at a neighbouring village during a time of temporary truce. Men, women, and children, to the number of a hundred and sixty were ruthlessly massacred, and their scalps brought in to decorate the

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\* Some of the most vivid descriptions of Mexican life and scenery are to be found in Captain Mayne Reid's novels of guerilla warfare, "The Scalp Hunters" and "The Rifle Rangers."

gates of Chihuahua, where they were seen still suspended in the following November, by Mr. Ruxton, an English traveller. Even an infant which saw the light in that hour of terror, was murdered under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, but with a hideous parody of piety, was baptized in the church where its mother had taken refuge, as a preliminary to having its brains dashed out against the wall.

Though nearly half a century has elapsed since this infamy was perpetrated, the conditions under which the war of race is carried on have changed little in the interval, and an advance in the price of scalps is the only homage rendered to increasing civilization. The *New York Tribune*, as recently as May, 1883, published the following account of a raid from the same city which sent forth Kirker and his gang:—

Thirty mounted men left the city to hunt Indians. They scalped eight whom they caught unarmed, and captured a number of squaws and ponies. They then turned homeward, and reached Chihuahua on Sunday, were publicly received on the plaza of the city by the mayor, as though they were heroes returning from a glorious war. The whole city turned out to greet them, and amid the clanging of the cathedral bells, and the voices of the populace, they rode through the streets, decked with bunting, with eight bloody scalps dangling from a pole carried by eight men. Many of the poor squaws carried their infants on their backs, and men who called themselves brave, showed their superior manhood by striking these wretched barbarian mothers and their infants, as they trod their weary way in the procession. The squaws thus captured are imprisoned for life, and the Government pays 200 dols. for every Indian scalp presented to it.

The Indians here spoken of are Apaches, a nation numbering nine tribes, and roughly estimated at 30,000 strong. They are a cowardly and treacherous race, preferring strategy to force, and after their forays are generally ready to sue for peace, which of course is only binding during their pleasure.

The Comanches, who come from beyond the Rio Pecos and the Del Norte, practise more warlike tactics. They form a regular army of invasion, entering the country in three divisions, one of them taking the way of the dreaded Mapimi desert, the great thirst country of Mexico, a four days' march without food or water, on which many of their animals perish. For these they quickly find compensation on the rich haciendas, upon which they descend in a destroying horde, carrying fire and sword to the very foot of the Sierra Madre, and retiring laden with plunder. In 1846 they thus overran all Durango and Chihuahua, completely cutting off these outlying States, and after defeating the troops sent against them in two pitched battles, retreated in

triumph, carrying off over 10,000 mules and horses. So regularly are these expeditions timed, that September, the month in which they take place, is called by the tribe "the Mexico moon," as the other months are called the "buffalo," or "beaver moons," from the game then in season.

It will be seen that settlers need not look to find a smiling Eden of the West in this red border land, where life is cheap if land is plenty, and rifle and revolver are as necessary adjuncts of agriculture as hoe and mattock. Indeed, the wonder is, under such conditions, not that the country is thinly peopled, but that it should not be absolutely uninhabited. A few years it is true may make a great change in the present aspect of things. The steam-engine, that panacea of modern social philosophy, will carry culture into the desert, and bring peace upon the war-path; and all the plumed and painted chivalry of the prairie—Comanche and Navajo, and Maricoco and Apache, will vanish, as Huron and Iroquois, and Delaware and Mohawk have vanished, before the iron spells of civilization. But that time has not yet come, and the Red Man, the embodied vengeance of a disinherited race, the haunting menace of the frontier, the shadow on the settler's ranch, the spectre of the planter's hearth, must still be reckoned with as a factor in the future of Mexico.

E. M. CLERKE.

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#### ART. III.—SOME NEW ENGLISH DOCUMENTS ON OUR LADY'S IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

1. *Life, Letters and Sermons of Herbert de Losinga* (1050–1119). Edited by DEAN GOULBURN and H. SYMONDS. Two vols. Parker: 1878.
2. *Legenda Sanctorum*.—The Proper Lessons for Saints' Days, according to the Use of Exeter, compiled by JOHN DE GRANDISSON, Bishop, 1327. Edited by HERBERT EDWARD REYNOLDS, M.A., Priest-Vicar and Librarian of Exeter Cathedral. London: Elliot Stock, 1880–1883. Fasciculi I. II. III.

THIS is an age of disinterment. But while there are body-snatchers who rifle the tombs of the dead for subjects for the dissecting-room, there are those also who reverently unwrap the shroud and gather up sacred bones that they may place them in a more honourable shrine. We have two such enshrinements before us; one is of the remains of Herbert de Losinga, first Bishop of Norwich, the other of those of John de Grandisson, Bishop of Exeter.

Of the publication of the letters and sermons of Herbert we should like to speak well, for never probably have more pains been given to editing an ancient author. Indeed these are out of all proportion with their subject. Herbert was a great bishop, but not a great writer; and no one would be more surprised than himself to see his few letters and sermons become the text for innumerable notes and dissertations. Of these, too, a large proportion are in no way elucidations, but are either hostile or quite beside the subject. The bones of this mediæval bishop have not been set by Dean Goulburn and Canon Symonds in gold and gems and carefully arranged for the veneration of his clients; but are stuck all round the shrine like pegs on which to hang the thirty-nine articles of Anglican theology, and innumerable scraps of the tinsel erudition and fantastic speculations of the editors. One small volume would have well sufficed to contain the text of Herbert's remains, together with an introduction and life and the necessary notes. Instead of this we have two large volumes in which the text of the Catholic Bishop of Norwich meanders at the top of the pages through fields of Protestant notes and dissertations.

Very different is the treatment of Bishop John de Grandisson. The librarian of Exeter cathedral, Mr. Herbert Reynolds, is doing a good work well. He has had the fine instinct to recognize the value of the treasures in his custody, and the talent and enterprise necessary to make them known and appreciated by others. He is carrying on simultaneously the publication of two important works, both involving great labour as well as pecuniary risk. One of these is the "Ordinale" of the Church of Exeter, by which is to be understood not that part of the Pontifical relating to Holy Orders, but the Directory, or Consuetudinary, giving detailed rules for the conduct of Divine Service throughout the year. Of this one part is already issued, and it will be completed in two more. We do not purpose to speak at present of this publication. We must wait till it is complete, and it must then be taken in connection with the *Consuetudinarium* of St. Osmund, or of Sarum, just edited by Canon Jones for the Master of the Rolls.\* Mr. Reynolds has not the advantage of Government aid in his work, yet he is carrying it out in a far more luxurious style, and the issue will be limited to three hundred copies, of which we trust that several will find their place in our Catholic libraries. The Preface will contain information drawn from hitherto untouched documents.

As regards the *Legenda Sanctorum*, it will be completed in

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\* Canon Jones has printed the Sarum Consuetudinarium in Latin, and furnished an excellent translation and introduction. This directory forms the first and principal part of the Register of St. Osmund, the second volume of which is already in the press.

seven or eight fasciculi, of which three are already published. Each number will contain elucidative and historical matter, and will be illustrated with facsimiles of the text or of illuminations and frescoes. Thus the half-obliterated mural painting of the Assumption, executed in the fourteenth century, and still to be seen on the right-hand side of the entrance to the Lady Chapel of Exeter Cathedral, will be reproduced with the lessons of the Assumption. The two splendid volumes of the Exeter Lectionary have an autographic entry of Bishop Grandisson, stating that they are his gift to his cathedral church, made on Lady-day, 1366, in the thirty-ninth year of his episcopacy, and they are "according to his arrangement and abbreviation." The title-page gives the contents, as follows :—

The first part contains whatever is read from the Bible. In this portions of the Bible are omitted, but no change is made in the text, and since the whole cannot be read, those parts at least are read which correspond to the season. The second part contains sermons and homilies belonging to the temporale, with the lessons of St. Mary, and of the dedication of the church and its octave, &c. The third part in another volume contains the proper lessons of the Saints who are honoured in the use of Exeter, with the common of the Saints, and the lessons for the commemorations of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and the legends of certain Saints commemorated in the Church of Exeter only.

Of these two volumes Mr. Reynolds is publishing the second, containing the lessons for saints' days, as well as the special lessons for the offices of our Blessed Lady. In a preface of fifteen quarto pages he has given a not very methodical, yet interesting and instructive, account of the Divine Office and its Lectionary, of the "Use" of Exeter, and of the revision made by Bishop Grandisson. The first fasciculus is a reproduction of the original, with its abbreviations and punctuation; in the other numbers the Latin text is given *in extenso*, as in similar publications of the Rolls Series. While, therefore, enough has already appeared to prove that the publication is in competent hands, and to warrant us in earnestly recommending this work to the support of English Catholics, we must await its completion before we can compare the lessons of the Church of Exeter with those of other churches or with those of our present breviaries.

We have brought together the two publications we have been describing for a common purpose. They both serve to illustrate the tradition of the English Church with regard to our Lady's Immaculate Conception.

To return, then, to the writings of the Bishop of Norwich. The sermons, which, with the translation and the editors' notes, make up the second volume, are fourteen in number. The MS. from which

they are printed formerly belonged to the cathedral church of Norwich, and is now in the library of the University of Cambridge. The sermons are good, but not of remarkable excellence. They present the ordinary characteristics of the eleventh and twelfth century sermons that have come down to us in the Latin language. They are full of Scripture, often interpreted in an allegorical sense. They are for the most part dogmatic, and such exhortations as they contain are introduced abruptly, and without much appropriateness, at the end; indeed, these are of such a nature that it is hard to say to what class of persons the sermons were addressed. They seem in general more suited to the clergy or to monks than to the laity; yet an admonition like the following, which occurs in the sermon for Christmas, can hardly have been addressed to monks: "Flee therefore murder, sacrilege, theft, false witness. Abound in works of mercy; find opportunity for almsgiving." Or, again, in the sermon for All Saints': "Do penance; make confessions; empty your hearts of the venom of wickedness. Flee from gluttony, drunkenness, fornication. Fill not your houses with the spoils of them that mourn, nor your coffers with robbery and extortion. . . . Death knocks at the door of your castles, and do you fill them with riches?" If the sermons were not spoken *ad clerum* they would not be spoken in Latin, as we now have them, and the moralities may in the vernacular have taken a more developed and persuasive form. In penning them for the learned more attention would be paid to the dogmatic part, and the exhortations would be considerably abridged.

The most interesting thing in these sermons is that Herbert gives explicit testimony to our Lady's Immaculate Conception. The words occur in the sermon on the Assumption, and as they have never found a place in the catena of authorities for our Lady's privilege, deserve to be given verbatim: "Fuit beatissima virgo Maria de genere Abrahæ et tribu Juda, de radice Jesse, filia David; ingenua de ingenuis, et cui nulla de propagine macula inhæsisset. Joachim pater, Anna mater, uterque sterilis; sed per virtutem Sancti Spiritus et per annuntiationem Gabrielis fœcunditatem meruerunt." The allusion to the action of the Holy Ghost probably explains an expression in another sermon, which the editors take to be an explicit denial of the Immaculate Conception, and, indeed, of our Lady's actual sinlessness. In the Christmas sermon are the following words: "Accedit ad uterum virginis Spiritus Sanctus, purgat originali et actuali culpa quam sua impleturus erat gratia. Clamat angelus: Ne timeas Maria. Ecce concipies, &c." The editors remark, in their note: "Bishop Herbert holds that she was purged both of original and actual sin at the moment when by the Holy Ghost she conceived our

Lord." The words certainly give this impression at the first reading, yet Herbert can scarcely have meant this, for he would explicitly contradict himself. In the words quoted from the sermon on the Assumption he affirms the Immaculate Conception, and this the editors do not deny. Moreover, such an interpretation would compel us to hold that an English bishop, a contemporary of St. Anselm's, a Benedictine monk and a learned man, publicly taught that the Blessed Mother of God had been even guilty of actual sins. Now no one will be surprised to find Anglican clergymen saying, as the editors do in this very note, "that the Holy Spirit did indeed purge the Lord's human nature in the womb, which needed such purgation, as being taken from a sinner." Such language befits Anglican theology. But it would require strong and irrefragable proof to convince us that one of the assistants at the consecration of St. Anselm denied the sinlessness of Mary. "It was fitting," wrote St. Anselm, "that that Virgin should be resplendent with such a purity that, under God, a greater could not be imagined."\* And in perfect harmony with this great maxim Herbert writes, in his sermon on the Assumption:—

She was made white with many virtues and merits, yea, whiter than the driven snow was she made by the gift of the Holy Ghost; and showed forth in all things the simplicity of the dove, since whatever was done in her was all purity and simplicity, was all pure grace, was all the mercy and justice which looked down from heaven. And therefore is she called undefiled, because in nothing was she corrupt.

How then can we interpret Herbert so as to leave him in harmony with himself and with the universal theology of his time? His words may, perhaps, be understood to mean that the purifying operation of the Holy Ghost took place, not at the moment of our Lord's Incarnation, but at the moment of our Lady's own conception, so that He purified her from sin original and actual, which would have found place in her but for His preventing grace. This interpretation is in harmony with His own words about her parents; for in saying that the Holy Ghost gave them miraculous fecundity, and in the same breath asserting that "no stain clung to her from her origin (*de propagine*), Herbert evidently attributes a double work to the Holy Ghost, the gift of fruitfulness to her parents and of sinlessness to Mary. Nor does this interpretation do violence to the context in the Christmas sermon, since the Bishop is not there giving a detailed history of the Annunciation, but in very rapid words stating what was done before our Lord's birth. "Ye are sitting down at the board of the Almighty King, give diligent heed to the things that are set

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\* "De Con. Virg.," c. 18, Op. t. i. p. 152. Ed. Gerberon.

before you. There is set before you the conception by a virgin, the delivery of a virgin. The Holy Ghost cometh upon the Virgin, and purgeth from sin, original and actual, her whom he would fill with His grace (*quam sua impleturus erat gratia*). The angel cries: Fear not, Mary, etc." Certainly if Herbert here speaks of that descent of the Holy Ghost of which Gabriel spoke—*Spiritus Sanctus superveniet in te*—then the interpretation here proposed cannot be accepted. But why should he be supposed to allude to this and not to that former operation in our Lady's soul in the first moment of its creation? The operation or descent of the Holy Ghost is supposed to precede the message of the angel. "Accedit ad uterum virginis Spiritus Sanctus, purgat originali et actuali culpa quam sua impleturus erat gratia;" and after this, "Clamat angelus: Ne timeas Maria." Herbert may then be well taken to mean that the Holy Ghost, having chosen from all eternity this Blessed Virgin, prepares from the beginning a worthy dwelling-place for the Son of God in her, whom, *at a future day*, He would fill with His grace—*i.e.*, the graces which accomplished and accompanied her maternity. That Herbert should say "uterum," and not "animam virginis," is no difficulty, since the Immaculate Conception was given in view of the maternity. "*Deus qui per Immaculatam Virginis Conceptionem dignum Filio tuo habitaculum præparasti*" are the words of the Church's prayer.

Another consideration which makes this interpretation of Herbert's words still more probable, is that, if the word *purgat* is to be taken literally as cleansing from sin or guilt, then the bishop must be supposed to teach that before the moment of the Incarnation not only did there remain some guilt of actual venial sins in the soul of our Lady, but also the guilt of original sin, which is mortal, and deprives the soul of all habitual grace. Protestants may understand the matter differently, and confound original sin with concupiscence. But this was not Herbert's view. In his Easter sermon he explains how he understood original sin: "*Ira Dei per protoplastum peccatorem in omnes homines transierat*;" and then, after saying that the death of our Lord on the Cross expiated our spiritual death and brought pardon for original sin, he adds: "*Defectus animæ a Deo peccatum et defectus corporis ab anima mors; mors inquam animæ prima et mors corporis secunda*." Now, Herbert of Losinga's language in general about the Blessed Virgin is so strong that his Protestant editors have continually to protest against it, and on one occasion they exclaim, "This is full-blown Romanism, so much so that mediæval divines of a much later date than Herbert, writing at a time when religion was much more thoroughly eaten into by the Roman gangrene, would hesitate to

use such expressions.”\* Can any one then persuade himself that this fervent panegyrist of Mary imagined her to have been unpurified from original sin and void of all grace until the moment that Gabriel saluted her with the words, “Thou hast found grace with God?” In his sermon on her Assumption, after saying that no stain of origin was attached to her, he continues: “By modest parents the modest Virgin is nurtured, and being hidden from everything that might provoke unto vice, was preserved by the presence and munition of the Holy Spirit alone. Whence the Hebrews called her ‘Oalma,’ that is, hidden—that is to say, free from all knowledge of sin and from all will to it.” It is then to us utterly incredible that the writer of these words, or indeed any Catholic writer of the eleventh or twelfth century, should assert that either original or actual sin had to be purged from the soul of Mary in that overshadowing of the Holy Ghost in which the Incarnation was accomplished.

It may be interesting to know that Herbert is not only a new witness to Mary’s Immaculate Conception, but also to her bodily Assumption.

To-day the most Blessed Virgin Mary was taken up above the heavens, and in the presence of the holy Apostles her body was placed in the sepulchre. She died. But a body of such excellent dignity could not (as Blessed Gregory saith) long be held in the bonds of death. For it was impossible that that flesh should be corrupted by a long death, of which the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. For if at the Lord’s resurrection many bodies of the saints that had slept arose, how could that flesh not rise again which gave birth to the Author of life Himself? With a full and undoubting faith, believe ye, my brethren, that the most Blessed Virgin Mary, made immortal both in body and soul, sitteth at the right hand of God, with her Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, being the mother of penitents, and a most effectual intercessor for our sins with her most gracious Son.

Such, then, was the belief of the first Bishop of Norwich regarding the prerogatives and privileges of the Mother of his God. They have absolutely nothing in common with the opinions of his Protestant editors. To them might well be addressed an admonition of a contemporary of St. Bernard, who, in defending the doctrine of St. Anselm, writes:—

I beg of you, whoever you are, who think that the blessed Mother of God, after the annunciation of the holy angel, and in the coming upon her of the Holy Ghost, first lost either sin or concupiscence

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\* P. 334. The expression which excites this outburst is the following: “In nuptiis commutata est aqua in vinum, virgine faciente miraculum, dum coegit Filium ut faceret miraculum.” What do the editors say to “the Lord obeying the voice of a man,” in Josue x. 14?

(*fomes peccati*), I beg you, I say, in the name of that same blessed Mother of God, cease, give up your malignity, do not stain that most pure vessel, loose the shoes from your feet which hinder your progress in the right road. You have zeal for God, but not according to science. You think perhaps that you render service to God by your error. But if you do not cease, know that this ground which you trample on is a holy ground, and opens to swallow up the incredulous.\*

If this writer, a contemporary, or almost a contemporary, of Herbert's, writes with such indignation against those who held an opinion far less offensive to the Blessed Virgin than that which his modern editors attribute to Herbert, what would he say, and what ought every Christian man to say, of an opinion put forth by these Protestant writers as their own? Herbert had drawn an argument for our Lady's Assumption from our Lord's fulfilment of His own command, "Honour thy father and thy mother." To this the editors attach a long note, in which they pervert five passages of Holy Scripture, to prove one of the most monstrous propositions that ever emanated from men who have not laid aside all faith and piety. The note is as follows:—

The answer to this argument from the fourth commandment is, that our blessed Lord gradually liberated Himself, not, indeed, from our human nature, with all the sympathies of which He is still invested on the heavenly throne, but from those earthly relationships which were involved in His sonship to Mary. At the marriage in Cana, He taught the Virgin that in the exercise of His divine power she must not seek to control Him (St. John ii. 4). When she would fain have interrupted Him in His preaching, He says, with great emphasis, that the spiritual tie between Him and His disciples must take precedence of the tie of natural relationship (St. Matt. xii. 48–50). When she was eulogized in His hearing for having brought forth and bred such a Son, He again intimated that the blessedness of the docile and obedient disciple exceeded hers (St. Luke xi. 27, 28). And, finally, after making provision for her in His dying moments, He seems finally to devolve upon another the relationship to her which He had hitherto held (St. John xx. 26, 27). So that in His glorified state Christ, though still akin to all humanity, is not more allied to one member of the human family than to another, as St. Paul intimates (2 Cor. v. 16); "Wherefore henceforth know we no man after the flesh; yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more."

With this specimen of Protestant theology we must couple another by the same authors. Herbert, in saying that our Lord by His Resurrection had been made whole of His infirmity, quotes the text, "His flesh had dried up like a potsherd." The editors rightly explain his meaning from St. Jerome, that as fire

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\* Auctoris anonymi declaratio in librum S. Anselm. Inter Opera Anselm, t. i. p. 160.—Ed. Gerberon.

bakes the soft clay of the potter, so the fire of our Lord's passion had made His body immortal and incorruptible. They then continue :—

We do not give it as an idea in the least likely to have occurred to Herbert, being in far too modern a line of thought; but it occurs to us that there is a sense in which the glorified flesh of Christ may be truly said to have dried up in the process of becoming incorruptible. Blood is the principle of the animal life; and accordingly, in none of the descriptions of our Lord's resurrection do we find any allusion to blood in the risen body. Our Fourth Article very significantly steers clear of all mention of blood when it says, "Christ did truly rise again from death, and took again His body, with flesh, bones, and all things pertaining to the perfection of man's nature." Blood, as the principle of mortality, may be said to be dried up in the glorified frame.\*

A bloodless and a motherless Christ! These authors do well to say that such ideas are in far too modern a line of thought to have occurred to the Bishop of Norwich, who was a friend of St. Anselm. He who offered daily at the altar the Precious Blood to the Father, and drank It for his own salvation, would not be tempted to the thought that the Price of the world's ransom had been dried up in the veins of his Saviour, any more than that Mary had ceased to be Mother of God. We have heard some of his language about our Lady. His faith in the Precious Blood is expressed as follows, in his Easter Sermon :—

Brethren, we are to be fed with the Body of the Lord, and to be made to drink of His blood. It is bread which ye see before you, material bread; but when in the office of the consecrating priest we come to the words of Christ, that bread is made the flesh of Christ, that very flesh which proceeded from the Virgin, and hung upon the cross, and lay in the sepulchre, and rose again from the sepulchre, and which, not fantastically but substantially, was manifested to the eyes of the disciples, and now standeth incorruptible and immortal at the right hand of God. The same we assert, maintain, and preach concerning the liquor which is made the blood of Christ. A great change of things; but to the word of God nothing is impossible. The word of God was able to make all things of nothing; and shall it not be able to make something of something? It was possible to the Lord to say: Let there be light, and there was light; let there be a firmament, and it was made; let there be dry land, let there be water, and they were made; and let all creatures be, and they were. And shall God say: Let bread become My Body and the cup My Blood, and shall it not be? Those things were possible to the word of God; and shall these things be impossible to the same word? Nay, the most impossible of things is that that should not be done which the word of God biddeth to be done. The reason of these things is searched

for; but it is the highest reason to trust to the will and word of God, and in no wise to make search with fond inquisition into the hidden and secret work of God.

To this passage the editors have attached nine pages of notes, principally regarding Anglican views and disputes as to the Eucharist. They in no way elucidate Herbert of Losinga's doctrine, which is quite clear, and requires no commentary. They say, however, with a curious want of candour, that "nowhere in this argument of Herbert's in favour of the received view does he assert that *after consecration there is no more any real bread and wine in the Eucharist, but only the appearance thereof.*" And they put these words in italics, as if they had made a discovery and scored a point. Surely if Herbert is defending the "received view" of Lanfranc and Anselm, he did not need to speak more clearly and emphatically. Can any man in a sermon say everything so explicitly as to anticipate every possible objection? St. Anselm writes that, "according to the definitions of the holy fathers, it is to be understood that the bread laid upon the altar is changed by those solemn words (of our Lord) into His Body, and that the substances of bread and wine do not remain, but the species remain—that is, the form, colour, and taste."\* When, then, the contemporary of St. Anselm, defending the same doctrine of our Lord's Real Presence, says, "*Panis materialis efficitur caro Christi,*" and speaks of "*Magna rerum conversio,*" and the rest, comparing this conversion with the act of creation, what most distant grounds are there for hinting that his words *might* imply consubstantiation and not transubstantiation?

We can only explain such remarks as the above, on the part of the editors, by their total inability to conceive that any man can take his faith whole and entire, as it is given him by the Church, without mixing with it his own fancies and interpretations.

Thus they themselves seem, in one place, to defend the doctrine that the Body and Blood of our Lord—the same that were born of the Virgin Mary—are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper,† and that the elements are not *only* symbols and figures. Yet, with no apparent sense of inconsistency, they teach elsewhere, as we have seen, that our Lord has now no blood at all, so that the wine can, by no possibility, be anything more than a symbol of what once was and has now ceased to be for ever. It is not, then, to be wondered at that men who can thus fabricate theology for themselves, fail to comprehend the position of a Catholic bishop as the simple exponent

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\* S. Anselmi Opera, t. ii. p. 165. Ed. Gerberon.

† Vol. ii. p. 186.

of the teaching of the Church. They have discovered some unpublished MSS., and, wishing to make the most of them, they study every word with Protestant eyes, turning every ambiguity and every omission to account in favour of some view of their own. Could Herbert see these volumes, he would surely be surprised to find himself, of all English pre-Reformation theologians, the one on whom the most pains have been spent, and to the least purpose.

To return for a moment to the strange Protestant views which have been thus incongruously thrust into an edition of orthodox Catholic sermons, it is not uninteresting that these twin heresies of a bloodless and a motherless Christ should come from the same authors, though they do not seem to be aware of their connection. In one of his treatises, Father Faber writes as follows:—

In Heaven, and in the Blessed Sacrament, the Precious Blood dwells, incomparably glorified in the veins of Jesus. . . . Yet amid the untold magnificences of the Divine Union it feels its kindred to Mary, as a special joy of its abounding life. Its original fountains are still flowing in their sinless purity, beautified now with the gifts of glory, in the Mother's Immaculate Heart, and the fountain in the Sacred Heart beats in mysterious sympathy with the source from which it came itself. Singular in all its wonderful prerogatives, it yet intertwines the life of Mary with its own.\*

If Father Faber wrote these words with the instincts of Catholic faith, it was with the sure instinct of heresy that they who taught that the Son of God has broken off all filial relations towards His Mother, taught at the same time that the Blood has dried up in His Heart. We cannot write down these things about our Blessed and Adorable Redeemer without loathing; and this feeling is not lessened by the recollection of him who first (so far as we know) broached some part of this heresy. This was the Emperor Constantine, surnamed Copronymus, son of Leo the Isaurian and Iconoclast. This brutal tyrant one day held a purse in his hand full of gold. "What is it worth?" he said to his courtiers. "A great deal," they replied. Then pouring out the gold and holding up the empty purse—"What now is it worth?" he asked. "Nothing at all," was their natural answer. "Well," he said, "such was the Mother of God. When Jesus was in her womb she was worth much; after His birth she was just like other women."† The English Lollards also taught "that our Lady was no better than another woman, and like a bag of pepper or saffron when the spice is out."‡

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\* The "Precious Blood," ch. iv. p. 210.

† Fleury, t. ix. livre 42, p. 36.

‡ Fuller, "Church History," ii. 69.

But enough of this. Let us see what was the tradition of the English Church in the fourteenth century. The nine lessons for the feast of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in Bishop Grandisson's *Legenda*, purport to be derived from a sermon of S. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, and though no such sermon is included in his printed works, and the controversial allusions seem to belong to a later date, yet the mistake (if such it is) is another proof of the belief that prevailed in mediæval England, that S. Anselm lent the weight of his authority to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception as well as to the observance of the feast. The lessons are as follow :—

LESSON I.—Just when I was desirous to contemplate the first beginnings from which salvation has arisen to the world, comes the solemnity of to-day, on which, in many places, a festival is kept of the Conception of the Blessed Mary Mother of God. In former times it was indeed observed more generally, by those especially in whom pure simplicity and humble devotion to God was more lively. But when the presumption of greater science and an overmastering desire to scrutinize everything had pervaded and perverted the minds of many, the simplicity of the poor was despised, and this solemnity abolished as if it had no foundation in reason.

LESSON II.—Those reasoners maintain as a strong argument why no commemoration should be made of the Conception of the Virgin Mother in the Church of her Son, that it is already sufficiently commemorated in her nativity, which is everywhere kept as a feast. She would not have been born, they say, had she not been conceived; and when she came to the light of day from the secret of her mother's womb, it was clear that she had been conceived and gradually grown to human form. Since therefore the full formation of her body manifested to the open world is venerated by all, it would be superfluous to honour that unformed matter, which often perishes before it attains the human likeness. Relying on this sagacity of theirs, and glorying in the strength of their reason, they have not feared to abolish the festival of that most holy Lady, which the simplicity and perfect charity of the ancients towards the Queen of the universe had established.

LESSON III.—Those, however, who are well founded in devotion and charity towards the Mother of their Lord, declare that all the human praise that is offered to her dignity seems to them of little weight if compared with her illustrious merit. Now since her conception was the foundation of the dwelling among us of the Supreme Good, if it incurred the stain of some sin from the origin of the first transgression, what then shall we say? Certainly it was said by a divine voice to Jeremias: "Before I formed thee in the womb I knew thee, and before thou wentest forth from the womb I sanctified thee and made thee a prophet to the nations." Of John, also, the angel who announced his birth declared that "he would be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb." If then Jeremias, who was to be a prophet in the nations, was sanctified in the womb; if John who

was to go before the Lord in the spirit and power of Elias, was filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb, who shall dare to allege that the singular Propitiatory of the whole world, and the unique and most sweet Couch of the only Son of God Almighty, was not endowed with a special grace of the Holy Ghost even in the very beginning of her conception?

LESSON IV.—But if any one maintain that she could not be altogether free from the sin of our first origin, since it is certain that she was conceived from a legal marriage of man and woman, if this is the Catholic doctrine, certainly I am resolved on no account to dissent from the unity of the Catholic and universal Church. However, when I try to contemplate the magnificence of the operations of the Divine power with my shortsighted mind, I seem to myself to see that if there was anything at all of original sin in the origin of the Mother of God and our Lady, it was on the side of the parents, not of the offspring. Look at a chestnut; when it is produced from a tree of its own kind its husk is rough and surrounded by thickset prickles; but the chestnut is conceived in the form of a milk-white liquor, having nothing rough or sharp or prickly either in it or around it.

LESSON V.—Now mark; if God bestows on the chestnut that, underneath prickles, it be conceived, nourished, and formed quite free from prickles, could He not grant to that human body, which He formed for Himself as the temple in which He would dwell bodily, and from which He would be made perfect man in the unity of His own Person, that although it was conceived among the thorns of sin, yet it should be altogether free from the prickings of those thorns? He certainly could. If, therefore, He willed to do it, He did it. Now it is clear that whatsoever He has willed most excellent for any one—apart from His own Person—He has willed for thee, O most blessed of women. For He has willed thee to become His Mother; and what He willed, He effected. Whosoever then on the day of thy conception deprives the Church of God of the joy of that conception, either he does not well consider, or neglects to consider, or is ignorant of the good that has issued from it to every creature of God.

LESSON VI.—Besides this, that maintainer of pure truth, who was called a vessel of election by thy Son from His seat in heaven, confesses that all men sinned in Adam. The proposition is true, and to contradict it would be impious. Yet, when I consider the eminence of the grace of God in thee, O blessed Virgin, as I behold thee not among all things, but in an inestimable manner above all things, so also I hold that thou wast not bound in thy conception by the law of nature that binds others, but by the virtue and operation of the Divinity, singular and impenetrable to the human intellect, wast most free from taint of every sin. For sin alone kept men from the peace of God; and to abolish sin and recall the human race to the peace of God, the Son of God willed to become man, and such a man that in Him there should be nothing in the least concordant with what made man from God discordant. Since, then, this had to be done, it was fitting that the Mother from whom such an One should be created should be at all times free from every sin.

LESSON VII.—Therefore, if I consider the beginnings of her creation with different eyes than the beginnings of the rest of the descendants of Adam, I beg that no one will turn away his face with a sneer. Let no one, I say, of any piety, and to whom God grants any affection of pure devotion to the Mother of God, try to overthrow this, relying on his own opinion and carried away by his own impetuosity, unless indeed he is certain that it is altogether contrary to the Christian faith. Look, I beg of you, at the conduct of any very great man. Suppose he wishes to build for himself a palace exactly adapted to his needs, in which he may himself reside amid a more numerous and festive company, and at the same time give audience and assistance with a very gentle and joyous countenance and voice to all who stand in need of his help or counsel, would he, think you, suffer the foundation of his palace to be weak or dirty, or incongruous and out of harmony with the structure built upon it? I think not, if he were wise, and able to carry out his purposes.

LESSON VIII.—Now we hold with undoubting faith that the wisdom of God before all ages proposed to itself to build a dwelling for its own special habitation. What this dwelling was has been long since made known to the world. For we all confess that this dwelling is that sanctuary of the Holy Ghost, in which, and by which, that same Wisdom of God willed to be joined and incorporated to our human nature, and to show clemency and mercy to all who flee to It with pure intention. That by the co-operation of the Holy Ghost this sanctuary—the hall of universal propitiation—might be built, the beginning of the first foundation is the conception of the Blessed Mary, whom also we call a hall (of mercy). If, therefore, that conception was stained by any sin, the foundation of the dwelling of the Wisdom of God did not correspond or agree with the structure.

LESSON IX.—And how could it be that the propitiation for sin should have one and the same being with sin? What society has light with darkness? Was the Wisdom and Power of God either ignorant or impotent to build for Itself a dwelling clean in every part, and without even the stain of human condition? When some angels sinned He preserved others from sin, and was He not able to keep free from the sin of others the woman who was to be His mother? From all eternity His counsel had decreed that she should be the mistress and queen of angels, and shall we believe that she received a less grace than the angels, and by her conception was thrust into the company of sinners? Let him think this who likes; let him prove it by his arguments who so chooses; let him who likes oppose what I have said; as for me, until God show me that something more worthy of the excellence of my Lady can be said, I say what I have said, and what I have written, I change not. For the rest, I commit both myself and my intention to her Son and to her.

These were the lessons at matins. After prime in chapter was read the following history:—

In the time when William Duke of the Normans first conquered

England, the Danes, being indignant as deprived of their inheritance, got ready a fleet to drive the Normans from England. Seeing this, the most prudent king sent Helsin, abbot of Ramsey, a holy man, to Denmark to restrain their undertaking. After he had strenuously executed his mission and was returning by sea, a great tempest arose, and when the sailors were in despair, he invokes the most Blessed Mother of God, Mary, the refuge of the desperate. And lo! on a sudden, one in Pontifical ornaments\* appears on the waves of the sea, and drawing near the ship and calling the abbot to him, asks: "Dost thou wish to escape and to return home?" He replies, with tears, that this is his earnest desire. "Know then," says the apparition, "that I am sent to thee by that Blessed Virgin whom thou hast invoked; and if thou wilt promise that thou wilt celebrate her conception and cause it to be celebrated by others, thou shalt return prosperously to thy country." "When?" asked the abbot, "or how is this to be done?" "On the sixth of the Ides of December," he replies, "and with the same office as that of her Nativity, the name only being changed." With these words he disappeared, the storm ceased, and they reached England prosperously. Let us then, brethren, if we would enter the harbour of salvation, strive to celebrate devoutly the conception of Mary, the Star of the Sea.

We have not space here to discuss the history of the feast or the doctrine on which it was founded, or the parts assigned to St. Anselm or the Abbot Helsin. The belief in these things was not peculiar to Bishop John de Grandisson. In the very first year of his episcopate, in a Provincial Council, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Simon Mepham, wrote: "Following in the footsteps of the Venerable Anselm, our predecessor, who, in addition to the more ancient festivals of the Blessed Virgin, instituted the solemnity of her Conception, we decree and command that the feast of the Conception be celebrated with festive solemnity in all the churches of our province of Canterbury."† But Grandisson tried to surpass all his colleagues in special devotion to our Lady, as we gather from his statutes for his foundation of St. Mary Ottery; and it is interesting to know the lessons that he either adopted or confirmed for the use of his own cathedral. We are grateful to Mr. Reynolds for their publication.

T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R.

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\* Writing of the foundation of Fountains in 1132, Robert of Gloucester says, "Our Levede day in Decembre there bevore was thoru *angel* vorst byfounde." It was generally, however, understood that the supernatural visitant was St. Nicholas.

† Wilkins, "Concilia," t. ii. p. 552.

‡ See Oliver's "Monasticon Exoniense," p. 269.

#### ART. IV.—PROJECTS OF THE LIBERALS IN BELGIUM.

IT is now two years since we had occasion to sketch the progress of Radicalism and organized revolt against God in the little kingdom of Belgium. Those two years have been fruitful both of good and evil; of good, because the friends of order and religion have remained steadfast at their post, and proved to their adversaries with what tenacity Christians will hold by their faith and their civil rights, and yet set the example of loyal obedience to the laws; of evil, because the forces of Cæsarism and Freemasonry have gained fresh positions and thrown out new outworks, and have, thanks to an organized system of fraud, calumny, and intimidation, retained their hold upon the high places of the State, and found, in the control of the Legislature, new arms with which to continue the battle. To outward appearance little change has been wrought; to a passing stranger things stand as they stood four years ago. The latter sees, probably, little to indicate the deadly struggle that is carried on beneath a surface apparently so calm and unruffled; the material prosperity, which is what would first strike his eye, forbids him to suspect the existence of the moral misery which, for the moment at least, is concealed from all but residents in the land. Appearances, however, are proverbially deceptive, and even this mere material prosperity must be precarious, so long as no moral reform intervenes to unite the hostile parties and establish the security of the country on its only lasting basis. Unhappily no such reconciliation has taken place since the advent of the present Government to office; on the contrary, the policy of the majority seems rather to have been directed towards widening the breach between Catholics and Liberals, and towards adding further elements of bitterness to the strife.

It is more especially at critical moments, when the supremacy of Liberalism is at stake, that the fierce hostility of the two parties is most distinctly brought out. Such a crisis was the General Election of June, 1883, upon the happy issue of which the Catholics built great hopes, unfortunately destined to be deceived. A supreme attempt was then made to wrest from the Masonic party some of their strongholds, Ghent, Verviers, Tournai, Charleroi; no efforts were spared on the part of the Conservatives to win the seven or eight seats which would have sufficed to change their minority into a majority. The result of the election is now a matter of the past, and need only call for a passing notice here. But of the many seats they contested the

Catholics only won two at Soignies (an election which has since been invalidated by the majority); Ghent, which with its eight deputies was alone able to turn the scale, after long wavering pronounced, by the small majority of fifty, in favour of its Liberal deputation. This disaster was in no way due to indifference on the part of the Catholics of Flanders; no effort had been spared to bring about a happier result. Electors were summoned back from across the seas; the sick and the bed-ridden were carried from their homes to the polling-booths to register their votes for the cause of civil and religious liberty. During the whole day the event remained uncertain; telegrams arrived hourly in the capital, at one time promising a certain Catholic victory, at another announcing an improvement in the Liberal prospects; it was not until evening that the final result was made known, and the disappointed Catholics learned that the *régime* of oppression and intolerance had won a new lease of life. Even at Brussels itself the Catholics had this time entered the field, and only failed to pass two deputies and a senator by a minority of 1,000 in a constituency of 20,000. On this occasion the Liberal Association of the capital had surpassed itself in bigotry and stupid intolerance. Members of its own party were mercilessly sacrificed to the fanaticism of the extreme section of the Assembly; one candidate being rejected, notwithstanding a life's service rendered to the Liberal cause, because he had hired some shooting from a Catholic who was presumed to devote the proceeds to the Catholic School Fund; another evoking loud murmurs by admitting the truth of an accusation that he had once breakfasted with a priest. But the palm falls to a certain M. Finet, who presented himself before the Association as well fitted to represent his party in Parliament. It was urged in reproach against him, however, that his little girl was being educated in a convent at Paris; in vain he protested indignantly against the calumny; it was brought home to him that although the child was at the moment with her parents, she had been quite recently at the Sacré Cœur, and was only taken home in view of the elections. His cause was now all but hopeless, as such a proceeding was considered sufficient to degrade him for ever in the eyes of the enlightened leaders of the Caucus; still he resolved upon one more desperate effort to regain the confidence of the party. No Liberal, he declared, could show a nobler act of devotion than what he was about to recount. In his country-house, he said, there had existed a private chapel, the only place of worship within several miles; this chapel he had pulled down to prevent his family from frequenting it, and in order to force such peasants as wished to hear Mass to walk some leagues to church. This exploit, if authentic, would have gained

him the day; but, alas! it was not even true; the chapel had already ceased to be used when M. Finet bought the château, and there was, moreover, a parish church close at hand; the plea was, therefore, refused, and the candidate rejected. Such is the prevailing temper of Liberalism; such the spirit of the arrogant party, which dictates its commands to the country. To gain its support a man falsely claims to have perpetrated a deed which would have earned him public execration in any honourable constituency. The final choice of the Association fell upon three extreme candidates, one of whom had openly declared his sympathy with the French Commune. The Catholics, hoping to profit by the reaction which the proceedings of the Association had created in popular opinion, presented independent candidates, and although defeated, the result leaves hope in a not distant future of breaking the spell under which the Liberal Caucus has for so long held the metropolis.

It is hardly necessary, with our knowledge of Liberal electioneering tactics, to inquire how the Ministerial party contrived to obtain the slender majority which has perpetuated their power. The usual system of intimidation on the part of the large manufacturers and employers of labour was more than sufficient of itself to turn the scale in their favour at Ghent and amongst the industrial populations of Hainault, the labouring classes who had votes being forced to choose between them and their daily bread. The other resources of the party were, as may be expected, put into play, and the old worn-out calumnies against the Church were once more brought to the front. The famous "dossier Dumont," which it was supposed had long since been forgotten, was disinterred, and garbled extracts from confidential letters, written ten years before, were printed in the Liberal papers with the hope of winning the votes of a few wavering electors. The Government itself came upon the scene with a new and scandalous electoral manoeuvre; the Premier and the Minister of Justice, in addressing their constituents, making an open appeal to the passions of the mob, and intimidating the bourgeois classes by declaring that in the event of a Catholic victory it would be impossible to restrain the populace in the large centres, and that a Liberal defeat would infallibly be the signal for riots and destruction of property in the populous manufacturing districts; the only hope of maintaining order, they declared, lay in the return of a Liberal majority. This discreditable menace on the part of Ministers who were responsible for public order, and who piqued themselves upon their respect for the Constitution and their submission to the popular verdict, was not without its effect. The middle-class Belgian is certainly not behind the rest of the world in looking after his

own material interests, and this unprincipled appeal to insurrection, accompanied by ostentatious measures for repressing the promised riots, gained a considerable number of votes for the Government.

The Liberals consequently won the day. But they were none the less alarmed at the narrowness of their majority, and on the morrow of the election a cry arose from their ranks that the Capitol was in danger. Antwerp remained Catholic ; Ghent had recorded 500 more votes for the retrograde party than at the last election. Whence did this anomaly arise? Were these large towns, the pride of the country, drifting into the toils of ignorance and priestcraft? No ; but the enlightened votes of the townsmen were swamped by the ignorant voice of the rustics ; the rural districts overwhelmed the cities ; a remedy must be found unless Belgium was prepared to return to the rule of the priests. A preventive measure was speedily indicated, namely, that certain populous agricultural districts round Ghent and Antwerp should be detached from these towns and united to neighbouring constituencies, thus assuring to the Liberals the supremacy in the large towns. As the constituencies to which the Catholics would be transferred were already represented by Conservatives, the change would bring in to the Liberal party a net gain of a number of seats, and the Catholics would be completely crushed. If the Government have not as yet taken up this proposal for re-distributing seats, we need have no hesitation in saying that when the necessity makes itself felt they will be found willing enough to prolong their period of office by committing themselves to this monstrous electoral fraud. As it is, the system of representation in Belgium is essentially vicious, the rural votes being everywhere overwhelmed by the towns. To cite the example of Brussels alone will be enough to prove that the constituencies are so framed as to be no longer in any way representative of public opinion. The town of Brussels has a large Liberal majority, some of the suburbs and the whole of the outlying rural districts are intensely Catholic ; yet these latter are in reality unrepresented in Parliament. The whole constituency returns sixteen deputies to the Lower House, out of 140 members, and because the Liberals, by reason of their strength in the city itself, succeed in obtaining 11,000 votes, their entire list passes, and the 9,000 remaining Catholic and Independent electors have not a single representative in Parliament, and might to all intents and purposes be without the franchise. A similar anomaly exists with regard to Ghent and Liège, and now the Radicals demand a further manipulation of the constituencies to their own profit. The whole system is monstrous, and has become a mere travesty of representative institutions ; but the evil is likely to continue and even to be

augmented, for it is only by virtue of such anomalies that the Liberal *régime* is able to be propped up and continues to exist in the midst of a thoroughly Catholic population.

The Liberals hoped for more than a mere Parliamentary majority as the fruit of their victory last June; it was confidently expected that the triumph of the Government would be the signal for a general break-up of the Catholic primary schools. Such a sequel to the elections was as much apprehended by the Catholics as desired by their adversaries, and universal surprise was caused last autumn when the Catholic Committees drew up their statistics, and were able to show that, far from losing ground, the cause of religious education had actually advanced, and that the population of the official schools had still further diminished. In spite of the severe industrial and agricultural crisis which had to a great extent crippled the resources of their benefactors, the Catholic schools had made a continued progress, and were more flourishing than at any time since the vote upon the new Education Act. Far from causing the Liberals to pause in their rash campaign, this great moral triumph of Christianity has exasperated them to the last degree, and incited them to rush forward more precipitately into the abyss to which their unpatriotic policy has led them. The expenses incurred in the execution of the Law of 1879 have caused a serious deficit in the Budget. Instead of introducing economy into their finances, the Government seem resolved to carry on this competition between private enterprise and the national treasury to the death, utterly heedless whether both may be involved in a common bankruptcy. The sums lavished upon useless schools and scholarless teachers are doubled. Goaded to fury by the success of his rivals, the Minister of Education seems determined to take no expense into account in order to add still more to their number. Primary Schools, Athénées, Normal Schools, spring from the ground in all directions, no matter whether they lack both masters and pupils, or that the contributions of the people are recklessly squandered in building palaces for education in the midst of squalid hovels, so long as in this mad competition there seems a hope of crushing the voluntary schools by the magnificence of their rivals. A stranger travelling through Belgium is astonished to learn that the superb edifices he sees in course of construction, and which he assumes to be Government or Provincial offices, barracks, or asylums, are nothing more than poor schools, or, at best, Government training establishments. We saw recently, at Bruges, a vast establishment of this kind in course of building. It covers several acres of ground, and will, when completed, be perhaps the largest public edifice in the town. We learned, upon inquiry, that it was destined to be a simple Athénée, and will

probably in Bruges, the Catholic city *par excellence*, never gather under its roof more than 100 inmates. And this we cite as one example only out of a thousand. How it is all to end the taxpayers alone have power to decide; but unless they have the courage soon to raise their voice against such sinful extravagance, it seems impossible to ward off a financial catastrophe at no distant date.

In general politics the Government have followed the course which we predicted two years ago, and have remained faithful to the policy of passing a number of small but harassing measures, in preference to bringing forward any sweeping enactments which might provoke a reaction in the country. The Budget of Public Worship has been from time to time cut down, without any wholesale confiscation of Church property having to be brought under public discussion. Foreign priests, serving in Belgian dioceses, have seen their salaries withdrawn; and, quite recently, M. Bara has suppressed the stipends of about 500 curates, basing this arbitrary measure upon the plea that the number of priests is in excess of the needs of the population. In this manner the Budget of Public Worship will imperceptibly dwindle away, each year bringing a successive diminution of the meagre pittance applied by the State to the payment of its debt to the Church, until, when the Radical party is strong enough to enforce its views as to the complete separation of Church and State, and the abolition of the "Budget des Cultes," it will be discovered that there is no such Budget left to abolish.

In their executive capacity the Ministers have been able to make more rapid progress. The Minister of the Interior has allowed no occasion to pass of manifesting his well-known contempt for local privileges and municipal autonomy, and he has devised a new method for bringing the province and the commune under his control by a wholesale system of annulling local elections. In almost every recent communal election, where the Catholics have passed by a small majority only, the Minister of the Interior, at the instigation of the defeated candidates, has instituted what he is pleased to call an inquiry into the validity of the election. This inquiry is held with closed doors, no one knows what passes there, nor to what process of manipulation the voting papers may be subjected, until one day the electors learn to their surprise that their choice has been annulled, and that on the pretext of corruption on the part of the Catholics, or by reason of an error in the counting up of the votes, the rival and defeated list is declared to be duly elected. Sometimes they are permitted the formality of voting over again, but the first method seems to meet with more favour at the Home Office. By a simple sleight of hand the Minister has contrived, upon his own

responsibility, to change the elected municipalities of such important towns as Malines and Laeken from Catholic to Radical, from independent to devoted adherents of His Excellency, not to mention a host of lesser boroughs. His colleague, the Minister of Justice, has employed a similar talent in the revision of wills, foundations, endowments, and other pious bequests, and has successfully diverted large sums of money to uses the very opposite of those for which they were intended. In this manner nearly all the scholarships or bourses, bequests to hospitals, &c., which had come down from former generations have been secularized and diverted to the benefit of State institutions. The process is a very simple one, as easy as the reform of an election at the Department of the Interior. A person—let us call him X.—has founded a scholarship for ecclesiastical students; forthwith a decree is issued in the official *Moniteur Belge*, somewhat to this effect: That whereas X. has left by will a certain sum for the endowment of a scholarship; that, whereas this bequest is legal in so far as X. leaves money to be employed by his Commune for educational purposes; but that, whereas it is illegal in so far as it creates a privilege in favour of students professing a particular religious belief, the present decree authorizes the Commune to found the scholarship, but leaves it free to decide the nature of the education to which it is to be devoted, and forbids it to confine the same to the use of ecclesiastical students only, inasmuch as they necessarily profess the Catholic religion. Accordingly if the municipality happens to be composed of Liberals the scholarship probably falls to a candidate for admission into a Government school, and X., who perhaps lived long before the invention of Liberal Associations, is made to bequeath his money for the object of extirpating the religion which he had thought he was about to benefit. The above is no imaginary example of what M. Bara understands by the administration of justice; decrees of this type are of almost daily occurrence.

In the domain of private life we remark the continuation of the same system of religious proscription which we have previously commented upon; admission into a Masonic society or the production of some similar certificate of Liberalism being the only passport to success in the Government or the municipal administrations. The liberty of conscience proclaimed by the Constitution is flagrantly violated in daily practice; attendance at church, if brought to the notice of the authorities, being equivalent to a black mark even in the case of such humble officials as police agents, postmen and railway employés. So far indeed is this inquisitorial system now carried, that it is well-known that police agents are obliged by their superiors to subscribe to some Liberal journal, and in preference to the *Etoile*

*Belge*, an anti-Catholic daily paper, supposed to reflect the views of M. Bara himself. This fact, although naturally contradicted officially, has been solemnly affirmed by the policemen themselves, in justification of their taking in a newspaper prohibited by the clergy. Such is the way in which liberty is interpreted by the Liberal party, and during the last four years much has been done towards making their victims painfully aware of this mode of interpretation.

The most remarkable, however, of the different schemes brought forward by the present Government with the object of destroying Christianity and inaugurating upon its ruins the worship of the State-God, the Utopia of the Freemason party, is the project of Revision of the Civil Code, which has been laid before the Chambers in two separate parts during the last twelve months. The Constitution authorizes in a certain manner, without having recourse to a revision of the fundamental contract itself, the presentation from time to time of such modifications of the civil law as the altered circumstances of the times may warrant. It is clear from the context of this article of the Constitution, and the spirit in which the Charter is drawn up, that the fathers of Belgian independence were far from intending to lay down any proposition so rash as that the whole civil law was to be from time to time remodelled, or entirely new systems of jurisprudence instituted at the pleasure of the Legislature of the hour. It can, on the contrary, be a matter of doubt to no candid statesmen that all that the article inculcated was the necessity of removing occasionally from the Statute Book obsolete and antiquated laws, and replacing them by articles more in harmony with the wants of the age ; looked at from this standpoint the recommendation of the National Congress was wise and far-seeing. The Liberal party, however, have seized upon this text of the Charter as a means of steering clear of several difficult points which hindered their so-called reforms, and have interpreted the article of the Constitution in a manner justifiable perhaps according to the strict letter of the law, but totally opposed to its spirit. A wholesale revision of the Code, they argued to themselves, would furnish a pretext for doing much in the way of persecution and social reform, that all the other texts of the Constitution prohibit. Such a good opportunity was not to be lost ; Monsieur Bara accordingly instructed a Commission to draw up a project of revision to be submitted to the Chamber, and naturally enough selected as the person best fitted to compile an impartial code of jurisprudence, one of the most violent and fanatical partisans in the whole of Belgium, M. Laurent, Professor of Law in the State University of Ghent. M. Laurent, although beyond doubt a person of great erudition, has completely neutralized the value of

his learning, and deprived all his works of any claim to serious consideration, by his virulent hatred of the Catholic faith. He appears in all that he has published to be struck by a kind of mental blindness as soon as ever matters in any way affecting Christianity are brought to bear upon his subject. Invective, calumny, and systematic perversion of facts, to an extent that approaches crass ignorance of the subject matter, takes the place of serious argument as soon as the interests of religion are at stake ; when once the topic of the rights of the Church is broached, he ceases *ipso facto* to be a reliable guide. And as nearly all his works have been published with the object of "defending civil society against the encroachments of the Church," we may fairly ask whether after all M. Laurent derives much profit from his learning and forcible style of composition. He is, moreover, *par excellence*, a legist, a theoretical professor of law, and with small practical knowledge of its working ; and a legist, or mere abstract compiler of codes, is, we take it, as utterly devoid of the true spirit of the judge or the legislator, as a professional politician is generally wanting in the qualities which constitute a genuine statesman. The choice made by M. Bara was consequently as bad from a Constitutional point of view as it well could be, but as the Government approached this most responsible of all tasks with political and party ends only in prospect, the Liberal party, who intended the new Code to be only useful to themselves, had every reason to await the result with satisfaction. They have certainly not been disappointed. The Code was drawn up and has been submitted to M. Bara under the title of "Un Avant Projet de Révision du Code Civil, rédigé par F. Laurent, sur la demande de M. le Ministre de la Justice." The new jurisprudence was of so novel and monstrous a nature as to horrify many of the Liberals themselves, and universal surprise and indignation were caused by the Government in a certain sense adopting the project as their own by laying it before the Chamber for eventual discussion. M. Bara indeed went further than this, and on the presentation of the first portion of the work to the Parliament, asserted that, save for some small amendments he might ultimately propose, the Code as a whole met with his warm approval. It will be sufficient for our purpose to select a few out of the 530 Articles which comprise the first part of M. Laurent's scheme, to indicate what a social revolution the Cabinet have proposed to the country, and to expose the tendencies of the new system of jurisprudence which a large section of Liberals seem willing to substitute for the ancient order of things. Many of the more profound thinkers of the Continent have for some time been convinced that the Code Napoléon itself, which forms the ground work of the judicial system of so many Continental States—and

of all the Latin races—is opposed in principle to the natural law, and has gone far to sap the respect for authority, and to destroy the organization of the family, which are the two pillars upon which a prosperous society must rest. Be this as it may, the Code of M. Laurent leaves the old Civil Code far behind, and boldly proclaims doctrines which tend to nothing less than the complete substitution of an omnipotent State for all other authority, local or individual. The State, thus elevated to a rank far higher than that of any Oriental despot, is made to replace the natural supremacy of the father in the family by that of its own officials; it is told to practically take over into its own hands the education of the children; it is to usurp the authority of the husband in the household, of the master in the workshop, nay, more, of God in the temple. It is created the absolute arbiter of the rights of property, and according to its teaching men will henceforth only hold their possessions at the good will of the Government. Briefly, to use a word of modern origin, the new Code consecrates a system of Cæsarism the most complete which can be imagined. If all this is not explicitly written in the texts of M. Laurent's work, we shall see presently that it is the direct outcome of his teaching, which aims manifestly at the destruction of the old theory of the duties of the State. Formerly its interference was only invoked to strengthen or protect private rights or local customs, or to execute laws supposed to exist long prior to its own creation; M. Laurent would now have us believe that it is the principle source of these rights and laws and that it transcends them all. In a prefatory letter addressed to the Minister of Justice, he distinctly throws down a challenge to the advocates of natural law, and commences by avowing his intention of curtailing parental authority, which he complains that the Code Napoléon had left nearly as it had found it under the *Ancien Régime*.

The section upon marriage raises questions as difficult as they are important. By the Code Napoléon the family, especially in the ascending line, exercises an authority which appears excessive to modern legislators. The authors of the "Code Civil" have not taken into sufficient consideration the *rights of children*. These rights are of general interest; civil liberty is the companion of political liberty; or rather, liberty is *one*, and it should preside over all the relations of life.

So the Revolution, after having endowed us with the so-called Rights of Man, is now prepared to inflict upon us the Rights of Children! What joys in prospect for the nursery of the future!

When we proceed to examine the section upon Marriage thus referred to, we find as the first provision which calls for remark:

ART. 141. The future married couple must have attained their majority.

This innovation, which is open to discussion for purely physical reasons, seems wholly uncalled for upon moral grounds, and would infallibly, in our present social position, bring about a great increase of immorality in manufacturing towns, and, by prohibiting early marriages, do away with what is unhappily one of the only safeguards left for the good conduct of the artisan classes. M. Laurent, however, lays very little stress upon this argument, and takes up an original position of his own, declaring that the modern legislator must look upon marriage in a totally different light from his predecessors under bygone *régimes*. The Christian view of marriage is extremely repugnant to him, as he refuses to admit that its chief end is the procreation of children, or that a Liberal can treat of it as a sacrament instituted for the preservation of continency. Theorist and visionary as his whole work shows him to be, he rises to the higher platform of Platonism, and pronounces marriage to be a contract for the union of souls (*l'union des âmes*), entered into before the law by a couple possessed of equal rights, and in which neither party can claim any superiority or authority over the other. This is his ideal marriage, and he affects unbounded scorn for what he hints to be the gross and sensual doctrine of Christianity. As, then, marriage requires more especially maturity of the soul and the intellect, it is evident, M. Laurent urges, that the age of twenty-one is the very earliest period at which it should be contracted; before this age the mind—especially in the case of the woman—is still immature; she requires before entering upon the married state to complete her course of education, “so as to gain her rights and establish her equality with man.” Can there be found a better instance of the danger of entrusting the interests of the nation to the speculations of mere professors and pedants than that furnished by the mischievous folly laid down in the preceding lines? Let M. Laurent spend a year in the midst of the people for whom he would legislate, let him go amongst the teeming population of the large manufacturing towns and preach there his doctrine of the civil union of souls; if upon his return from this mission he is still prepared to legislate in the sense he now indicates it will be time enough to discuss his propositions seriously.

This estimate of marriage throws enough light upon the value of M. Laurent's teaching as regards domestic life to diminish our amazement when we read a little later in Article 208: “The married couple owe each other mutual fidelity, help and assistance.”

This, our author argues, is a wholesome reform of the Code Napoléon, which was drawn up when men were still too much influenced by the prejudices of the *Ancien Régime*, and clung

timidly to remnants of the old Canon Law, wholly repugnant to the spirit of modern society. That Code lays down a doctrine to which nineteenth-century Liberals cannot subscribe: "the wife owes obedience to her husband." Upon what grounds, asks M. Laurent, are we to be forced to accept this maxim of the subordination of one of the contracting parties to the other? Why is the woman to be held inferior to the man in any respect but that of mere physical force? But since marriage is essentially the "union of souls," the legislator is bound to put aside any question of purely physical subjection, and must only treat of man and wife from the moral and intellectual standpoint. What proof is there of a moral and intellectual subordination of the woman which bygone lawgivers have apparently taken for granted? None, says our author, beyond the statements of the Book of Genesis and some writings of S. Paul, wholly at variance with all the teaching of rational men. What is the Book of Genesis? who is S. Paul? A collection of fables—a visionary—for most thinkers of the age; a compendium of revealed truth for those who cling to the doctrines of a past age. But the State is neutral, it neither believes nor denies, its duty is to ignore, it transcends the wrangling of creeds and sects, and in its loftier sphere lays down rules for the conduct of its citizens regardless of what the Testament may inculcate or the Apostle condemn. Christians are at perfect liberty to believe if they choose that S. Paul wrote under Divine inspiration; but their belief is a matter of private conscience, which cannot be intruded upon the domain of public life. If the wife is really in any way inferior to her husband, it is for natural science and positive experience to prove the fact, but until such proof is forthcoming, let us sever ourselves from doctrines which have crept into our Codes through the timidity of certain legislators who laid too much stress upon the force of ancient prejudices. It is true that the French jurists insist upon the duty of submission on the part of the wife as correlative to her right to protection from the husband. But whence comes this need of protection? Not from any essential inferiority on the side of what has been wrongly qualified as the weaker sex, but from the very injustice which we now seek to abolish—viz., that the woman has been artificially held in subjection by religious dogmas and such barbarous Codes as the English Common Law, which has the privilege of being specially named by M. Laurent. Leave the Common Law, he exclaims, and revert to common sense! Emancipate woman from this degrading control, open to her the paths of public life, give her the same system of education as is accorded to the other sex, above all put an end to early marriages, and in future contracts we shall be able to insist upon the husband and wife having equal

rights and wielding equal authority in the household. To enforce this principle we are gratified with another enormity.

ART. 210. If the husband changes his residence and the wife refuses to follow him the tribunal may authorize a *séparation de fait*.

In other words, husband and wife are at liberty to separate and live apart whenever they so desire, neither having any power to compel the other to return to the conjugal roof; the "*séparation de fait*" differing, however, from the judicial separation in this particular, that, as soon as the married couple tire of their separate existence, they are free to resume relations until the next misunderstanding parts them again. They contract, therefore, to live together, not until "death do them part," but only until there arises a difference of taste or opinion sufficient to render agreeable their mutual separation. M. Laurent finds no better system than this for bringing about his vaunted union of souls and for furthering the cause of national morality. It is gratifying for us Christians, however, to learn that, when S. Paul is set aside, we are immediately led into subversive follies such as this absurd Code contains.

Marital authority having been thus effectually disposed of, and the local Juge de Paix exalted to the rank of supreme arbiter in the household, the Code proceeds to root out what is left of parental rights:—

ART. 217. The husband and wife are bound to support, instruct, and bring up their children. Instruction is compulsory up to the age of fourteen. After ten, the children may be received in workshops and factories, on condition that work and instruction alternate according to the system known as "half-time."

After fourteen the working population are obliged to attend adult day-schools until they shall have attained their majority.

Special laws shall regulate:

- 1°. Compulsory instruction in combination with work.
- 2°. The admission of children into workshops and factories.
- 3°. The instruction and education of adults in schools and workmen's associations.

The next article charges the cost of this instruction to near relatives in the case of the parents being possessed of means insufficient for the purpose; and

ART. 219. If the father and mother fail to satisfy the obligations imposed upon them by Article 217, they shall be pronounced forfeit of their parental rights (*déchus de la puissance paternelle*) upon the action of any relative or connection or of the law officers. Every citizen is bound to inform the Public Prosecutor of facts concerning the non-execution of the obligation of education which may come to his notice.

In case of forfeiture of parental rights, the child shall be entrusted to a relative or connection, or placed in an educational establishment, or apprenticed at the cost of those chargeable with its maintenance.

Here, in so many distinct words, we find the supremacy of the State consecrated and affirmed as against the rights of the father. This iniquitous proposition, clearly destructive of the whole system of civilized society, is defended at some length by M. Laurent with a variety of specious arguments. He commences by declaring that he affirms no new principle, that the Code Napoléon itself enforces upon parents the obligation of bringing up their children (*les parents doivent élever leurs enfants*). This word *élever* M. Laurent declares, means, over and above bringing up, education in the sense of instruction—that is, it implies compulsory instruction in all the subjects which the State may choose to inscribe in its programme of necessary knowledge, from reading and writing to anatomy and astronomy. All this, and more, our author, by a singular *petitio principii*, includes in the terms “bring up;” in consequence, his Code insists upon the introduction into Belgian law of the new principle of compulsory education. This, however, is not enough for his purpose; the modern State requires a still larger sacrifice of the most sacred rights of the hearth. Having discovered, by the above ingenious process, that education is a legal obligation, M. Laurent next assumes that the State, as guardian of the Law, must have a means of enforcing this obligation, and must make a further usurpation upon the domain of individual liberty by taking upon itself the power of dispossessing the parents of their authority in the family. Nay, more, since the Constitution, to which his Code must rest subordinate, decrees liberty of education, and admits of free schools, M. Laurent is forced to point out, in a crafty and insidious manner, a way of evading what would otherwise be an obstacle to his designs, and tells us how the State may render this precious privilege a dead letter:—

It can be maintained [he says], and it is my own opinion, that when education shall have been declared compulsory, it can no longer be given in free schools, for it is not an instruction of an indefinite kind, which children are bound to receive, but one which can develop and fortify the intelligence. But the State has no guarantee that voluntary instruction will be given in this spirit; it knows nothing of the teachers, and has no right to take cognizance of them; it does not know their teaching, and has no right of inspection into it. In order that the instruction given in the free schools may be efficient, the State must have guarantees. These schools not being under Government direction, the control of an examination is at least necessary. But this would not suffice; for it is not only intellectual culture that we wish to obtain by compulsory education, but also moral

education, in which we include political education—that is to say, love and respect for our constitution and the liberties it consecrates. But examinations give no guarantees as to the spirit which presides over the teaching. Facts are present to show it; it is useless to insist upon what is clear as day. Besides, therefore, the examination, a permanent inspection is necessary.

The above is a fair sample of the sort of reasoning which the Ghent legist applies throughout his work to the treatment of these grave questions—a constant evasion of the real points at issue, and a perversity in sheltering the weakness of his cause in a series of verbal quibbles.

M. Laurent, with the contempt he has shown for marital authority, can hardly be expected to manifest greater tenderness for the liberty of the parent; nor, having once forced him to send his child to school up to the date of his majority, is he disposed to allow any latitude in the choice of that school. He laughs to scorn the very notion of a “liberty of the parent.” “What liberty?” he asks. “Liberty to kill the child? For the refusal to give an instruction to the infant—intellectual, civic, and political—is a moral infanticide, a killing of the soul.” And in this complete system of intellectual and political culture we must not lose sight of what latter-day Liberals mean: it must comprehend a smattering of every branch of knowledge, the Minister of Public Instruction having prescribed anatomy and botany as part of the standard of elementary education. For political training we must read a fluency in the calumnies and abominations propagated by the Radical press against religion, its ministers, and all things sacred. The father of a family who withholds all this indigestible matter from his child is killing its soul—whatever M. Laurent may understand by soul—and must, therefore, be declared by law forfeit of his dearest rights! To ensure his speedy punishment, any informer is authorized to intrude upon the hearth and denounce the parent who does not attain his ideal of an educator. Indeed, M. Laurent, who never fails to exalt his own patriotism at the expense of the public spirit of his fellow-citizens, takes this opportunity of lamenting the apathy and selfishness which prevail amongst his compatriots, since, he adds, if only the people were more observant of their civic duties, he would prefer to authorize any citizen to take action against the offending parent and relieve the Public Prosecutor of the task. Such is the *régime* which M. Laurent seeks to impose upon a free people! The laws of Lycurgus are mild and genial beside such a Code; the young Spartans, who were taken from their homes to be educated by the State, were at least taught to honour their gods and their superiors; the reformed Belgian Code would send them to schools directed by

teachers whose first official duty is to ignore the existence of a Creator or a creed. To leave no doubt that he really intends the "godless schools," instituted by the Law of 1879, to be the only houses of education tolerated by the State, M. Laurent refuses point blank to the parent any power of choice in the matter. "The law creates the obligation," he urges, "and it is the law which decides as to its *extent* and *execution*. An obligation, of which the extent and execution are left to the appreciation of the debtor, is a judicial heresy." Before dismissing this subject he advances one more strange argument to enforce his views, by asking how many parents can consider themselves sufficiently educated to be able to instruct their children; how many have the leisure to do so? Clearly a small percentage of fathers of families. Therefore, he concludes, let them leave the education of their children to the only persons competent to impart it—those who have a State guarantee of capacity, the official schoolmasters appointed by the Government. Does our learned Professor not perceive that by this time his perverse method of reasoning has brought him into flagrant contradiction with his own premisses? Starting from the maxim that parents "ont le devoir d'élever leurs enfants," we find him, after wading through a sea of sophisms, landed at the conclusion that, after all, it is the State, and not the parent, which is bound to assume this charge, and all this waste of ink and paper has only conducted him to a monstrous *non sequitur*.

As regards the adult schools, he has not laid down any fixed rules for their organization, preferring to leave the question to the decision of the Legislature; but he considers their establishment in a compulsory form most essential for the preservation of social order. The Communists and Socialists fell into their errors by reason of their ignorance—we are inclined to believe that it was, on the contrary, by reason of the kind of education advocated by M. Laurent—the only hope of rooting out anarchical notions and repressing the evil passions of the mob is in giving the people plenty of schools. He therefore insists that everyone up to the age of twenty-one at least should be forced to spend not less than an hour and a half on week days and two hours on Sundays in a Government adult school!

Lest, notwithstanding all these reforms, there should remain any vestiges of family and individual rights unconfiscated by the Code, a few precautionary Articles are inserted. Art. 348 gives both parents equal authority over the children, the tribunal being called in to decide in case of a conflict of opinions. Art. 363 allows the parents a limited power of correction of their children, but forbids corporal or excessive punishment; the tribunal being again brought into play where a child gives grave dissatisfaction,

and having to decide where, or in what establishment, he shall be placed, and lastly we are told :—

ART. 386. If the survivor of the parents re-marries, the family council shall decide whether parental rights over the children are to continue.

We have selected the above articles from the first part of M. Laurent's Code as giving a fair idea of its spirit; in the second portion of his "*Avant Projet*" our author treats of the laws regulating associations and corporations, and here are revealed in all their intensity the sectarian spirit, anti-religious passion, and thirst for persecution, which animate the Radical legist. So virulent is his animosity against the religious Orders in special that his new Code, in order more surely to strike them, is ready to sacrifice all the rights and liberties of associations, whether social, literary or commercial, if only a deadly blow can be dealt at the same time at its author's great bugbear, *la lèpre monacle*, as he terms in one of his legal treatises the religious congregations. In the *Exposé des Motifs*, which accompanies his Project of Revision, no less than a hundred and fifty closely printed pages of folio are devoted to the proof of his favourite thesis that monks, nuns and religious confraternities are mere corporations of robbers, that their property, howsoever acquired, whether by inheritance, purchase, or gift, does not legally belong to them, and can consequently be claimed either by private individuals or by the State.

M. Laurent divides all associations into two classes, which he terms respectively legal and illegal corporations. Under the first category he only admits such bodies as have been accorded a legal personification by the State, and which answer to our chartered corporations. Such are the municipalities and Communes, the State hospitals, the seminaries and vestries (*fabriques d'église*), although M. Laurent would fain withdraw their charters from the latter. Associations of this character enjoy what the French law terms *la personification civile*; they may act in a court of justice, contract or inherit as individuals would; in fact they possess all corporate privileges. The author of the new Code, however, seems intentionally to create a confusion of ideas at this point, and while justly confining the privileges and immunities of incorporation to such bodies as have received a charter, immediately proceeds to rank all other voluntary associations under the head of illegal establishments or corporations, and refuses to recognize not only the privileges, which they have never pretended to assert, but the civil rights of their individual members, consecrated by the most elementary principles of natural law, and further guaranteed in formal words by the Belgian Constitution, whose limits the revision of the Code may not transgress, and

which explicitly declares that Belgian citizens are free to form associations. In face of this positive text of law M. Laurent still maintains that an association which is not a legally incorporated society is also illegal, in so far as an association at all; that because it cannot act at law as an individual, and has not a civil status of its own, it is therefore further debarred, in the person of its individual members, from the exercise of all other civil rights; that if A B and C have agreed to embark their associated fortune in the enterprise X—whether X be a convent, a literary society, or a simple club—then not only is X unable to stand before the law as a separate individual, which in the absence of a State charter we may accord, but A B and C, by the fact of forming an association, which the law formally permits them to do, resign their rights of property, and possess neither individually or collectively. We shall consider presently the terms in which M. Laurent formulates this iniquitous proposition, but for the moment we must follow him through his treatise upon the corporate bodies to which the privilege of State recognition is conceded. These, lest any one should for a moment conceive the idea of incorporating a religious Order, however useful or beneficial its work, are limited to the smallest possible number. Thus Art. 531 of the revised Code declares that “incorporation can only be effected *for reasons of public necessity* by the law, or in virtue of the law.” The reader will perceive at a glance the object which underlies the words in italics. A faction in the legislature, obeying the orders of a sectarian Government, will have absolute control over the charters of corporate bodies, and must refuse to accord them wherever absolute public necessity is not proved. Given the despotic and centralizing tendencies of modern Liberal Cabinets, we need hardly state that this public necessity will only be recognized in the case of official and Government establishments and foundations. Voluntary associations, even in the case of the most useful institutions, need not ask for recognition; far less religious or charitable Orders. M. Laurent, whilst thus providing for the future, is not unmindful of the past, and knowing that, before his present friends came into power and initiated the *régime* of harassing statutes and distorted interpretations of the Code, former Governments had acted in a larger and more generous spirit, he inserts a few articles into his Code for the sake of undoing the milder legislation of his predecessors.

ART. 532. The law may always modify corporations and public establishments, and even abolish them, if the public interest requires it.

ART. 533. Corporations have no other rights than those conferred

by the act of incorporation. Outside their legal destination they have no existence in the eyes of the law.

The property of suppressed corporations belongs to the State, which shall affect it to uses analogous to those for which incorporation was conceded.

The object aimed at is perfectly clear. The civil law had long since allowed a corporate existence to certain religious institutions which were judged absolutely necessary for the mission of the Church; the new Code, whilst preventing a recurrence of this, provides a means of revoking the charters of existing institutions. M. Laurent does not hesitate to name three bodies from which he would at once withdraw all privileges—viz., the seminaries, the vestries (*fabriques d'église*), and the nursing orders of nuns. Besides their suppression, there would follow a wholesale modification of Mass foundations, Catholic scholarships, or *Bourses d'Etudes*, &c., all of which he gives us to understand fall under his definition of corporations. By an imaginary distinction M. Laurent exempts commercial societies and joint-stock companies from the operation of this law, not probably from any respect for the rights of the associates, but merely because his theories, if carried out in all their logical consequences, would raise such a storm and confusion as would suffice to send back his new Code to the little study in the University of Ghent, from which it ought never to have emerged. To avoid this he gratuitously asserts that commercial associations do not fall under the category of corporations, because their objects are of a temporary nature, whereas the essential character of all incorporated society is its perpetuity. What this means, or whence M. Laurent derives this distinction, he does not vouchsafe to reveal; the phrase is high-sounding and will come home to the Radical mind, which is all he seeks to captivate; his party will never require him to waste arguments upon the Catholics, who are after all only the "stupid party" in Belgian politics. All other associations not strictly commercial must share the fate of religious establishments; our author declares himself ready to sacrifice trade-unions, friendly societies, even the Masonic lodges, provided only that churches and convents are got rid of. So in a few brief texts religious endowments are safely disposed of, and the whole temporality of the Church is relegated to the chapter of illegal association, to be dealt with in the second division of the work. Some few charitable endowments, however, might still exist, which it would be impossible for the State to directly abolish. The new Code provides for every possible difficulty, and therefore reserves to the Government the right of modifying, inspecting, or "devoting to analogous uses" the funds hitherto devoted to the service of religion, or bequeathed for definite pious objects by

our naïve and benighted forefathers, who had not foreseen the advent of the Liberal Millennium, and relied too confidently upon the stability of the law. It is true, as we have shown above, that M. Bara, the Minister of Justice, hardly required a special Code for this purpose; he has been able to divert from their legitimate sources the bequests of the faithful, and has found means without having recourse to special legislation, to become as it were the Testator-General of the nation, just as his colleague of the Interior has instituted himself Grand Eléctor. M. Laurent perhaps fears, however, lest his friends should at some time fall martyrs to their devotion to modern progress. It is always well to be provided with a text of law when it is practicable to make one, if only to free the Minister from future possible claims; the progress of humanity is, alas! but slow and often liable to interruption, nor is even a Liberal Government eternal; the work therefore of reform, secularization, or expropriation, is likely to be carried on more speedily and energetically where there is a Code to shield the Minister of the day from any personal responsibility. Nothing, moreover, is easier to find than an "analogy," where there is a text authorizing you to seek for it; for instance, a man leaves by will a fund to form a scholarship for ecclesiastical students, the Government is, by M. Laurent's Code, at liberty to seize the sum, and naturally applies it to the maintenance of its own schoolmasters, the most analogous use, since the Free-thinking professors of the normal schools are the Positivist priesthood of the future; or again, an endowment for Masses can surely, may argue M. Bara, be better applied and in a manner more comforting to the soul of the testator, by its application to the school-teacher's pension fund, or the indigent children in the State schools.

Here then we have a *résumé* of the situation to which such associations as have the misfortune to obtain a legal footing will be reduced—viz., they may either be allowed to exist on the condition of surrendering their autonomy into the hands of the State, and giving up all voice in the management of their affairs, on the plea of limiting their operations to the objects for which they have received corporate privileges; or they may simply be suppressed at the will of the Government; or, thirdly, they may find their possessions confiscated to "analogous uses." It is clear, therefore, that no corporate societies but those of a purely official or administrative character will be prepared to legalize their position; all voluntary associations will, under M. Laurent's *régime*, be forced to drop into the rank of illegal corporations. On this new ground he is accordingly prepared to follow them up; an armoury of fresh edicts has been prepared to crush them. Having once for all put them outside the law, he proceeds

to invent pretexts for their complete dispersion and spoliation :—

The law must not confine itself to the statement that voluntary associations are not corporations. After laying down the principles which govern corporate bodies, the new Code should strike a blow at those which are illegal. . . .

The greatest of social interests is at stake—the respect due to the law. There is no longer any society when this respect is destroyed.

And, further on, speaking especially of religious Orders, he adds :—

At the present day all these corporate bodies are illegal, and respect for the law is trodden underfoot with an unparalleled audacity.

M. Laurent, however, confronted with the article of the Constitution consecrating the right of association, is at a loss to explain in what way the majesty of the law is disregarded ; the treason existing, apparently, in his imagination only, and the tribunals having no authority to enforce the doctrines which he seeks to deduce from the Code. Little abashed, however, he declares that, in order to punish this imaginary breach of the law, the judges must transgress its limits, and in this case become themselves legislators :—

All is illegal, and in so far irregular, with regard to these unauthorized congregations. It is this illegality, this irregularity, which places them outside the pale of the common law in default of a special law determining their position.

Is it possible to imagine a more shameless proposal of arbitrary persecution ? The law of the land, which this pretended Code is supposed to merely supplement, authorizes all citizens to form associations, and declares all Belgians to be equal in its eyes ; and yet, in the name of this very law, our learned theorist proposes to exclude from its protection a vast category of citizens, for no conceivable reason than that he disapproves of monastic vows and is a disbeliever in the truths of Christianity ! But let us proceed. It is not enough to attack religion in its communities of individuals ; the dead do not, either, escape his censures. Endowments founded in the past (*fondations*) must be suppressed ; the seminaries and vestries, as we have already seen, are classed amongst illegal associations ; but there remain further categories of Catholic undertakings which he does not wish to be exempted from his legislation. Men cannot act after their death, he urges ; in consequence, it is clear that they have no power to perpetuate their existence by creating endowments. For this reason we are told that all such creations, included under the general term of “establishments” (*établissements*), must be coupled with corporations. This brings our author face to face

with another Liberal nightmare—free schools—also authorized by the Constitution. “Such are the so-called Catholic schools,” he exclaims, “spread over the whole of Belgium. . . . No one may endow a school any more than a convent.” Therefore he includes free schools in his vast scheme of proscription. Of course, as we have already remarked, the wide definition which is thus given to the term corporation would involve the sacrifice of many a purely secular institution, not excepting the Masonic lodges; although, no doubt, if the new Code is ever carried into execution, we may count upon the Liberals discovering a formula which will save the latter. M. Laurent, however, is so eager in his pursuit of religious Orders that we may give him the credit of being indifferent to the fate of his own friends if only the great object can be attained. He poses as a kind of Radical Samson who is prepared to bury himself and his friends calmly beneath the ruins of the social fabric if only the Philistines can be shattered with him. Perish everything, is his motto, provided the Catholic Church be ruined! It will now be necessary to cite a few of the chief Articles dealing with voluntary associations, in order to show how complete is his system. The first Article, No. 537, merely declares what in itself is a sound doctrine:—

Associations or establishments not legally incorporated do not exist as corporate bodies in the eye of the law.

No exception need be taken to this thesis, but M. Laurent proceeds to deduce from it that it is in consequence illegal for the individual members to contract on behalf of their society:—

ART. 538. Every act in which an unrecognized corporation or establishment figures is null and void.

ART. 539. Every acquisition made by such a body, in whatsoever shape, of real or personal property, under any form or with whatsoever object, directly or indirectly, through the interposition of a third party, is null and void.

ART. 540. Those who acquire or hold property for such societies are not the proprietors. They are bound to pay the taxes upon it without exercising any of the rights attaching to ownership.

ART. 541. Members of unrecognized corporations or establishments may hold property in their own name, saving the *right of interested parties to prove by all legal means* that they are acting as trustees, or holding the same for the use of an illegal corporation.

ART. 542. Such illegal corporations cannot take action at law. Third parties can, however, proceed against them as societies *de facto* existing (*sociétés de fait*), and seize their property, saving the rights of those who may lay prior claim to it.

Real or personal actions may be brought against the members or superiors, or those standing possessed of the property in question, whatsoever their apparent quality.

Here, in a few lines, we find the so-called illegal associations, authorized to exist by the law of the land, despoiled of their goods, and their members debarred from all the privileges and rights of simple citizens. The arguments brought forward in support of those monstrous propositions do not stand one moment's examination; indeed, M. Laurent has very little to urge beyond some garbled extracts from forgotten edicts of the time of Charles V. and Maria Theresa, applying to a totally different state of things, and a few recent decisions of the Court of Appeal of Ghent—a conclave of political partisans notorious for rendering services to Liberalism, in preference to pronouncing judicial verdicts. No religious Order in Belgium has claimed to pass contracts, or act at law *quâ* corporation; but what possible legal maxim can be found to prevent the superior of the society from acting individually on behalf of his associates? Because, M. Laurent urges, he is only the mouthpiece of an unauthorized corporation which at law has no existence. True, but what right then has the law to pre-suppose the existence of a body, which, in the eyes of the law, is pronounced incapable of existence? Let us take an example, and suppose that a person, whose property is at his own free disposal after death, having no children, wishes to make a bequest to a religious house or to a friendly society. He will not leave the money to the community as a whole, because clearly in this case his will could be attacked, the society which he desires to benefit being at law a *non-ens*. In order, therefore, to draw up a valid testament, he makes a bequest in favour of the superior of the Order, or the president of the society; let us call him A. The law now has only to enforce the intentions of the donator, and to see that the legacy, in default of direct issue, who have a claim which cannot be put aside by testament, is given over by the executors of the will to A. So at least pronounces common-sense, and so would decide every Code of every country that we know of. But not so M. Laurent; it is clear, he says, that the testator wishes to benefit, through the interposition of A, a certain non-existent community; and it is the duty of the Court, in order to frustrate this scheme, to assume the existence of the body of which it is forbidden to take cognizance. The proposition might be discussed if the community in question were illicit, but our author himself admits that the associates have a perfect right to form a society. Moreover, gifts and legacies would be no longer possible if in each case the legatee were forced to prove that every penny which he receives is to be devoted to his own sole benefit, and that no associate of his can ever share it with him. The same glaring inconsistency appears again in Article 542. The unrecognized societies are forbidden to act at law, inasmuch as legally non-existent, but any one is allowed to despoil them

and sue them at law, because *de facto* they do exist. They are non-existent as far as any advantages arising from association are concerned, but they become at once real beings for purposes of confiscation. It is puerile to argue upon such propositions; we can only write them down as barefaced schemes of plunder. We must assume, therefore, that M. Laurent has no wish to convince any but such of his friends as are prepared to enter upon this work of spoliation at all costs, with or without a legal justification. He goes on further to tell us that if the superior of a religious house dies his will is invalid when he leaves his possessions to one or more members of his society individually. Do the latter lawfully inherit? No, he tells us, for two reasons: first, because they are advantaged merely as representatives of the whole community; and, secondly, because, in corroboration of the first objection, they obtain no personal advantage from the legacy, having taken vows of poverty. Yet the Civil Code itself distinctly refuses to recognize such vows; they are binding before no court of justice; they have no civil value; and, by the admission of our author, the legatees are perfectly free on the morrow of the succession, to leave their communities and take all their possessions with them. It is enough for M. Laurent that the society is by common rumour supposed to exist, and to exact such vows from its members, for the latter to be debarred from inheriting, and for the testament to be annulled. He puts upon the head of his cherished enemies a kind of Fortunatus' cap, which renders them invisible to the law when they might be protected, and takes it off again when they pass amongst robbers.

In these days of radical and revolutionary spoliation, a course frequently adopted by the religious communities, as giving greater security for holding Church property, is to hand it over to a third person to be held in trust for them. M. Laurent, as we have seen in Article 540, provides against this, and deliberately inscribes in his Code that the title of the lay-proprietor, however faultless it may be, can be attacked if there is reason to suppose that the property is only held in trust for an unauthorized corporation. This is the crowning point in his system of plunder, and is, perhaps, the most wanton attack upon the rights of property ever proposed to a legislative body; it stamps the whole Code as rank Communism, the more insidious because presented to Parliament in a legal guise.

The possessions of the Church being once diverted from their lawful owners, the question at once arises, "Who is then the legitimate proprietor?" This problem M. Laurent resolves in the next chapter of the Code, which he styles "*La Revendication* (read Confiscation) *des biens detenus par les corporation et établissements illégaux.*"

ART. 543. Possessions held by unauthorized communities or establishments may be claimed :

1°. By the former proprietors.

2°. By the communes in the name of the State.

The Code now assumes the mask of protector of the rights of property and those of the family ; and pretends to come to the aid of the relatives and heirs who have been robbed of their inheritance by priestly fraud. To these it accords the right of demanding restitution, and of enforcing their lawful claims. But M. Laurent is still distrustful of the mass of his fellow-citizens ; he fears that they will give proof of greater honesty and a far more equitable "respect of the law" than the legists. The pretended victims refuse to act ; his noble indignation meets with no response from those whose rights he is seeking to defend ; contaminated by superstition and oppressed by clerical tyranny, the relatives submit as slaves to the outrages lavished upon them by the monks. The modern "friend of the people" stands out for once in his true light. The grievance-monger, after fabricating imaginary wrongs, turns upon the people when he finds them indifferent to the evils which he seeks to persuade them of ; like the friend of humanity in Canning's parody, he has in the end only a kick to bestow upon the needy but craven-spirited grinder.

Alas ! the degeneracy of public opinion is such, that hardly an inhabitant of Belgium has been found who understands his civic duties.

Excellent, M. Laurent. You could hardly have rendered a better testimony to the honesty and good sense of your compatriots than this contemptuous mode of declaring that their conception of public morality and yours are so widely different ! At the same time you acknowledge that no one but yourself and sectarians of your stamp demand this Code ; the people, for whom you pretend to work, do not understand you, or they deem your proposals simple robbery ; they know the real law, of which your rendering is a shameless travesty.

M. Laurent, far from being discouraged by this result, proceeds, in the absence of a better appreciation of their duties on the part of the plundered owners, to attribute the spoils to the State and to the Communes. Why ? we are entitled to ask. All that we have read in the "Avant Projet" has gone to show that if the Church has grown rich it has been at the expense of the lawful heirs of the donors, and when we come to the point the author of the new Code is the first to admit that the heirs refuse to recognize the theft. They are therefore in their turn put aside and plundered in the same manner as the congregations, and then M. Laurent, all possible competitors being dismissed,

discovers that the property he covets is without an owner, and as at law *les biens sans maître appartiennent à l'Etat*, he is at liberty to attribute it to the State. Indeed, the Code takes every care that the goods which may be claimed in "restitution" shall not pass into the hands of private individuals, if any should be found ready to act as accomplices in M. Laurent's scheme. Every conceivable obstacle is placed in the way of those who may be tempted to take the bait and claim the booty that the Code spreads out; in fact, a special article, No. 552, boldly places the claim of the State in the first rank:—

The former proprietors of the goods to which claim is laid may intervene, within three months after the publication in the *Moniteur* (the Belgian official journal), in which case the goods will be *restored* to them. If they do not intervene they shall forfeit all claim. . . .

ART. 553. Restitution will not be made unless the good faith of sellers, donors, and testators is established. They are of bad faith if it can be shown that they have wittingly foregone their rights of property to the advantage of an unrecognized corporation or establishment.

Art. 554 allows third parties to bring proof that those to whom the property has been thus "restored" have employed it to benefit a corporation. In this case the new owners are in their turn despoiled, forced to pay interest for their term of possession, and further liable to an action for damages. Is it likely that any one, claiming in virtue of the Code to be the legitimate owner of, or heir to, Church property will apply for it upon such terms? Evidently not, nor did the framer of this novel legislation ever intend that they should. All therefore reverts to the Government. The concluding articles of the Code regulate the procedure to be followed by the municipalities in order to legalize this State robbery.

ART. 544. Property, real or personal, held by unauthorized associations shall be claimed by the communes, who are to affect it to the service of public instruction.

ART. 545. Half of the property thus recovered shall go to the commune which instituted the claim. The other half shall form a special fund to be distributed amongst the communes of the country for the needs of public instruction.

But M. Laurent is aware that the majority of Belgian Communal Councils will refuse to join him in his work of plunder; the same abject spirit and the same ignorance of civic duties which characterize the electors are present in their representatives; therefore Art. 546 decrees that:—

In default of the Communal Council, the inhabitants of the commune may institute the claim, giving security that they will be re-

sponsible for the costs, and that they will see the judgment which may be pronounced carried out.

This is not enough ; M. Laurent dreads the danger of finding a commune composed exclusively of honest men, hence :—

ART. 547. In default of the commune or its inhabitants, the action may lie with any Belgian citizen on behalf of his own commune, and under the conditions laid down by the preceding article. . . .

This action must be taken within a year of the publication of the inquiry (in the *Moniteur*) which shall be organized in virtue of a special law.

If no action has then been taken, the State shall lay claim after a month's delay.

ART. 548. Those who bring the action shall be entitled to a fourth part of the property claimed by them and apportioned to their commune.

Here we have in brief the double object aimed at by the new Code ; the destruction of religion, entailing in its ruin that of hundreds of purely secular societies, and the acquisition of a vast fund for the execution of the school law and the organization of the godless national education. To effect this object no means are deemed bad, and at a period when civilized society is threatened on all sides by the forces of socialism and anarchy, M. Laurent does not hesitate to appeal to the worst passions of the populace, and excite the cupidity of the masses, by holding out to them the prospect of sharing in the spoils of private property. The law of 1879 has been tried and has proved a disastrous failure ; the ratepayers have been crushed ; the Treasury exhausted by a deficit which increases yearly ; all resources, legal or extra legal, have been exhausted ; and now the whole law of the land is to be revolutionized, society to be overturned, and the most elementary principles of property set aside, for the purpose of effecting what the country has resolutely set its face against. The new Code can have no other object in view ; its long dreary pages of sophistry and declamation will deceive no one ; the revolution which it is to bring about could be expounded in a very few words. The work, however, with its mock arguments and its pretentious expositions of doctrine has delighted the Liberal Press and charmed the ears of the Radical leaders ; they dwell with fond wonder upon the "subtle dialectic" of their learned Professor. If he prizes this admiration, he is surely welcome to it ; for ourselves we would prefer to sum up the whole of the second part of the Code in three simple propositions, thus :—

1. The Government has a dispensing power over so-called rights of individual property.

2. Property acquired by virtue of this power is at the free disposal of the Government;

3. Saving the rights of those informing or abetting the Government to have a share in the spoil.

By a strange irony of terms the Minister of Justice is selected to lay this monstrous project before the Legislature, and the new Code appears before the public invested with the sanction of the highest judicial functionary of the kingdom. It is immaterial that he may reserve his judgment as to the opportuneness of the reform in its entirety, or that he may withhold his approval from certain of its more eccentric features; Belgian Liberalism has gone very far, but we stand aghast at the fact of a member of any Government accepting such a work as serious. The matter is one for deep reflection on the part of those Liberals who still retain any respect for order, property or freedom. With the forces of Socialism closing in upon them, the Government of a Constitutional Monarchy not only do not reject, but actually in part adopt a proposal which cuts to the root of the existing social system, and justifies the wildest schemes of revolutionary agitators. We do not believe that for the moment M. Bara intends to provoke a vote of the Chambers upon the revised Code; it is more probable he has consented to father M. Laurent's scheme as a threat to the Catholics of what he has in reserve for them; it is quite sufficient, however, to rouse the deepest alarm, that he should for one instant have lent the authority of his name and position to this project. At the present day revolution is not a game which can be played with impunity, and when proposals for confiscation are presented to the populace with the sanction of their rulers, we may be sure that the day of plunder is not far distant. And when that day arrives we can hardly expect the mob to recognize the subtle distinctions of M. Laurent, or draw a line between what is corporate and what individual property. If ever the possessions of the Church are redistributed in the way this Code points out, many a wealthy Liberal will, we can safely predict, rue the day when he began to play fast and loose with the principles upon which society rests. Already M. Janson, the recognized chief of the Brussels deputation, and the leader of an influential section of the Parliament, has commenced a series of meetings, and opened a regular campaign for the confiscation of the churches and the spoliation of the religious Orders. The support of those who think like him, will in many a crisis be essential to the Government, which may be forced, at no distant date, to accord an instalment of the promises held out by the acceptance of M. Laurent's Code. - *Facilis descensus Averni!* M. Janson himself is far from being the most extreme of Radicals; a new party is rising, more revolutionary still, which will wring

from him the same concessions which he now extorts from MM. Frère Orban and Bara; voices are already heard urging, justly enough, that this scheme is illogical and incomplete, that a law is sovereignly unjust which would only confiscate the property of the bishop and the monk, and would pass over that of the capitalist and the merchant. The Government has taken, without reflection, listening only to the promptings of party passion, the first step towards the precipice; let it continue its course a little further, and the masses, no longer restrained by religion, or awed by respect for their rulers, will complete the work of destruction.

The close of the last Session of Parliament, which was carried on far into August, had other unpleasant surprises in store for the Catholics. Until the new Code is passed the possessions of the Church cannot be devoted to the service of public instruction, and the Bourses and foundations, which M. Bara has diverted into the State coffers, are only a drop in the ocean of public expenditure. It was necessary, therefore, either to check the lavish expenses of the schools or find some means of making up the deficit which they caused in the Budget. The first course was supremely distasteful to the Liberal party, being tantamount to an acknowledgement of the failure of their educational policy; the only resource left to them, therefore, was to present to the country the first instalment of the bill which four years of Liberal Government had run up. In the month of May the Minister of Finance declared that the deficit for the current year already amounted to over twenty-six millions of francs, more than a million sterling—a very handsome sum for a country like Belgium. This bill must be paid, and the only way to do so, unless the Chambers were prepared to sacrifice the grand cause of National Education, was by increasing taxation to that amount. Various Government Bills were consequently introduced for raising the sum required, and establishing a permanent addition to the national taxes. Duties on coffee, spirits, tobacco, cocoa and vinegar; new direct taxes upon houses, horses and servants; stamp duties on shares, dividends, stock transfers and insurance premiums; such were the sacrifices demanded in the “grand cause” of Catholic persecution; all these duties to be levied not for one year only, but to be voted as permanent charges upon the National patrimony. This was all the Government had to show as the result of the School Law of 1879. To their credit, be it said, a large section of the Extreme Left or Radical party joined the Catholic Opposition in resisting these exorbitant demands. To saddle the country with an annual burden of a million sterling, which could be avoided by a more economical management of the finances, was, they urged, a veritable iniquity;

consequently M. Janson and his friends were resolved to oppose the Government on this occasion with energy and vigour. This coalition was strong enough to cut down some of the more exorbitant of the Ministerial proposals, but did not avail to prevent the Government from obtaining somewhat over a half of their new taxes. It is true that even this result was obtained by the barest majority, in two cases by one vote only, and in face of the most strenuous popular opposition—the country being fully aware that it was to be taxed for political purposes only, and for the greater glory of Liberalism. The present Cabinet, however, is accustomed to carry its reforms by narrow majorities and in defiance of public feeling, and the new taxes are already inscribed on the Statute Book—one more monument to that disinterested Liberalism which only came into power by promising a reduction of national expenditure.

According to the usual policy of the Cabinet it was necessary after this victory to throw a sop to Cerberus, and to purchase this advantage by the surrender of some Constitutional principle. The Government, therefore, looked about for a concession with which to reward its faithful partisans who had so nobly sacrificed their personal convictions on the altar of party. The advanced Liberals had for some time been clamouring for an extension of the suffrage and the introduction of a Bill of compulsory education. The Government paid the price of its existence with its assent to both of these demands. Simultaneously with the introduction of the new taxes, M. Frère Orban laid before the House a compulsory education Bill and a project of electoral reform. With the former we have not now to deal, the lateness of the season having forced the Cabinet to reserve the discussion for another Session. Let it suffice to remark that the measure contains all those dispositions which M. Frère Orban a short time since pronounced to be intolerable and unjust, and which he declared that his Cabinet would never be induced to consent to.

The electoral reform was a more difficult matter to deal with. The legislative franchise could only be lowered by a revision of the Constitution, to which at present neither of the two parties in the Chambers were disposed to agree. In the case of the provincial and municipal assemblies things were different, and the Government saw its way to some useful reforms. In those bodies the Catholic and National party had a commanding position, and a carefully managed reform might have a beneficial result in unseating some of the enemies of Liberalism. For in treating of electoral reform, as imagined by Belgian Liberals, we must not confound a reform with an extension of the suffrage; a few hare-brained Radicals might be willing to risk all from a love of pure

democracy and expose the country to the danger of a clerical reaction, but the true Liberal takes reform to mean the disfranchisement of his political adversaries and the admission of new friendly voters. The advanced Liberals had already come forward with a proposal, which, grotesque and unpractical as it might seem, appeared to the Government capable, with certain modifications, of producing good results; this scheme, absurd in principle and illogical in statesmanship, was the substitution of intellectual capacity for a money qualification of electors. The Cabinet decided to sacrifice once more its convictions and assent to this proposal by combining the two qualifications. Intellectual capacity is, however, a difficult quantity to gauge, and it would be possible for the Catholics to claim its possession as well as the Liberals, whereas such a pretension is quite inadmissible in the nineteenth century. An examination for the electorate would therefore be necessary, and a certificate of school attendance must be exacted as a preliminary to examination. As the free schools were exempt from Government inspection, and were, consequently, not recognized by the State, they must be excluded from the advantages of the reform. Upon these lines the Government thought a good Bill might be drawn up, and a measure in this sense was presented to the House immediately after the introduction of the projects of taxation. The chief principle of the Reform Bill may be thus resumed; universal suffrage at the Provincial and Communal elections for all those who can reasonably be presumed likely to vote for Liberal candidates, exclusion of those not possessing the old money qualification (which was retained in the Bill), who would probably support the Catholic party. The suffrage was therefore accorded to Government functionaries and employés (a formidable army in this centralized country), with whom the need of daily bread was a powerful aid to Liberal convictions; to professors and pupil teachers in Government schools; to officers of the army, doctors, lawyers and members of the liberal professions; and, lastly, to those who, after a certain period of residence in a recognized normal or elementary school, should pass an examination in the subjects required by the standard. Here was a Reform Bill after the Liberal heart, which it is needless to say was carried, although again only by a small majority, several Radicals having the honesty to join the Right in pressing an amendment extending the suffrage to all who could read, write, and count, without a certificate of school attendance. The Government succeeded in rejecting this amendment by their now famous majority of one, the vote in question emanating always from a venerable but dotting member of the House, who rendered great service to his country in 1830, but whom fifty-three years of Parliamentary labours

have rendered less lucid in perceiving what is at the present day conducive to the common weal.

A Reform Bill which would only create new Liberal electors and eliminate no Catholics was, however, but an imperfect extension of the suffrage. This flaw in the Bill was happily detected by a faithful adherent of the Government, who at the last moment hurried through an amendment, to the delight of the Ministers, which disfranchised 15,000 rural electors on the false pretext that they did not possess the requisite money qualification. The crowning stone was thus put upon the edifice, and one more injustice was voted by a docile majority. The Government now looked upon their work and found it good, and the fifth Session of the Liberal Parliament was closed, the deputies being sent home to rest and meditate upon fresh schemes for 1884.



#### ART. V.—IRELAND IN THE TIME OF SWIFT.

**I**RELAND in the days of Swift was laid prostrate by the fortunes of war. The battles of the Boyne and Aughrim had been fought and lost by the adherents of the imbecile James, and the land seemed covered with a black funereal pall of hopeless misery.

The Boyne was fought on the 1st of July, 1690. Two causes decided the event in favour of William. His army was greatly superior to that of his opponent in point of numbers and in all the munitions of war; his followers had also the animating consciousness of being commanded by a brave and skilful leader, while the army of James, composed of men individually brave, was dispirited by the incapacity of his Majesty, who took no part in the contest, but looked on at it from the hill of Donore.

At the battle of Aughrim, fought in July, 1691, the Irish enjoyed the advantage of King James's absence. Their commander, the French general St. Ruth, was brave and not unskilful, but he was vain, presumptuous, self-confident, and obstinate. Victory, during the engagement, seemed to hover doubtfully from one side to the other. The Irish were triumphant on the right wing and in the centre. Their officers congratulated each other on the apparent prospect of success, when St. Ruth was killed by a cannon-ball, and confusion consequently overspread the army. Defeat followed.

Limerick was the last place that held out for King James. It was besieged by William on the 9th of August, 1690. The

inhabitants made such a gallant defence that William raised the siege, having lost 2,000 men. The attack was renewed on the 25th of August, 1691, under General Ginckle. After a struggle, which lasted for several weeks, the city surrendered on the conditions embodied in the well-known Treaty of Limerick. By this Treaty the Catholics were promised the exercise of their religion in a manner as free and unfettered as in the reign of Charles the Second. It was also provided that all the inhabitants of the counties of Cork, Limerick, Clare, Kerry and Mayo, who had taken up arms for King James, should retain their estates and practise their callings and professions unmolested. The Catholic gentry were allowed to keep arms, and were not required, by the Treaty, to take any other oath than the oath of allegiance to William and Mary.

On these terms the city of Limerick surrendered. The terms were shamelessly violated by the victorious party. Not a single condition was observed. Laws were passed inspired by the utmost anti-Catholic malevolence, which deprived the Catholics of every privilege of citizenship, and of nearly every other means of livelihood than the agricultural. About 12,500 of the Irish army accompanied the illustrious Sarsfield to France after the surrender of Limerick, and formed the commencement of the Irish brigade, which was destined to win honours in the service of their adopted country. "Perhaps," says our ablest historian, Mr. Lecky, "the most deplorable characteristic of the time was the complete absence of all public feeling, of all hope, of all healthy interest in public affairs. The Irish nation had as yet known no weapon but the sword. It was broken, and they sank into the apathy of despair."

Concurrently with the breach of the articles embodied in the Treaty, the English Legislature attacked the industrial resources of Ireland by a series of laws designed to crush every form of commercial, manufacturing, or even agricultural effort, which could be supposed to compete with the corresponding industry in England. The Irish woollen trade had flourished, notwithstanding the Jacobite wars and the unsettled condition of public feeling that resulted from the vast confiscations of the seventeenth century. Its success alarmed the English manufacturers, who accordingly engaged the assistance of their Parliament and their Monarch to extinguish it. Long before this, Sir William Temple had written to the Irish Viceroy:—"Regard must be had to those points wherein the trade of Ireland comes to interfere with that of England, in which case the Irish trade ought to be declined, so as to give way to the trade of England." Temple's words gave accurate expression to the prevailing policy. By an English Act, introduced in 1698 and carried in the following

year, the Irish were prohibited from exporting their woollen manufactures, not only to England, but to all other countries. This Act was a marvel of complex pravity. It not only annihilated the chief manufacture of Ireland, consigning to total destitution a large population, but it was also an insolent assumption of legislative power over Ireland. The misery which it produced was so intense and so widely diffused, that for many years afterwards every unfavourable season produced an actual famine. In fact, the general results of the policy of which it was a part, reduced Ireland to a condition of decay and disaster similar to that which in our own day has resulted from the Legislative Union. Vast crowds emigrated to America. Smuggling—chiefly of wool to France—was largely practised by all classes. I have seen a curious tract in defence of the prohibitory system, written by a Protestant clergyman in 1721; the treatise was entitled: “The Sin of withholding Tribute by running of Goods, concealing of Excise, &c., laid open and addressed to the Trading Part of the Nation:” by Jasper Brett, M.A., Chancellor of the Cathedral of Connor. The reverend gentleman evidently thought—or pretended to think—that it was the duty of the people to submit without a murmur to starvation inflicted by inhuman tyranny. He was probably writing in hope of professional promotion.

But what was the Irish Parliament doing all this time? Did it make no effort to resist the adverse power that made such ruthless havoc in the country it was supposed to govern?

The Irish Parliament unhappily partook of the weakness that the revolution of 1688 had entailed on the country. Its members were personally interested in maintaining the confiscations. The owners of forfeited estates looked to England to assist them in keeping their territorial gains, and were therefore afraid to make an effectual stand against England in defence of the commercial and manufacturing interests of Ireland. Their chief anxiety was to keep the Catholics in chains. When, in 1698, the Lords Justices officially announced to them the blow struck by England at their staple manufacture, they timidly answered “that they hoped to find such a temperament in respect to the woollen trade that the same might not be injurious to England.”

Such was the state of Ireland at the end of the seventeenth and the commencement of the eighteenth century; the Catholics of eminent ability exiled from a land that afforded no opening for their energies; those who remained at home prostrated by the violation of a solemn Treaty; the Protestants, alien in feeling from their country, depending on English assistance to retain the confiscated estates and to trample down their Catholic

countrymen, and repaying that assistance by scandalous political servility to the power that crushed their trade and starved their people.

There was, however, among the Protestants, a man who was destined to arouse the nation from its torpor. In the Court of Prerogative, Dublin, is recorded the marriage licence of Jonathan Swift and Abigail Erick, dated June 25th, 1664. The son of that couple was the renowned Jonathan Swift, who first saw the light in one of the houses of Hoey's Court, a small quadrangle of dingy brick tenements between Werburgh Street and the steep, narrow passage known as the Castle Steps. He was born on the 30th of November, 1667. He was a posthumous child. His father had exercised the profession of an attorney, and filled the office of steward to the King's Inns Society. The attorney, at his death, left his family so poorly circumstanced that the early years of Swift were passed in the sordid privations incident to poverty. His spirit was indomitably proud, and his pride was exasperated by the painful condition in which from the earliest period he was placed. He never could bear to be considered an upstart. His immediate ancestors belonged to the younger branch of the ancient house of Swift in Yorkshire, one of whose members, Barnham Swift, had been given the title of Viscount Carlingford, in the Irish peerage, in 1627, but died without male issue in 1634. The consciousness of gentle descent increased the bitterness of poverty. At an advanced period of his life, he tells Lord Bolingbroke that his birth is derived "from a family not undistinguished in its name;" and the feeling which prompted this boast is apparent in his anxiety for the accurate emblazonment of his armorial bearings.\*

The personal character and early career of a man whose name is indelibly written in Irish history, are of enduring interest to his countrymen. At the age of six years Swift was sent to the school of Kilkenny, where his mother was unable to defray the expense of his education. The money for this purpose was contributed by his uncle, Godwin Swift, a barrister, whose remittances were, however, so scantily doled out that the nephew was restricted to the barest necessities of existence.

In his fifteenth year he entered Trinity College, Dublin; and among the *alumni* of that university there has seldom been a student who, destined to subsequent distinction, gave less promise than Swift of intellectual eminence. He was self-willed, wayward, and eccentric. His native spirit of insubordination had doubtless much to do with his neglect of college rules and his defiance of college authorities, as well as with the indolence

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\* Or, a chevron nébulé, argent and azure, between three bucks in full course, vert. See "Journal," 24th February, 1712.

manifested in his studies. Yet it is also probable that chill penury repressed his "noble rage," and at once galled his pride and disheartened him from the plodding labour to which it has sometimes stimulated the poverty-stricken student. Whatever be the cause, Swift was one of the most rebellious and unmanageable of college lads. He neglected chapel, roll-call, lectures; he frequented the low taverns of Dublin, not for purposes of dissipation, but to while away the heavy hours in the only society accessible to his miserably straitened means. The natural result of such conduct was his inability to gain the degree of Bachelor of Arts, which, some time after and not without much difficulty, was conferred upon him through the interest of some friends.

During his inglorious college career, he was chiefly supported by the niggardly supplies remitted by his uncle Godwin. These were so scanty and so irregular that he was at one time utterly destitute of the means of existence, when his wants were unexpectedly relieved by an opportune gift from one of his cousins who was settled as a merchant at Lisbon.\* At that period he shared the general belief that Godwin was wealthy, and wanted the will, not the means, to befriend him. The fact, however, was that Godwin had seriously impaired his fortune by unlucky speculations, which deprived him of the power of more effectually assisting his nephew. In 1688 Godwin died; and Swift, deprived of the meagre and apparently reluctant assistance he had received from that relative, went to England to consult his mother, who then lived in Leicestershire, concerning the course of life he should thenceforth adopt. She suggested that he should seek the patronage of Sir William Temple, whose wife was her relation and whose father had reckoned Godwin Swift among his intimate friends. Sir William resided at Moor Park, in Surrey, where he had, in the midst of a wilderness, created a sort of Dutch paradise, in which terraces, fountains, parterres, statues, clipped trees, and geometrical arbours, were arranged in the formal taste which had already been introduced from Holland into England. Sir William Temple was pleased with the capacity which his practised eye discerned in the youth, and engaged him as his secretary, at a salary—a wretched one undoubtedly—of twenty pounds a year, in addition to his board. The situation was galling to his pride. It indeed afforded him a temporary home and the means of subsistence; but many years afterwards

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\* "I have," says Swift, writing from Dublin in 1737, "three or four cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care (namely, to register their births in some London parish), and they are all of them Londoners."

he remembered with bitterness that Sir William had "treated him like a schoolboy."

As time wore on, his position improved. He took advantage of his leisure to compensate by hard study for the time he had wasted in idleness at Dublin. The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts in 1692. He naturally expected that Sir William Temple, whose wife was his kinswoman, and who had given him a miserable salary for his services as secretary, would employ his undoubted influence to procure for him a tolerably lucrative employment. But Temple's patronage was very inefficient. He appears to have been one of those persons whose sentiments of friendship evaporate in kind words and professions of regard, and who are scarcely capable, without some extraordinary stimulus, of active exertion to promote the welfare of a friend. It is indeed true that when Swift, wearied and heart-sick with hope deferred, announced his intention of quitting Moor Park, Temple offered him a place worth £100 a year in the Irish Rolls Office. But the offer was made with such coldness that Swift rejected it. He had previously contemplated becoming a clergyman, and he now resolved to adopt that profession, as Temple, by his offer of otherwise providing for him, removed from him the reproach of entering the Church for a livelihood. He parted from his patron on unfriendly terms, and repaired to Ireland to obtain ordination. But in Ireland he found, to his unspeakable mortification, that the bishops of the State Church in that country required as an indispensable preliminary that he should obtain a recommendatory letter from Temple. They had not forgotten his indolent and insubordinate career at the Dublin University, and they naturally demanded a certificate that the candidate for Orders had mended his ways. Swift, who entertained towards Temple resentful and exasperated feelings, could not brook the humiliation of asking him for a letter of recommendation. For several months he abstained from making the painful request. At length the pressure of necessity proved too strong for his pride. He asked for and obtained the letter. He received ordination, and was immediately appointed to the small benefice of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, of which the income was £100 a year. But Sir William Temple had begun to feel the want of his society, and pressed him to resume his residence at Moor Park, with so much kindness that he found it difficult to refuse. He accordingly quitted Kilroot and returned to Moor Park, where the mode of his reception and the position thenceforth assigned him in the family were calculated to efface all the painful recollections connected with his former sojourn. He was now treated as a friend and placed on terms of social equality with his patron, who consulted him on affairs of importance, and who introduced him, not only to the

principal statesmen of the period, but also to King William, who occasionally came to Moor Park. When Temple was prevented by the delicacy of his health from accompanying the king through the grounds, Swift was sometimes appointed to attend his Majesty in Temple's place. The king was very affable; instructed the young Irishman in the Dutch mysteries of raising asparagus, and also gave him a more substantial mark of royal favour by the offer of a captaincy of horse, which the ex-rector of Kilroot declined to accept. Temple had learned to form so high an estimate of Swift's abilities that he once employed him to reason the king into sanctioning triennial parliaments. The king's prejudices on that subject were invincible; so that Swift had only the barren honour of pleading an important cause with a royal disputant.

It was during Swift's second residence at Moor Park that he formed the acquaintance of Esther Johnson, better known as Stella; whose father, now dead, had been a merchant in London, and younger brother of a gentleman of good family in Nottinghamshire. The young lady and her mother resided at Sir William Temple's house. Swift felt interested by the artless and endearing manners of the girl, and volunteered to assist in her education. Her charms, both of person and mind, have been celebrated by biographers. Her beauty was of a pensive cast, and the expression of her lovely countenance was eminently intellectual. Some of her eulogists say, that without the slightest tinge of pedantry, without the least resemblance to the *femme savante* of comedy, she had made such excellent use of the library at Moor Park that she had acquired a large knowledge of literature, and had even explored philosophical systems. Whatever she had acquired or explored, it is certain that we cannot reckon orthography among her acquisitions; for Swift, in his Journal, occasionally rallies her on her defective spelling, and enumerates fourteen ordinary words which she had mis-spelled in a single letter. This, however, is scarcely a disparagement of Stella, when we bear in mind the general state of female education at that period. It is certain that she read a good deal, that she had an excellent natural capacity and great conversational talent. We cannot doubt the concurrent testimonies that ascribe to her the graces of lively wit and fascinating manner. It was natural that a being so gifted, and whose gifts had been cultivated to a considerable extent under Swift's care, should make an indelible impression on his mind. To her other attractions was added the charm of the sweetest temper and the most affectionate disposition. The attachment on Swift's part was purely what is styled platonic. They felt for each other intense intellectual admiration.

Swift's hatred of English domination in Ireland stands out in strong contrast to the principles professed by his patron. Temple, as we have seen, considered that every Irish interest should be sacrificed to English monopoly. The statesmen who visited Sir William were in full accord with this sentiment. Their anti-Irish principles found no responsive chord in Swift, although the time was yet distant when he was to make his mark on Irish politics. He remained at Moor Park during the latter years of Temple's life, assisting the old statesman in his literary occupations, enlarging his knowledge of the world and of public affairs by intercourse with leading politicians, and doubtless deriving from that intercourse the intense contempt for the whole race of courtiers which he has expressed with such cynical bitterness in "Gulliver's Travels." In 1699 Temple died, bequeathing to Swift a sum of money and all his manuscripts. He had also obtained from the king a promise to appoint him to the first vacant prebend at Westminster or Canterbury. This promise William did not perform. Swift vainly attended the Court, and dedicated Sir William's posthumous works to the king, who treated him with total neglect. It may be here remarked that, notwithstanding the reconciliation in 1695 between Swift and Temple, some remains of aversion to the Temple family appear to have lingered in his mind; for in his *Journal to Stella* (September 9, 1710), he thus writes of the late statesman's nephew: "I thought I saw Jack Temple and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach, but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family."

Shortly after the death of Sir William, Swift accepted the twofold post of chaplain and private secretary to the Earl of Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland. From the secretaryship he was soon displaced by the intrigues of a person named Bushe, who successfully manœuvred to obtain that situation for himself, under the pretext that it was incompatible with Swift's position as a clergyman. Lord Berkeley promised Swift amends, which he speedily had the means of making. The valuable deanery of Derry became vacant, and Swift naturally expected the appointment. But here he was again thwarted by Bushe, who contrived to obtain the patronage of the deanery, which he refused to sell under a thousand pounds. Swift was indignant, and vented his rage in a very unclerical execration of Bushe and the Earl. Lord Orrery states that Dr. King, who was then Protestant Bishop of Derry, interfered to prevent Swift's promotion on the ground of his youth, and his presumed unfitness to guard the interests of Episcopacy from the surrounding host of Presbyterians. As some compensation for this disappointment, Lord Berkeley gave him the rectory of Agher, and the vicarages

of Laracor and Rathbeggan. In 1700 he was further appointed to the prebend of Dunlavin; and the union of the four preferments raised his income to nearly £400 a year. Up to the date of these appointments he retained Lord Berkeley's chaplaincy, although in the heat of his wrath he had prayed for confusion to his lordship and Bushe as "a couple of scoundrels."

From Dublin Swift travelled, it is said on foot, to Laracor, where he entered the curate's house without ceremony, introducing himself as that functionary's "master." When he had sufficiently amused himself with the awe he excited in the curate's simple family, he exchanged the domineering and imperious style of his *entrée* for one of cordial kindness, and soon inspired his new friends with feelings of attachment. At Laracor he read the service of his Church twice a week, preaching always upon Sunday.

We see Swift now established in his native country, the anomalous condition of which must have been carefully scrutinized by one who noted whatever he saw, and who remembered whatever he noted. His Protestant parishioners were not numerous. I do not know the proportion they bore to the Catholic majority around them; some years later\* Primate Boulter wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, that in Ireland there were probably five Papists for one Protestant, and this was perhaps the proportion borne by the Catholics of Laracor to their Protestant neighbours. Swift, as an Anglican Churchman, desired that the people should adopt the Protestant religion; but, as we shall hereafter see, he had not the least disposition to embark in a crusade of theological controversy. His idea was a much more simple one. Mass could then be only tolerated when celebrated by registered priests. The Protestant authorities encouraged informers against priests who, unregistered, performed the Catholic liturgy. The Commons had unanimously resolved "that the prosecuting and informing against Papists was an honourable service to the Government." Swift could not stoop so low as to take any personal share in "that honourable service;" but his language shows the source to which he looked for the conversion of the Irish Catholics to the English religion. "The Popish priests," he says, "are all registered, and without permission (which I hope will not be granted) they can have no successors, so that the Protestant clergy will find it, perhaps, no difficult matter to bring great numbers over to the Church." He thought, apparently, that the Irish people could not do without some sort of religion; and that if deprived by law of the worship of their own Church, they might, *faut de mieux*, take up Protestantism as a sub-

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\* In 1727.

stitute. But notwithstanding the religious intolerance manifested in this instance, Swift was too much a man of the world to carry theological dislikes into private intercourse. He lived on terms of friendly intimacy with the Catholic poet Pope, with the Catholic Martha Blount, and with other members of the ancient Church. He promised a Catholic lady whom he invited to his house to give her the society of a priest, who, he said, was twice as old as himself. He seems to have had an occasional glimpse of the evident truth that the material interests of Ireland must suffer from laws directed against the religion of the great majority of the nation; but if such a vision crossed his mind it produced in him no effort to liberate the Catholics from penal bondage.

Meanwhile, the material interests of Ireland occupied Swift's attention. He saw and deplored the horrible condition of popular suffering to which the country was reduced by the legislation which aimed at crushing out Irish manufacturing and commercial enterprise. Of that legislation I have already given a slight outline. I may here remark that so elaborate and comprehensive was the malignity of the English Government, that it included not only the land but the sea in its scope. Mr. J. A. Blake, M.P., has recently reminded the public that, in the seventeenth century, effective measures were adopted to destroy the Irish fishing interest. Mr. Blake quotes Sir Charles Morgan's remark that the Government of England "did not entertain the idea that the resources of Ireland could or ought to be made available for the Irish subject." He then goes on to say that against no branch of industry and enterprise were more determined, and unfortunately more successful, efforts directed than to crush the Irish fisheries so far as their prosecution by the people of the country.

"The Cromwellian parliament was inundated with petitions from several English fishing stations, praying that the fisheries of Ireland might be discouraged on account of the great injury the competition of Irish fishermen proved to the trade of the English fishermen abroad. The prayer was granted."

On land or on water it was all the same. The active, insatiable, incessant policy was to deprive the Irish of whatever benefit they could derive from the produce of their land, or of the sea that washed their coasts. Mr. Blake carries down his narrative to the present century.

While hostility to every profitable Irish industry was the leading principle of Government, successive Viceroy's exhorted Parliament, in speeches from the throne, to "prevent the further growth of Popery," to give fresh force and efficiency to the penal laws, and to see that those laws were duly executed. Take, as a sample, the recommendation of the Duke of Grafton, when pro-

roguing Parliament, to keep a strict watch upon the Papists; "since," says his Grace, "I have reason to believe that the number of Popish priests is daily increasing in this kingdom, and already far exceeds what by the indulgence of the law is allowed."

The Protestant primate of Ireland was, in Swift's time, Hugh Boulter. That prelate's voluminous correspondence displays the spirit which then actuated the leaders of the anti-Irish State Church. His prime anxiety is to promote the king's business in Ireland. Himself an Englishman, he earnestly recommends that Englishmen only should be appointed to the Irish bishoprics. The burthen of his letters consists of the necessity of excluding natives of Ireland from all the great offices of State, secular and ecclesiastical. He could not trust even Irish Protestants "to do the king's business," for in view of a probable vacancy in the see of Dublin, he writes:

I am entirely of opinion that the new archbishop ought to be an Englishman, either already on the bench here, or in England. As for a native of this country, I can hardly doubt that, whatever his behaviour has been or his promises may be, when he is once in that station he will put himself at the head of the Irish interest, in the Church at least, and he will naturally carry with him the college and most of the clergy here.

What Primate Boulter calls the Irish interest in the Church can only mean the appointment of native Protestant clergymen to good benefices. The State Church was an English, not an Irish, institution; it was established here by English power, and established for the purpose of helping to stamp out Irish aspiring to national autonomy. It was fattened on the confiscation of the Irish ecclesiastical State revenues. It was a principal link in the chain that fettered Ireland to English domination; and being so, its clergy could not reasonably be accused of any really national sentiments or intentions; so that those of them who had been born in Ireland could have only incurred the suspicions of Primate Boulter from the place of their nativity. This primate, intensely hostile as he was to Ireland, had enormous power in the Government of the country. From 1724 to 1738 he held the archiepiscopal See of Armagh. During the occasional absences from Ireland of the Viceroy, the executive functions of his office are performed by Lords Justices. It gives us some idea of the political influence of Boulter to find that he filled the office of Lord Justice on thirteen occasions from 1726 to 1741.

While Swift was incumbent of Laracor he employed himself in enlarging the glebe, in forming a garden, and in constructing a canal, by the sides of which he planted willows. That the place became dear to him is evident from the frequent and affec-

tionate mention of it in his Journal to Stella. He also bought the tithes of Effernock, which, by his will, he settled on all future incumbents; making, however, this very remarkable provision: that if, at any future time, the Established Church should be disendowed, the tithes he had purchased should be appropriated to the support of the parochial Christian poor of any denomination; but excluding Jews, atheists, and infidels.

It was now that Stella, and a Mrs. Dingley who accompanied her from England, established themselves, or rather were established by Swift, in the neighbouring town of Trim, where they always resided while Swift occupied Laracor, only changing their abode to the vicarage on its owner's occasional journeys to England. Stella attracted the admiration of a Reverend Mr. Tisdall, whose breath is recorded by Swift, in a stinging epigram, to have been peculiarly offensive. This infragrant clergyman proposed marriage to her, and notwithstanding the annoying perfume he exhaled, the lady appears to have listened for some time to his addresses without any apparent reluctance; although it is suggested by some of Swift's biographers that her acquiescence was perhaps assumed in order to ascertain Swift's real intentions in her regard. Swift managed to get rid of the divine of evil odour by insisting on a larger pecuniary provision for Stella, in the event of her widowhood, than the lover was able to grant; and on this point the treaty was broken off.

Swift's time passed pleasantly between the society of the fascinating Stella in Ireland and annual visits to London. In 1704 he had printed his celebrated "*Tale of a Tub*," an allegory designed to exalt the Anglican Church at the expense of the Catholics on the one hand, and of the Presbyterians on the other. Through life he was an ardent High Churchman. The "*Tale of a Tub*," written in advocacy of English Protestantism, was, however, severely censured on the score of its irreverence by many divines of that communion. It is probable that Swift was not insensible of the justice of the censure. Yet he appears to think that the end justified the means, for he says to Stella: "They may talk of the—*you know what*" (meaning the book in question), "but if it had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the success I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then *that same thing* will be serviceable to the Church."\* Here he argues that if the talent displayed in an irreverent book should induce Queen Anne's Ministry to advance him in the Church, then that unclerical volume will have served the Church by procuring the promotion of her champion. Quite consistent with this sort of reasoning is his advocacy of the

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\* "*Journal to Stella*," October, 1710.

Test Act, although he witnessed and records its demoralizing operation. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that the Test Act was a statute which excluded from official employment all persons who did not profess the established religion, by requiring each servant of the Crown, from the highest to the lowest, to receive the sacrament in the State Church as a qualification for office. Swift wrote in defence of the Test Act, and yet he could satirize its operation thus:—"I was early with the Secretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the sacrament; several rakes did the same; it was not for piety, but employments, according to Act of Parliament."\* He saw the profanation of a rite which he deemed holy, yet he defended the statute which rendered such profanation inevitable, because he considered that statute a useful bulwark of the Church Establishment. But it would not be just to pass an unqualified condemnation on Swift for this inconsistency. We must keep in mind that if he learned little else in Trinity College, he was likely, at least, to acquire in that seminary the most extreme principles with respect to the predominance of the Anglican Church, and the absolute right of her members to monopolize public employments. He lived at a time when the members of all Churches were ready to fence their theological dogmas with political enactments. He was a Churchman by choice, for he rejected the offer of a military commission from King William, and of a civil employment from Sir William Temple. At the period of life when the mind is "wax to receive and marble to retain," he associated with few, if any, who did not hold the strongest ascendancy doctrines. The nature of his education, the nature of the profession he adopted, the men with whom he mixed in social intercourse, all were calculated to confirm the original prejudices of a mind, remarkable indeed for its vigour and acuteness, but equally remarkable for the pertinacity of its partisanship in any cause dear to its affections.

Swift seems to occupy a place strangely anomalous, when he appears as the bold and zealous champion of the national right of Ireland to be governed by an Irish Parliament alone, and also as the champion of so essentially anti-national an institution as the State Church. But we heartily honour him for his eminent merits and services; and we mark his failings only as they show how connection with an alien establishment can vitiate the mind and impair the consistency of even the greatest patriot.

In 1710 the Protestant bishops in Ireland associated Swift in a commission with their brother prelates of Ossory and Killaloe to proceed to London in order to solicit from Queen

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\* "Journal to Stella," November 25, 1711.

Anne's Ministry a remission of the first-fruits and twentieth-parts payable to the Crown by the Protestant Establishment in Ireland. Swift entered with zealous alacrity on the duties of his mission. He sailed from Dunleary to Parkgate on the 1st of September.\* The voyage was performed in fifteen hours. He thence set forth for Chester, from which town the first portion of his memorable Journal to Stella is dated on the second of that month. He rode post from Chester to London. The journey occupied five days; he tells Stella he was weary the first day, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and that on his arrival in London the Whigs were ravished to see him, and would lay hold on him as drowning men seize a twig. To this visit to London we owe what is incomparably more interesting than the question of the first-fruits (in which we may parenthetically say that Swift was successful), namely, the Journal to Stella, which reveals not only the general sentiments of the writer, but, with the most extraordinary minuteness, every passing caprice of his mind. The wandering shadows of thought are caught up and stereotyped by a process resembling photography. The Journal was obviously written in perfect confidence that it never would meet the public eye. No man who anticipated the slightest chance of future publication would have written down the fantastic jargon which familiarity with Stella had introduced into their confidential intercourse. Words are mis-spelled to imitate the imperfect utterance of infants. There are the vilest puns. There are snatches of extempore proverbs in rhyme. Some passages he wrote with his eyes shut. Much of the Journal was written in bed, and some parts he affects to have written when in the act of rising, and the movement out of bed on a frosty morning is apparently jotted down as it occurs.† Sometimes we have his dreams, sometimes we have a sportive malediction, which assuredly was not uttered *ex corde*. A letter to Stella and Mrs. Dingley on the 1st of April, begins with a grave *bounce*, immediately followed with the triumphant exclamation, "An April fool! An April fool! O ho! young women!" We have an imitation of the manner in which Chelsea buns are cried. We have an imitation of the inarticulate grunts forced from him by the coldness of the weather. These, and various other childish passages, would not have been written in a Journal which the author supposed should ever see the light. Their value is twofold: they

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\* Or perhaps the 31st of August, on which day his credentials are dated.

† "Come, stand away, let me rise. Patrick, take away the candle. Is there a good fire? So—up adazy."—*Journal*, 31st January, 1711.

display the most secret caprices of a very remarkable mind; they also are guarantees that the graver traits of the writer developed in the *Journal* disclose his genuine character.

And what, let us ask, are those traits?

We find, in the first place, that Swift possessed, in a very high degree, the noble quality of fervid benevolence. He is constantly occupied in smoothing the asperities of life for the unfortunate, and in assisting merit in its struggles to rise. To befriend all who needed help was with him a labour of love. Of a young gentleman named Harrison he says:—"I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him; he is a Whig, and I will put him upon some of my cast Whigs." He interested himself so actively for Harrison, that he got him appointed secretary to Lord Raby, Ambassador Extraordinary at the Hague; and when reporting his success to Stella, he says, with benevolent complacency, "An't I a good friend?" Some months subsequently, Swift, who had conceived a regard for the recipient of his kindness, was apprised that his young friend was ill, and wished to see him. The *Journal* accordingly contains the following entry:—"I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order for a hundred pounds from the Treasury, to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to Knightsbridge for the air. He has a fever, and inflammation of the lungs, but I hope will do well." This hope was, unhappily, fallacious; and the following notices, extracted from the *Journal* of the next two days, are so honourable to Swift's heart, and so illustrative of his character, that I cannot omit them:—

I am much concerned for this poor lad. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing. . . . I took Parnell this morning and walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door: my mind misgave me as I knocked, and his man, in tears, told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me. I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral with as little cost as possible to-morrow, at ten at night. I could not dine with Lord Treasurer, nor anywhere else; but got a bit of meat toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so much; poor creature!

To record all the acts of kindness by which Swift showed that he *could* be a genuine friend, would exceed the due limits of this paper. They are mentioned in the *Journal* to Stella; but in communicating them to her there is not the least ostentation. That *Journal*, as I have already said, was never meant for publication. It was addressed in strict confidence to Stella and her companion. So far was Swift from the wretched vanity of wishing to parade his good qualities, that he actually erred in

the opposite direction, and was justly accused by Lord Bolingbroke of being far more apt to obtrude his failings on the public notice.

A pleasing trait revealed by the Journal is his fondness for his home at Laracor. He has scarcely reached London, when he says: "I protest I shall return to Dublin and the canal at Laracor with more satisfaction than I ever did in my life." He protests that he likes Laracor better than Prebendary Sartre's "delicious house and garden" at Westminster. Mixed with a thousand miscellaneous topics, the following aspirations occur in various parts of the Journal:—"I wish I were at Laracor." "I should be plaguy busy at Laracor if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing." "Oh, that we were at Laracor this fine day! The willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud." Elsewhere he says the time he passed in England was mere "dirt" in comparison with the days of Laracor.

There are, indeed, many indications that notwithstanding this fondness for his Irish home, he would have gladly accepted preferment in England. And in a letter, written at a much later period from Dublin, he tells Pope that going to England is a very good thing if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. The truth appears to be that the political condition of Ireland disgusted him. The system adopted by successive English administrations of governing this kingdom with an exclusive view to the benefit of England, kept his mind in a state of painful irritation, which was exasperated by residence in the island where the baleful effects of foreign tyranny perpetually met his observation. The destruction thus effected of our manufacturing industries necessarily threw the people on agriculture for subsistence. In this pursuit the Catholic farmers were hampered by the law that restrained them, under penalty of forfeiture to the Protestant discoverer, from improving their own interest in their farms beyond a certain specified part of the annual value. It is strange that Swift was silent on this penal enactment, when he could describe the condition of the farmers in such language as the following:—

Another great calamity [he says] is the exorbitant raising of the rent of lands. Upon the determination of leases made before the year 1690, a gentleman thinks he has indifferently improved his estate if he has only doubled his rent-roll. Farms are screwed up to a rack-rent; leases granted but for a small term of years; tenants tied down to hard conditions and discouraged from cultivating the lands they occupy to the best advantage by the certainty they have of the rent being raised on the expiration of their lease proportionably to the improvements they shall make. Thus it is that honest industry is

restrained; the farmer is a slave to his landlord; and it is well if he can cover his family with a coarse homespun frieze.\*

The *auri sacri fames* of the landlords was frequently associated with contemptuous hostility to the creed and the race of the farmers. The progress of time would have softened and finally extinguished the sectarian source of strife, if the Irish Parliament had not been wickedly abolished; while commercial and manufacturing prosperity, unchecked by the Union, would have relieved the land of the surplus numbers who exceeded its capacity to feed them.

Swift's description of the rack-renting system might answer for our own day; not indeed universally, for many Irish landlords are satisfied with fair and moderate rents; but unhappily the rack-renting gentry are sufficiently numerous to taint the character of the institution of landlordism, and to furnish grounds more or less plausible for the agitation of the Land League.

Swift's talents procured for him during his sojourn in London the intimacy of the principal leaders in politics, fashion, and literature. His pen was actively engaged in the service of the Harley Ministry, who were glad to have the benefit of his powerful assistance. His services were freely tendered. He spurned the notion of pecuniary recompense, and when Harley sent him a bank-bill for fifty pounds in requital of his advocacy, Swift resented the offer as an insult. "I was in a rage," he says to Stella, "but my friend Lewis cooled me, and said it is what the best of men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur for a moment, nor ever found the least inclination to take anything."

Although Swift rejected with angry scorn pecuniary payment for his labours, yet he naturally looked for professional promotion, which he found it extremely difficult to obtain. His great friends were enchanted with his company. They caressed him, they praised him, they invited him to their tables, they enrolled him in a select club, to which none were admissible who could not boast high rank or distinguished genius. They frequently gratified him by promoting the persons whom he recommended to their patronage; but his own promotion seemed unattainable. An invisible power perpetually baffled his efforts to rise in his Church. When recording in his Journal that he had obtained an employment for Dr. Sacheverell's brother, he adds: "This is the seventh I have now provided for since I came, and I can do nothing for myself." The secret cause of his failure was that Queen Anne had read his "Tale of a Tub," and conceived an

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\* "The Present Miserable State of Ireland."

inveterate dislike to the author on account of the levity with which theological questions appeared to be treated in that work. I do not defend the "Tale of a Tub." It is replete with most erroneous doctrine. But I am convinced that Swift, in writing it, had no more design to promote a general scepticism than other Anglican controvertists have had in their graver polemical treatises. To Swift's mind all subjects naturally presented themselves in a ludicrous light. He saw theology, just as he saw everything else, through a medium of humour; and he probably laughed at Lord Peter with as little intentional irreverence towards Christianity as Barrow felt when he compiled his accumulation of subtle plausibilities against the supremacy.

Although my principal object is to show the condition of Ireland in Swift's time, and his connection with Irish political events, yet I cannot refrain from shortly referring to the memorable instance in which he displayed the power of his genius in changing the public opinion of England on a most momentous question. Parliament was engrossed with the question of peace or war. Peace was intensely unpopular. The military glories of Marlborough had created a strong feeling through England in favour of continuing a war in which successive victories exalted the national renown and flattered the national vanity. On the other hand, the Harley administration was committed to the policy of peace. To render peace popular was the task assigned to Swift, and his performance of that task was a wondrous intellectual triumph. In November, 1711, he published a pamphlet entitled "The Conduct of the Allies," of which four editions were exhausted in a week. The effect of that pamphlet on the public mind was miraculous. It dissected the political condition of Europe. Tearing aside the veil which the vanity of the English nation, elate with the conquests of their General, had drawn over their eyes, Swift displayed the enormous expenditure of English wealth to secure the Dutch, or increase the power of the Emperor, without any advantage to England; and he showed how doubtful, how precarious, was the friendship of some of the allies for whose benefit English treasure had been lavishly squandered. The nation read, and were convinced. Public opinion became as eager for peace as it had been for war. In the House of Commons Swift's arguments were adopted by the Ministry and their friends, and triumphantly urged against the Whigs. Thus, in a most momentous crisis, did an Irish parson, undistinguished by aristocratic connection, by large fortune, or by anything except the power and brilliancy of his genius, sway the destinies of England, and enable the Harley administration to effect the peace of Utrecht. Swift's intellectual position was now magnificent. By the sole force of mind he had produced a

revolution in the national opinion fraught with the deepest importance to England and to Europe. He was the idol of the Tories. His company was sought by the leading men of all parties in the world of politics and the world of literature. With some of these he formed friendships that lasted through life. With others, among whom were Addison and Steele, private friendship was afterwards broken off by political disagreement.

He had kept a Ministry in office. He associated on terms of proud personal independence and strict equality with the magnates of the land: his great and varied mental powers, which could dictate the policy of a nation or unbend in sparkling epigrams and playful witticisms, were the theme of universal admiration. Yet Swift, the statesman, the satirist, the poet, was still unable to obtain ecclesiastical preferment. His chagrin breaks out in his *Journal*. "I have been," he tells Stella, "used barbarously by the late Ministry. I am a little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; but the first opportunity that is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away."\* Again, we read: "I dined with the Lord Treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. Mighty kind! less of civility and more of interest."†

I shall pass briefly over the episode of Swift's affair with Esther Vanhomrigh. When in London he became acquainted with her family. The father of Esther had been one of King William's commissioners during the Irish civil wars, and he contrived, from that and some other employments, to amass £12,000, with which he purchased certain forfeited estates in Ireland. Esther had literary taste, and Swift, who was always accessible to the claims of his friends for intellectual or literary aid, readily gave her the benefit of his abilities and information. Their intercourse inspired the young lady with a violent passion for the Dean, which he did not reciprocate. He had formed a resolution that he would not marry *before* his pecuniary means should, in his opinion, render marriage prudent; nor *after* he had passed the age when he might reasonably hope to establish his offspring in the world. He seems to have dreaded the expense of a family. Speaking of the prolific helpmate of a Parson Raymond, he exclaims, "Will Mrs. Raymond never have done lying in? He intends to leave beggars enough."‡ Writing to Pope about his need of exercise and change of air,§ he says, "I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night.

\* "Journal," 5th April, 1711.

† *Ibid*, 26th December, 1712.

‡ *Ibid*, 9th October, 1712.

§ 31st October, 1735.

My best way would be to marry; for in that case any bed would be better than my own." In his "Thoughts on Various Subjects," he tells us that "Matrimony has many children: Repentance, Discord, Poverty, Jealousy, Sickness, Spleen, and Loathing." And in his "Thoughts on Religion," he says: "No wise man ever married from the dictates of reason." Miss Esther Vanhomrigh was unfortunate in fixing her affections on this fascinating celebist.

Meanwhile Swift, after many delays and disappointments, was given the Deanery of St. Patrick's in 1713. He thus describes his Dublin establishment:—

I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house; my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages; and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton pie and drink half a pint of wine. My amusements are, defending my small dominions against the archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.*\*

But—worse than archiepiscopal encroachments—more terrible than choral insubordination—perplexities now menaced Swift's peace from female jealousy and rivalry. Miss Vanhomrigh had pursued him to Ireland. He remonstrated with her on the folly of indulging a passion which it was not in his power to return. But his coldness gave her so much agony that he found it impossible to break off their intercourse, unless at the hazard of a fatal result. Her condition excited his pity, and he treated her with compassionate kindness. Stella now became jealous, and her health sank under the agitation of her spirits. Swift's predicament was pitiable. He loved Stella with the fondest fraternal affection. His regard for Vanessa, as he chose to designate Miss Vanhomrigh, he describes as that of a master for a favourite pupil, or of a father for his child. He expressly declares that for neither lady had he experienced the sentiments of a lover. It is plain, from his published correspondence with Vanessa, that he tried to make her get rid of her romantic attachment. But in vain. The enthusiasm of her passion found vent in expressions of almost incredible extravagance.

Stella and Vanessa each wanted to monopolize his affections; and not only health, but even life, seemed in both cases imperilled by the contention. At last Vanessa, suspecting that Swift might have privately married her rival, wrote a letter to Stella inquiring into that delicate subject. Stella handed the letter to the Dean, who, exasperated at Vanessa's pertinacity, immediately rode to her residence, Marlay Abbey, Celbridge.

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\* Letter to Pope, 28th June, 1715.

Entering the apartment where she sat, he angrily flung a sealed packet on the table, and departed without uttering a word. Poor Vanessa, on opening the packet, found only her own letter to Stella. She survived the shock but a few weeks. On her death, Swift, in an agony of grief and remorse, retired to the south of Ireland, where for two months he secluded himself from all society. No person knew the place of his retreat.

On his return to Dublin his spirits gradually revived under the influence of professional occupation, and of the company of Sheridan, Delany, Helsham, and other intimate friends, some of whom were qualified by wit and talent to enter on a rivalry of comic poems, puns, epigrams and repartee. Stella, whose health had much improved, played her part with applause in these contests.

Swift now approached the time when he was to take an active part in the politics of his country, as the earnest friend of Ireland's commercial interests, and the able champion of her constitutional independence.

The reader will remember the legislative destruction of the Irish woollen trade by an English statute in 1698. The trade, which was steadily expanding, was computed to be worth about a million a year, and, as I have already said, many of the staplers whose natural rights were thus audaciously invaded by a foreign legislature, tried to indemnify themselves by a smuggling trade with France. But the nation languished under the blow that had been struck, and Swift felt the prostrate condition of his country with poignant grief and indignation. In one of his tracts he affirms that the woollen manufacture of this kingdom sat always nearest his heart. In his personal intercourse with friends, and in his private correspondence, the indomitable hatred of oppression that burned within him is perpetually manifested. To Delany he said: "Do not the corruptions and villanies of men eat your flesh and exhaust your spirits?" Delany quietly replied that they did not. "Why, how can you help it?" rejoined Swift, in a rage at his friend's tameness. Pope, in one of his letters, reproaches Swift with his "continual deplorings of Ireland." At a later period Swift writes to Pope: "This kingdom is now absolutely starving by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind. 'Shall I not visit for these things?' saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world. But oppression tortures me." Again, in a letter to Mr. Benjamin Motte, the London printer, Swift writes:—

I am so incensed against the oppressions from England, and have so little regard to the laws they make, that I do, as a clergyman, encourage the merchants (of Ireland) both to export wool and woollen

manufactures to any country in Europe, or anywhere else, and conceal it from the Custom-house officers, as I would hide my purse from a highwayman if he came to rob me on the road, although England hath made a law to the contrary.

In 1720 he published "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture in Clothes and Furniture; utterly Rejecting and Renouncing everything Wearable that comes from England." So criminal did this proposal for the exclusive use of native manufacture appear to the Government, that the printer was prosecuted. Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, who presided at the trial, endeavoured to influence the jurors by affirming, with his hand on his breast, that the author's design was to bring in the Pretender. But the device was ineffectual. The jurors found a verdict of Not Guilty. Whitshed sent them back nine times to reconsider their verdict, and detained them eleven hours. But in vain. The jurors persevered; and the trial of the verdict was postponed from term to term, until, on the arrival of the Duke of Grafton as Viceroy, his Grace, having naturally considered the matter, and probably seeing little wisdom in encountering the universal odium inseparable from further proceedings in so unpopular a cause, was pleased at last to grant a *nolle prosequi*.

In 1724 Swift wrote the celebrated "Drapier's Letters." The occasion was this: In 1723 King George I. had granted to an English hardware man, named William Wood, a patent empowering him to coin £108,000 in halfpence and farthings for circulation in Ireland, where a scarcity of copper coinage was stated to exist. There was a strong constitutional objection to this patent. The Irish Parliament had not been consulted; neither had the Viceroy nor the Privy Council. That a private tradesman, who, moreover, was an English and not an Irish subject of the Crown, should be invested with the privilege of coining the money of the realm without the sanction of the Irish Legislature, was properly deemed an unconstitutional invasion of the liberties of Ireland. But such was the depressed condition of the public mind that it would have probably been useless to oppose the project at first upon this ground.

The penal code was then in full vigour. It is true that it professed to persecute Catholics only. But, as naturally happens when the small minority of a nation are set upon the necks of the great majority, the Irish Protestants, who were legally constituted oppressors of their Catholic countrymen, became, with few exceptions, servile to the external power that enabled them to tyrannize at home. Yet there were occasional efforts to recalibrate. In 1719, the Irish House of Lords asserted its independence in the memorable case of Sherlock and Annersley. The

latter had obtained a decree in the Court of Exchequer, which the Irish House of Lords reserved on appeal. Against their decision Annorsley appealed to the English House of Lords, who confirmed the judgment of the Irish Exchequer by usurping the power of appellate jurisdiction in an Irish case. The Irish Lords presented an able State paper to the king, setting forth the legislative rights of Ireland, and their own independent jurisdiction within their own country. I do not pretend even to summarize the controversy, and shall merely say that, as England was strong and Ireland weak, it ended for the time in the passing of an English Act, the 6th of George I., declaring that the English Parliament had of right full power and authority to bind the people of the kingdom of Ireland by its statutes. The spirit that animated the Irish Lords, although temporarily unsuccessful, produced results of great importance at a later period. But just then superior power was triumphant, and the Irish Protestants generally continued to be the mere bond-slaves of England. The slight remains of independent feeling that yet lingered among them were chiefly visible in the useful resistance which the Irish House of Commons often made to English dictation in our money-bills.

Such was the condition of Ireland: the Catholics prostrate and proscribed; the Protestants placed by law in a position resembling that of jailers of the Catholics; the principles of constitutional liberty nearly effaced from men's minds by the legal division of the people into tyrants and slaves; the spirit of manly resistance to oppression, not indeed extinct, but at least for the greater part in helpless abeyance; manufactures laid prostrate by adverse legislation.

It appeared to Swift that the unconstitutional grant of a patent to Wood for the coinage of Irish halfpence might be taken advantage of to awaken his countrymen from the sleep of their bondage. A report arose that the new halfpence were much adulterated. Swift adopted this belief, and in a letter to the Irish people, signed "M. B., Drapier," aroused their fears of universal ruin if Wood's base coin should become current among them. He assured them that the adulteration of the copper had been carried to so great an extent that those who accepted it in payment of goods would lose elevenpence in every shilling. He admitted that the king had an undoubted right to grant the patent. But he demonstrated that the public had a right, equally undoubted, to reject the halfpence.

Therefore, my friends [he says], stand to it one and all: refuse this filthy trash. It is no treason to rebel against Mr. Wood. His Majesty, in his patent, obliges nobody to take these halfpence; our gracious prince has no such ill-advisers about him; or, if he had, yet

you see that the laws have not left it in the king's power to force us to take any coin but what is lawful, of right standard, gold or silver. Therefore you have nothing to fear. . . . In short, the halfpence are like "the accursed thing," which, as the Scripture tells us, "the children of Israel were forbidden to touch." They will run about like the plague, and destroy every one who lays his hand on them.

A tremendous panic was created. Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, was greatly perplexed. The profits of Wood's patent were to be secretly divided with one of the ladies of light character who had accompanied the king from Hanover, whom his Majesty had created Duchess of Kendal, and whom he had graciously quartered on the Irish pension list; and Walpole had to choose between displeasing the king's greedy and powerful mistress and driving Irish discontent into insurrection. With the view of quieting the fears of the Irish, he caused an assay to be made of the halfpence at the Mint in the Tower; and a report was issued by Sir Isaac Newton, asserting that the coin was in every respect of equal value with the current copper coinage of England. Swift laughed scornfully at the report:—

How impudent [he exclaimed] and insupportable is this! Wood takes care to coin a dozen or two halfpence of good metal, sends them to the Tower, and they are approved; and these must answer all that he has already coined, or shall coin for the future. . . . I have heard of a man who had a mind to sell his house, and therefore carried a piece of a brick in his pocket, which he showed as a pattern to encourage purchasers; and this is directly the case in point with Mr. Wood's assay.

Swift sustained the opposition to Wood, not only with the "Drapier's Letters," but with many minor publications in prose and rhyme of inimitable humour and sarcasm. His broadsides and ballads quickly spread through the nation, and the ferment hourly increased. In the first three letters the Drapier had dwelt chiefly on the question of the patent, and on the disastrous results of circulating an enormous amount of base coin.\* But in the fourth letter, addressed "To the Whole People of Ireland," he places the question on the high ground of constitutional right, and denies the power of the English Government to make Ireland submit to a contract to which the Irish Legislature was not a party.

A people [he tells his countrymen] long used to hardships lose by degrees the very notions of liberty. They look upon themselves as creatures at mercy, and that all impositions laid on them by a

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\* Whether the halfpence were generally adulterated has been much disputed. Swift affirms that he saw a large quantity of them weighed by a very skilful person, and that they were light.

stronger hand, are, in the phrase of the report, legal and obligatory. Hence proceed that poverty and lowness of spirit to which a kingdom may be subject as well as a particular person.

He combats the slavish notion that Ireland is a dependent kingdom :—

A dependent kingdom is a modern term of art, unknown, as I have heard, to all ancient civilians and writers upon government; and Ireland is, on the contrary, called in some statutes “an imperial Crown,” as held only from God, which is as high a style as any kingdom is capable of receiving. . . . I have looked over all the English and Irish statutes without finding any law that makes Ireland depend upon England any more than England does upon Ireland. We have, indeed, obliged ourselves to have the same king with them; and consequently they are obliged to have the same king with us.

He plainly declared that he owed allegiance to the king, not as king of England, but as king of Ireland. He dealt with the claim of Irish constitutional independence, and the encroachments of English usurpation, as a question of Right against Might. “In *reason*,” he said, “all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery; but, in *fact*, eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt.”

The doctrine of Irish legislative independence is as old as the connection of the two countries. Lord Macaulay talks of the just exercise of that supremacy which, in his opinion, the English Legislature then possessed over a dependent kingdom. He ought rather to have styled it the exercise of that lawless and intrusive power which the stronger nation, without the slightest foundation of justice, usurped over the weaker. Sir Walter Scott, in his admirable “Memoirs of Swift,” quotes, as incompatible with the aggressions of the English Parliament on the constitutional sovereignty of Ireland, the English maxim adopted in the reign of Richard the Third: “Ireland has her Parliament, and enacts laws; and our [English] statutes do not bind them, because they send not representatives to [our] Parliament.”\*

It is true that there had been occasional aggressions by England on the authority of the Irish Parliament. But these were usurpations. They were the encroachments of Might upon Right. The just title of Ireland to legislative sovereignty, though held in abeyance by superior power, still survived, and was ready to reassert itself whenever the external pressure should be removed or relaxed.

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\* “Life” prefixed to Scott’s edition of Swift, second edition, p. 284, note: “Hibernia habet parliamentum, et faciunt leges; et nostra statuta non ligant eos, quia non mittunt milites ad parliamentum.”

Swift's patriotic agitation excited the horror and alarm of the Protestant Primate, Dr. Boulter, who complains in one of his letters that the outcry against Wood threatened to terminate those unhappy divisions of Irishmen from which England then, as subsequently, derived so much illicit advantage. Boulter complained that Swift's agitation tended to unite Protestant with Papist; intimating that if such a junction should occur, it would be all over with the English interest in Ireland.

Meanwhile Wood, confident in royal and ministerial patronage, arrogantly boasted of the steps by which, he said, persons in power would secure his triumph over Irish opposition. Swift treated his boasts with utter scorn, calling them "the last howls of a dog dissected alive;" and concluded a spirited exhortation to his countrymen to persevere, in these words: "The remedy is wholly in your own hands, and therefore I have digressed a little in order to refresh and continue that spirit so seasonably raised among you, and to let you see that by the laws of God, of nations, and of your country, you are, and ought to be, as free a people as your brethren in England."

No wonder that Boulter should regard Swift with intense dislike. On one of Swift's visits to London, the Primate wrote to caution Sir Robert Walpole against placing faith in any statement he might make.

Harding, Swift's printer, was imprisoned, and a Crown prosecution was instituted against him. Swift addressed seasonable advice to the grand jury. He published some telling verses, enforcing the duty of acquitting the accused. A Quaker plied the public with a verse from the Bible: "And the people said unto Saul, Shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid! As the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan that he died not."\*

The jury, thus exhorted in prose and poetry, refused to find the bill against Harding, although Chief Justice Whitshed exerted all his influence to procure a conviction. Walpole, seeing the dangerous temper of the Irish nation, yielded at length to the storm raised by Swift. Wood was driven from the field, and the grand constitutional doctrines, which the Drapier had brought prominently forward, sank deep into the public mind. It is said that when Walpole once talked of having Swift arrested, he was checked by a friend who asked whether he could spare ten thousand men to achieve such a perilous enterprise.

The Dean's popularity was now unbounded. He seems to have had a cynical dislike to public plaudits; for being greeted

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\* 1 Sam. xiv. 45.

in the streets of Dublin with the vociferous acclamations of the grateful multitude, he is said to have exclaimed: "Plague take the fools! how much joy would all this bawling give my lord mayor!" And on his triumph over Wood and the English Government, he retired for awhile to Quilea, a secluded country house in the county Meath, belonging to his friend Sheridan.

Swift published, subsequently to the Drapier controversy, some short tracts on Irish politics. In one of these, entitled "*A Short View of the State of Ireland*,"\* he enumerates fourteen causes of national prosperity, of which modern readers will be especially interested in the following:—

The sixth is, by being governed only by laws made with their own consent; for otherwise they are not a free people.† And therefore all appeals or applications for favour or preferment to another country are so many grievous impoverishments.

The eleventh is, when the rents of land and the profits of employment are spent in the country that produced them, and not in another; the former of which will certainly happen where the love of our native land prevails.

The twelfth is, by the public revenues being all spent and employed at home, except on the occasion of a foreign war.

In the days of Swift absenteeism existed to a considerable extent, although it had not reached to anything like the prevalence to which the Union has carried it in modern times. The larger proportion of the absentees in the reigns of George I. and George II., consisted of the English families who had grants of the estates confiscated in Ireland by William III. But a rental of £627,799 was, according to the estimate of Thomas Prior in 1729, annually withdrawn from the country, and the drain was severely felt. Yet it should be noted that, notwithstanding this drawback on the national prosperity, notwithstanding also the injury sustained by Ireland from embargoes on her commerce, and the damaging restriction of Irish constitutional liberty by English usurpation, many noble mansions were erected in different parts of the kingdom by resident proprietors. The nobility clustered in the metropolis, in which they built stately residences. The ducal palace of the Leinster family in Kildare Street, and the spacious mansion of the Earls of Tyrone, in Marlborough Street, were built about 1740. Near the same period was built, at a cost of probably £100,000, the princely residence of the Conollys, at Castletown, in the county Kildare. Dangan, the abode of Lord Mornington, in the county Meath, is described as a mansion

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\* In 1727.

† The union with England is a law made and continued against the consent of the Irish nation, and is therefore, according to Swift, subversive of their freedom.

of great splendour in 1732, by Mrs. Pendarves, a guest at that period of the noble owner. Many other costly houses were erected during the earlier half of the century. The erection of such mansions was a sign of life which should not be forgotten in a description, however brief, of the state of the kingdom in those days.

Lord Macaulay is careful to record the disparaging manner in which Swift sometimes names the aboriginal population of Ireland. But his lordship takes care *not* to tell his readers the mode in which Swift accounts for the depression of the Irish people. Among Swift's friends was Sir Charles Wogan, an officer in the Spanish service, descended from an ancient Irish Catholic family. In a letter addressed in July, 1732, by Swift to Sir Charles, we find the following estimate of the Irish Catholics abroad and at home:—

I cannot [says the Dean] but highly esteem those gentlemen of Ireland who, with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves by their valour and conduct in so many parts of Europe, I think above all other nations; which ought to make the English ashamed of the reproaches they cast on the ignorance, the dulness, and the want of courage in the Irish natives; those defects, wherever they happen, arising only from the poverty and slavery they suffer from their inhuman neighbours, and the base, corrupt spirits of too many of the chief gentry.

The baseness and corruption of the chief gentry consisted in their slavish readiness to support what was termed the English interest, at the expense of their own countrymen. The same evil spirit survives in too many of their modern successors, who are likely to pay a terrible penalty for their anti-national offences.

In 1726 Swift published "*Gulliver's Travels*." That inimitable work is a threefold satire. It burlesques the proverbial mendacity of travellers. It satirizes human nature in general, and the English administrative system in particular, with exquisite pungency; we see throughout the book, especially in the author's account of the Courts of Lilliput and Laputa, the impression produced on his mind by his personal experience:—

I have known Courts [he tells Gay in 1727] these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant: First, in the trite old maxim of a Minister's never forgiving those he hath injured; secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends; thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing; fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well to a point of interest or intrigue; fifthly, in keeping everything worth taking, for those who can do service or disservice.

Swift had gone to England in 1726, but was recalled by the

afflicting intelligence that his beloved friend Stella was dangerously ill. In the August of that year he returned to Dublin, and found that she had partially recovered, but her recovery was little more than a reprieve. She died on the 28th of January, 1728, to the inexpressible grief of the Dean. Her remains were interred in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Swift wrote a character of Stella, in which he takes care to record her attachment to Ireland. He says: "She detested the tyranny and injustice of England in the treatment of this kingdom."

Swift's thoughts had long been occupied with death; it was the frequent subject of his meditations. "I was," he tells Lord Bolingbroke in 1729, "forty-seven years old when I began to think of death; and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep." To Pope he says, in 1737, "When I was of your age I thought every day of death, but now every minute." With the solemn contemplations evoked by the prospect of his decease were mingled characteristic imaginings of comic humour. One of his most laughable performances is a poem written on his own death, which he supposes to be communicated to some of his friends when engaged at a card-table, and whose alternate remarks on the defunct Dean and on the points of the game, illustrate, with keen satire, Swift's estimate of their friendship and of the insincerity of their sorrow.

Swift has been accused of avarice. He was extremely economical, and his early penury had given him habits of thrift which he retained through life. But he acted on his own maxim, that "a wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart." His thrift did not restrain him from performing many acts of generosity, of which some are recorded by his biographers, while it is probable that many others found no record in this world; for a hatred of ostentation was one of his characteristics.

He has been accused of infidelity. The charge is equally stupid and malicious. It is certain that he regularly practised his private devotions. He introduced public services on Wednesdays and Fridays in his church at Laracor: thus performing a gratuitous task which undoubtedly infers a strong sense of religious obligation. The charge against him rests on the levities mingled with his theological speculations—levities which are indeed indefensible, but which we must in candour refer to his all-pervading sense of comic humour—not to unbelief in Christianity. There is one strong piece of evidence that Swift was no infidel, in the remarkable fact that his deistical friend, Lord Bolingbroke, deemed it expedient to adopt, in writing to the Dean, the tone of a believer in Christianity. In Bolingbroke's

letter to Swift, dated 12th of September, 1724, that accomplished infidel says that the truth of the divine revelation of Christianity is as evident as matter of fact ought to be; and, he adds, "I make no doubt but you are by this time abundantly convinced of my orthodoxy, and that you will name me no more in the same breath with Spinoza, whose system of one infinite substance I despise and abhor, as I have a right to do, because I am able to show why I despise and abhor it." Now, this letter of Bolingbroke's shows two things: the first, that Swift, whom he knew long and intimately, had always appeared to him to believe in the Christian revelation; for assuredly he otherwise never would have attempted to pass himself off on the Dean as a Christian. The second, that Swift, not satisfied with simply professing Christianity, had attacked the infidel notions of Bolingbroke, whom it clearly appears he had compared to Spinoza. It is certain that if Swift had been an infidel, Bolingbroke would, of all men, have been the most likely to be aware of his infidelity. It is equally certain that Bolingbroke considered him to be a Christian.

As years advanced, his faculties gradually yielded to grief, disease, and age. In 1735 he writes to Pope a letter, in which the record of his personal infirmity is associated the *sæva indignatio* at the misgovernment of Ireland which never was absent from his mind: "Now I must tell you that you are to look on me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves."

And in 1737 he pathetically writes to the same friend: "I am now daily expecting an end of life. I have lost all spirit and every scrap of health. I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order." And in the following year he addresses to Pope a mournful account of his physical and mental decay: "I desire you will look on me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory; incapable of conversation by a cruel deafness which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure."

In May, 1740, Swift made his will, by which he bequeathed his property to establish a lunatic asylum in Dublin. It is painful to record that for nearly two years before his death he had sunk into the mental condition of the unhappy persons for whom his benevolence had provided that receptacle. He died on the 19th of October, 1745. His remains were interred near those of Stella in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and on a mural tablet the following epitaph, composed by himself, records his hatred of tyranny, and his patriotic labours:—

Hic depositum est Corpus  
JONATHAN SWIFT, S.T.P.,  
Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis  
Decani  
Ubi sæva indignatio  
Ulterius cor lacerare nequit.  
Abi, Viator,  
Et imitare, si poteris,  
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.  
Obiit Anno 1745.  
Mensis Octobris die 19.  
Ætatis anno 78.

In considering the character of Swift as an Irish patriot, we must take into account his position as a dignitary of the anti-Irish State Church. He tells us that in his opinion every State should establish one State religion, and at most only tolerate others.\* Holding this opinion, it is natural that he deemed that the Church to which he belonged was the one Church entitled to the very questionable benefit of establishment. While the force of his patriotism was necessarily modified by his professional prejudices, it redounds to his glory that he should, notwithstanding those prejudices, have boldly vindicated the constitutional independence of his country. By birth and education he belonged to the dominant Protestant caste, by whom the penal laws against Catholics were enacted and sustained. He mixed much with men by whom the Catholic religion was held in horror, or contempt, or both. His own theological convictions were Anglican. He was zealous for the interests of the Protestant Establishment. His profession placed him under a sort of official necessity to say hard things now and then of Catholicity; yet his zeal had nothing in common with the modern system called Souperism. He complains to Stella of being "plagued with one Richardson, an Irish parson," who wanted to proselytize the Catholics; and although he expresses his desire to please the archbishop, yet he exclaims, "What business have I to meddle?" To an English Catholic lady, Mrs. Martha Blount, whom he invited to visit him at his deanery, he holds out the following inducement: "You shall have Catholicity as much as you please; and the Catholic Dean of St. Patrick's, as old again as I, for your confessor."†

To Swift's connection with the exotic Church Establishment we must ascribe the invidious distinction he occasionally makes between the Irish of Milesian descent and the Irish of English descent. Sometimes he claims for the latter the title of Englishmen. Lord Macaulay asserts that to the best of his belief Swift

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\* Letter to Pope, February 7, 1736.

† February 29, 1728.

never bestowed the name of Irishmen on the natives of Ireland of English descent.\* This is a great mistake, which Macaulay could have easily corrected by perusing Swift's Journal to Stella. Not to speak of his subscribing himself "Hibernicus" in one of the letters on the Wood controversy, he repeatedly used the words "Irish" and "Irishmen"† to designate Irish Protestants of English lineage. He did, it is true, draw a line between the two races; and Sir Walter Scott considers that the prejudice thus indicated is partly to be accounted for by his situation as a dignitary of the Protestant Church.

When we reflect that Swift held high rank in that Church, and, moreover, that he was its hearty, zealous partisan, our admiration of his powerful and fearless struggles for Irish constitutional independence is increased in proportion to our knowledge of the countervailing influences to which his position exposed him. It is much to be deplored that he was not a layman. Unencumbered with his gown, his hatred of oppression would have taken a wider range. He would perhaps have thundered against the penal laws with as much force as against Wood's patent to coin halfpence. Had he sat in the Irish House of Commons, his commanding genius and warm love of freedom would have infused health and vigour into that assembly. But his professional exigencies narrowed the channel through which the current of his patriotism flowed.

The composition in which Swift's love of Ireland appears most racy of the soil, and most free from the sectarian and colonial taint that marks much of his hostility to England, is, probably, his poem on the sudden drying up of St. Patrick's Well, near Trinity College. He supposes St. Patrick, the patron of the fountain, thus to address Ireland:—

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\* "History of England," chap. xvii. note.

† "I attended the Duke of Ormond with about fifty other *Irish* gentlemen at Skinners' Hall." One of the fifty was Sir Richard Levinge.—"Journal," Nov. 12, 1710. "I dined with Phil Savage and his *Irish* Club."—*Ibid.*, Dec. 12, 1710. "I dined with three *Irishmen* at one Mr. Cope's lodgings; the other two were one Morris, an archdeacon, and Mr. Ford."—*Ibid.*, Feb. 11, 1711. "I dined to-day at Ned Southwell's, with the Bishop of Ossory and a parcel of *Irish* gentlemen."—*Ibid.*, March 24, 1711. [At Southwell's] "All the *Irish* in town were there."—*Ibid.*, April 6, 1711. "Unexpectedly there dined with us an *Irish* knight, Sir John St. Leger."—*Ibid.*, Nov. 26, 1711. "I dined with Lord Anglesey to-day, who had seven *Irishmen* to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs. One I did not know, and the other was young Bligh."—*Ibid.*, Feb. 11, 1712. "I hoise up Parnell, partly to spite the *Irish* folks here, particularly Tom Leigh."—*Ibid.*, Dec. 18, 1712. "I had a rabble of *Irish* parsons this morning drinking my chocolate."—*Ibid.*, March 13, 1713. Elsewhere he calls Steele Irish; and in the seventh "Drapier's Letter" he styles England "a foreign country." Of the numerous persons whom he designates as Irish in his Journal, it is probable that ninety-nine out of a hundred were Irish Protestants of English descent.

From thee with pride the Caledonians trace  
 The glorious founder of their kingly race.  
 Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,  
 Did once their land subdue and civilize ;  
 Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name,  
 Confess the soil from whence the victors came.  
 Well may they boast the ancient blood that runs  
 Within their veins, who are thy younger sons ;  
 A conquest and a colony from thee  
 The mother kingdom left her children free.  
 From thee no mark of slavery they felt ;  
 Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt.  
 Invited here to vengeful Murrough's aid,  
 Those whom they could not conquer they betrayed.  
 Britain ! by thee we fell, ungrateful isle,  
 Not by thy valour, but superior guile.  
 Britain ! with shame confess this land of mine,  
 First taught thee knowledge, human and divine.  
 My prelates and my students sent from hence,  
 Made your sons converts both to God and sense.  
 Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,  
 Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.

A few lines farther on the fleecing prelates sent hither by England are compared to magpies. St. Patrick still speaks :—

With omens oft I tried to warn their swains,  
 Omens, the types of thy impending chains.  
 I sent the magpie from the British soil  
 With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil ;  
 To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,  
 And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.  
 What else are those thou seest in bishop's gear,  
 Who crop the nurseries of learning here ?  
 Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,  
 Devour the Church, and chatter to the State !

Our indignant Patron Saint exclaims—

Oh ! had I been apostle to the Swiss,  
 Or hardy Scot, or any land but this,  
 Combined in arms they had their foes defied,  
 And kept their liberty or bravely died ;  
 Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,  
 The last invaders trampling on the first ;  
 Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate,  
 Virtue herself would now return too late.

Noble and patriotic sentences these—true utterances of that *sæva indignatio* to which Swift lays claim in his epitaph. It is very instructive to observe how the man who could utter such sentiments was hampered in the exercise of his patriotism by his connection with the anti-national State Church. There was a

struggle in his mind between the Anglican Protestant and the Irish patriot. He could proudly celebrate the ancient historical glories of his native land; yet he would not emancipate the vast majority of his countrymen from penal shackles. He could battle nobly for the parliamentary independence of Ireland; yet he would restrict to the members of his own Church the full enjoyment of that independence. He would perpetuate the Test Act. He compared the Catholic to a chained lion, and he had no desire that the chain should be broken. He compared the Presbyterians to a wild cat, ferocious and untamable. I may here observe that, while he opposed the admission of both Catholics and Presbyterians to political privileges, he clearly intimated that of the two the Catholics could show a better claim to be enfranchised. Of the Presbyterians he spoke with virulent scorn. He styled them vermin, and contemptuously rejected their pretensions to be called Brother Protestants. His patriotism certainly regarded in the first instance the aggrandisement of his own fellow-religionists; although he was heartily anxious that the commercial benefits he sought for Ireland should be enjoyed by all her inhabitants without religious distinction.

Yet, despite all drawbacks, we regard our Dean with pride, with gratitude, and with affection. His faults as a politician were incident to his position; his virtues and his public spirit were his own. His genius conferred honour upon Ireland. His patriotic activity served her. Gifted with brilliant and original powers of mind, and—to use his own words—“tortured with the oppression” under which his country groaned, Swift well deserves a statue in that classic hall\* where the forms of Lucas, Grattan, and O’Connell recall to our memory the labours of the illustrious dead, and at the same time remind us that the Ireland of *their* affection still needs *our* services.

W. J. O’N. DAUNT.

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## ART VI.—CHURCH DISCIPLINE AND PROTESTANT HISTORIANS.

**I**N speaking of discipline here, we do not understand it as an exercise of self-infliction or matter of private devotion. We speak of it as contradistinguished from faith and morals, or rather as their expression and safeguard. It sounds like a truism to assert that dogma is not discipline. Every well-informed Catholic knows that, however closely connected, they are essen-

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\* The hall of the Royal Exchange, Dublin.

tially different. There are, indeed, few articles of faith that do not issue out into some external expression or symbol, while some points of mere discipline, under peculiar circumstances, have been closely bound up with dogma. But dogma, though finding its expression and defence in discipline, never can be reduced to its level; nor, on the other hand, can mere discipline, as such, ever be raised to the dignity of dogma.

Since the days of the Apostles, all the Popes and Councils have not added one jot to the body of revelation. The Church may explain and draw out the hidden meaning of revealed truth; it may propose for the belief of the faithful what, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, originally belonged to the deposit of faith; but it cannot add the smallest point of belief to what did not belong substantially to the body of revelation. Not so with discipline. Of its nature it is variable, and, for the most part, it has varied. Being an expression of an idea, it may be as different as the times and temperaments which dictated or modified it. Hence, in the Seven Sacraments their matter and form, in so far as specified by Divine institution, are invariable; while the ritual, no matter how elaborated or lengthy, may change, and, in point of fact, has changed in many particulars. Hence, too, in the Mass, the words of consecration being an essential part of it, are invariable. All the pomp and circumstance of liturgy are grouped around the dogma of transubstantiation as the central figure. Outside the words of consecration, the prayers, the singing, the incense, the genuflexions, the blessings, the music, the various attitudes of the body, and the several intonations of the voice—all are mutable, and of varied importance. Thus formerly, not as now, the "Gloria" was said by the priest turned to the people; on the other hand, the last salutation before the benediction was given, not as now, by the celebrant turned to the altar. The communion antiphon was not said, as now, after the communion, but during the administration of the Eucharist.\* The canon of Mass began not till after the singing of the "Sanctus;" whereas now the celebrant proceeds with it during the "Sanctus."† Formerly a part of the Host of a previous Mass was carried before the celebrating priest and preserved till the communion, so that no part of the Mass would be without the Blessed Eucharist. Thus, while a belief in the dogma of the Real Presence remained always unchanged in the Church, its expression has varied in different ages.

Nothing more strongly proves the force of Protestant prejudice than the confounding of the discipline of the Catholic Church

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\* "Retract." lib. ii. ch. xi.

† "Museum Italicum," vol. ii. ch. cxliv.

with its dogma. Those from whom better might be expected point to the variety and variableness in discipline, and insist that the dogma of which it was an expression has also changed. They point to the various religious Orders in the Catholic Church, and exclaim, "Behold the difference in religion!" They appear to forget that difference in dress and exercises of devotion is only an accidental expression of the virtues of poverty, chastity, and obedience, the essential constituents of every religious Order. It is passing strange that what the humblest Catholic comprehends, is a stumbling-block to so many Protestants.

A distinction between dogma and discipline has always been insisted on by the Fathers of the Church. St. Athanasius, speaking of the canons of the Council of Nice, lays down rules by which they can be distinguished from each other. He tells us that, besides other criteria,\* an anathema is attached as a sanction to the canons on dogma, but not to those on discipline. The distinction between dogma and discipline is brought out by no Father of the Church more clearly than by St. Irenæus. He admits and defends the variety of practice observable in fasting; but, in doing so, says that the variety in discipline should only enhance the beauty and agreement in matters of dogma.†

The several effects of dogma and discipline are pithily described by a writer in the primitive Church in a single sentence: "In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas." The statement, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty," has passed into a proverb. The truth contained in the utterance was invaluable at all times, but since the Reformation it has become inestimably precious. Taking his rule of faith from the Bible alone, and its interpretation from private judgment, a Protestant is apt to confound dogma with discipline. Hence, men of acute intellect have been driven to the unscriptural distinction between fundamentals and non-fundamentals. While the Protestant mind degraded dogma to the level of discipline, by maintaining that a belief in all points revealed in Holy Writ was not essential, the Catholic Church requires assent to every revealed truth proposed with authority to the faithful. The adoption or rejection of any article of faith, or the respect with which it is received, does not depend on its relative importance to other points. On the other hand in matters of discipline great liberty is claimed. Local discipline is regulated by expediency. Even in matters of general discipline, the Church does not claim perfection. All that

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\* De Synodo.

† "Πάντες εἰρηνέομεν πρὸς ἀλλήλους καὶ ἡ διάφωνια τῆς νειστείας τὴν ὁμονόμιαν τῆς πίστεως συνίστησι." Apud. Euseb. lib. v. ch. 24.

theologians claim, in insisting on the infallibility of the Church in matters of general discipline, is that the discipline is not opposed to faith or morals.

Any person at all conversant with the history of the religion of the Protestant reformers knows the canons by which that religion was fashioned and defended. He knows that various false readings in the text were adopted, that the use of tradition was ignored, that the testimony of the schismatical Greek Church was appealed to, and that dogma by the distinction into fundamentals and non-fundamentals was reduced to the level of discipline. All that had been done to the Bible was repeated in the domain of history. In order to make facts square with the religion which they fashioned out of their own conceits they read them in the false light of the Reformation, tradition was ignored, the practices of the Eastern Church were appealed to, and, above all, discipline was confounded with dogma.

At the very commencement of the so-called Reformation a knot of clever but unscrupulous men agreed on dividing the history of the Church into centuries. Each took up a different epoch to treat of; but all agreed in an endeavour to exhibit not a real Church, but one corresponding to their own views. They travestied facts, as they revolutionized religion, so as to give grounds to thoughtful men for saying that history, since the Reformation, has been no better than one vast conspiracy against truth.

Among the first and chief of the century writers, or Centuriators of Magdeburg, was Flaccus Illyricus. His real name was Matthew Flach, Latinized to Flaccus. He was born at Albona, in Illyricum or Istria. He was one of the most enthusiastic disciples of Luther. In the library of the Palatine of the Rhine he discovered an old Mass which he considered older than and different from any Roman Mass then known. Here was an opportunity of carrying out the plan of the Centuriators. At once he applies himself to decipher and publish it. It was brought out at Strasbourg in the year 1557. Its aim may be gathered from the title. The title represents the Mass as "faithfully copied from an old authentic manuscript, written about the seventh century, and older than any Roman Mass." The Mass, however, on close examination, was seen to contain prayers involving a belief in the intercession of saints, in the efficacy of prayers for the dead, and in most points of doctrine denied by the Reformers.\* This was too much for the honesty of the Centuriators. Every effort was made to suppress its circulation; and hence the difficulty expe-

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\* Bened. XIV. "De Sacrif. Mis.," lib. i. c. 12, n. 5. Bona, "De re. Liturg." app. vol. iii. p. 11.

rienced by the learned Cardinal Bona in searching all the Roman libraries and several foreign ones in order to procure a copy of it. The Latin Mass of Illyricus expressed the religious belief entertained once on a time in the British Isles; and it is for this reason I have singled out the work of Illyricus rather than that of any other Centuriator. Such was the eagerness with which zealots laid hold of anything showing an apparent discrepancy with Rome that the publication defeated its own object. The Centuriators in their blind zeal forgot what never should be lost sight of, that a liturgy, no matter how strange in structure and variety, involves only a matter of discipline, that all its pomp and circumstances are mere accompaniments to the great dogma of transubstantiation in the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and only one of the multifarious modes of expressing an idea. This is so certain that some Catholic liturgical writers maintain that our Redeemer and His Apostles confined all rites before consecration to the mere Lord's Prayer.

The mistake committed by Illyricus, and subsequent writers who have copied him, is in taking for granted that the rites and practices selected for comparison with the Roman forms were the earliest. And even though they were to make the dissimilarity between the Roman liturgy and any other a test of doctrine, which should not be, it would be only fair to inquire whether the Mass referred to was not a recast of several others previously written. The Mass discovered by Illyricus, judged by intrinsic evidence, could not be earlier than the ninth century; whereas there is strong reason for believing that there are extant copies of Masses substantially the same as those used by SS. Patrick and Columbanus.

We have already observed that the same destructive principles used by the Reformers for revolutionizing the Word of God were applied by them for travestying history. We shall illustrate this truth by instances supplied by Illyricus and subsequent Protestant writers. The mischievous canons laid down by the Reformers, interpreted by private judgment, may be reduced to three: 1. The ignoring of tradition; 2. The appeal to the testimony of the schismatical Greek Church. 3. The distinction into fundamentals and non-fundamentals.

1. Illyricus in the heading prefixed to his published Mass was as wrong in fact as false in reasoning. For even though his statement were true as regards the antiquity of the Mass discovered it would prove nothing to his purpose. It should be borne in mind, and ought to have been well-known to him, that the Mass or form of liturgy used by St. Gregory in the seventh century was not the earliest specimen in the Church. Gregory's biographer, John the deacon, assures us that the Saint compressed into one volume the various books of Masses written by Pope Gelasius,

and that "while he retrenched some matters he added others." Pope Gelasius, in the sixth century, took the liturgy in hand, and the result has been the Sacramentary which goes by his name. This was well known in the British Isles; and if Illyricus had only a peep into the famous Stowe Missal he could see that the *preface* in the Mass there is styled that of Gelasius.

Nor on coming to the Gelasian Sacramentary in the sixth century have we sounded the lowest depths. His predecessors in the previous century, St. Leo the Great and St. Celestine I. and Innocent I. are credited with having made changes in the liturgy. But if the liturgy no longer remains in the same form as retouched or moulded by these saintly men, there is as little reason to doubt its having so existed as a belief in the Real Presence. There need be no hesitation then in asserting that the liturgy during the first three hundred years of the Church's existence had been verbally and structurally different to what it was elaborated into subsequently. As the prayers or form of liturgy are only the accidental, however important, surrounding of the substantial idea, they varied with the fortunes of the Church; and we could no more expect the same elaborated ceremonial in the Church of the Catacombs, as we find subsequently carried out in the basilicas of Christian emperors, than we could expect the ceremonies of Holy Week at Rome to be carried out in a thatched chapel in Ireland.

There has been always a tradition in the Church that for a long time a knowledge of the Liturgy as of the Bible was only orally perpetuated. It is the opinion of able writers that the "*disciplina arcani*" included not only points of belief touching the Blessed Eucharist, but even the prayers with which the tremendous mysteries were celebrated. Hence it is that for hundreds of years the Church did not venture to commit the Liturgy to writing.

By ignoring tradition the Reformers have not only curtailed the deposit of faith, but contracted the field of history. Our business is not to point out the mistakes and inconsistencies involved in the denial of tradition. Our aim is rather historical than polemical. The existence of facts of which there was no written record has been put beyond doubt by a well-authenticated tradition. There may have been no express legislation on the part of the Church as regards the abolition or introduction of a particular practice. Legislation often stepped in only to ensure uniformity and harmonize discordant elements. Of this character is the fast of Lent. It is believed to be traceable to Apostolic times, yet for a long time there was no uniform law of the Church on the time of observing it. So too with regard to the prohibition against the use of blood. There is no formal

legislation on the matter till the year 772 ; but we may be sure that before that time it had fallen into desuetude in particular churches. So, too, the Council of Nice invokes the Apostolic rule of not refusing reconciliation to those in danger of death, which is not found in the "Canon of the Apostles," and must have been known by tradition. In like manner there was no formal general legislation as to the beginning of Lent on Ash Wednesday till the thirteenth century, yet we may rest certain that the practice prevailed in various Churches long before that time. And if we are to regard as genuine some writings which go under the name of St. Gregory the Great, the fast of Lent in his time began as early as Ash Wednesday. At all events it is certain that the practice obtained in the next century in some Churches, though it was not of universal obligation for centuries subsequently. If, then, we were to believe in the existence of no facts without express legislation on or formal mention of them, we would miss some of the most precious facts that ever took place.

Private judgment, which made such havoc with doctrine in the written Word of God, has been no less mischievous in the domain of history. Analogous to the view taken by the private individual against the infallible decisions of God's Church is the selecting some particular fact or practice of an individual Church, and deducing from it general conclusions. It can never be too much insisted on that discipline from its very nature is variable, and that variety obtained more in ancient than in modern times. More freedom was accorded to individual Churches, as there was no danger felt that variety of discipline would lead to difference in doctrine. Hence we learn from Venerable Bede\* that when St. Augustine consulted Pope Gregory as to how he should deal with the customs found in Britain at variance with the Roman practice, the great Pope answered that everything not opposed to faith or morals might be retained. A variety of practice accordingly was tolerated. This liberty was accorded not only to different nations, but even to different parts of the same nation. This was the more necessary, as there was then as little and often less communication between different parts of the same nation than there now is between distinct and distant nations. At a comparatively late period there was the heptarchy in England ; at a still later period there were several provinces in France united by the frail tie of a mere nominal subjection to a common suzerain. Then every city in Italy enjoyed the autonomy of an independent republic. In the tenth century no fewer than thirty princes in Ireland styling themselves kings appended their names to a

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\* "Hist. Ecc." i. 27.

written document. There was great difficulty in ensuring uniformity, even under a single monarch, whose authority, without a standing army, was often no more than nominal. There was then, however, no apprehension of a danger that subsequently manifested itself, that of a National Church breaking away from the centre of unity. For these and other reasons a great variety of discipline was observable even in the same Church. The only limit put to this variety was that it should not lead to a loss of faith or charity;\* and thus the traditions of each Church, when not opposed to faith, were safely followed.† Such is the teaching of the Popes and fathers of the Church. The spirit that animated Illyricus influenced all the Centuriators; and traces of it may be detected in almost every Protestant writer down to the present time. This is clearly discernible in one of the latest works, professedly historical, written in support of the independence on the part of Churches in the British Isles of Roman or Papal supremacy.‡ Some alleged but unspecified difference in Liturgy is made grounds of an argument.§ Not only so, but even an alleged difference in the remarkably variable practice of fasting is dwelt on as a proof of divergence from Rome. It is this: the commencement of Lent on a Monday instead of Ash Wednesday.|| Before arguing on the matter it is well to make sure of the alleged fact. The beginning of Lent on Monday, so far from being a proof of opposition to Rome, proves the contrary. For we are assured on the best authority that in the early ages of the Church the practice was to commence Lent on Monday.¶ And a still further proof of variety is afforded by the Tripartite life of St. Patrick, that his Lent began on Saturday.

Perhaps there was still greater diversity of practice as to which week before Easter should Lent begin. It began with some on the ninth Sunday before Easter, Septuagesima Sunday; with others it began on Sexagesima Sunday; while most of the Western Church, at least in later times, began Lent on the seventh Sunday before Easter, Quinquagesima. This diversity, which was common to most Churches, prevailed also in our island Churches.

Diversity touching Lent extended also to its duration. Some insisted on fasting forty days. Those who did so made the

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\* S. Greg. Mag. Ep. 41 ad Leand. "In una fide nihil officit sanctæ Ecclesiæ consuetudo diversa."

† St. Aug. Ep. 86 ad Casul. "In his rebus de quibus nihil certe statuit Scriptura divina, instituta majorum pro lege tenenda sunt."

‡ "Liturgy and Ritual of Celtic Churches," 1881, by F. E. Warren.

§ *Ibid.* p. 7.

|| *Ibid.*

¶ "Mus. Ital." vol. ii. p. 127.

length of our Redeemer's fast their model. Others\* fasted only thirty-six days, because, beginning the fast of Lent on the sixth Sunday before Easter, and excluding Sundays, they had only thirty-six days. The motive on which they founded their practice was, that a tithe of everything of their existence was due to God; and they calculated that by fasting thirty-six days in the year the tithe of the year's existence was paid.† Thus variety as to the duration and commencement of Lent prevailed in the several branches of the Catholic Church; and this variety continued during the greatest part of the Middle Ages, till towards their close a general law, which established Ash Wednesday as the beginning of Lent, ensured also uniformity as to its duration. So far from attaching any importance to diversity of practice in the peculiarly variable discipline of fasting, we can afford to dwell on a more striking peculiarity in connection with fasting in the Irish Church, though it is not alluded to by the followers of Illyricus. Besides the Spring Lent, there was a Summer Lent. It began on the Sunday succeeding the 25th of June, and ended on the Sunday succeeding immediately the 17th of July.‡ Another no less striking peculiarity in connection with the Lenten Fast is noticed in Irish manuscripts. It is that the Lent began on the Sunday following the 23rd of March, and ended on the Sunday following the 14th of April.§ This must have escaped the notice of the Centuriators, as it would afford far stronger grounds for surprise and a claim for independence of Roman supremacy than the mere beginning of Lent on Monday. This practice was not at all general, nor indeed so much acted on in Ireland as merely noticed by an Irish writer. The Irish monk, after his holy pilgrimages, and Irish scholar, after returning to his native country, gave the result of their observations. That the Irish did not content themselves with a three weeks' Lent may be known by the fact that they observed a Summer Lent, and began the Advent fast on the 15th of November. But strange as the duration of the fast already noticed may appear, it was a usage which the Irish monk could have witnessed in Rome itself. For this we have the authority of the historian Socrates.|| He assures us that in Rome some began Lent on the Sunday preceding Passion time, and that Passion Sunday was called Middle Sunday, because it divided the Lent. Mabillon indeed labours hard to prove that the term, "middle," applied to Passion Sunday did not mean the middle of Lent,

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\* "Leabhar Breac," page 48, col. 1.

† "In dechmaid ar mblián," *ibid.* p. 47.

‡ "Leabhar Breac," p. 90. § *Ibid.*

|| Lib. 5, ch. 22.

but the middle of the latter half of Lent.\* But such an explanation offers violence to the natural, plain meaning of words. Though we must grant with Mabillon that the contrary practice alluded to was general in Ireland, Rome, and in the universal Church, still there is no good reason for denying what Socrates states, borne out as he is by Irish testimony, that some few obscure individuals were peculiar in the time of beginning Lent.

Nor have we exhausted yet the peculiarities in connection with the Lenten question, to which we have been invited by the followers of Illyricus. In looking into the festology of "*Oengus Ceile Dé*," a work of the eighth century, we find a commemoration of the beginning of the fast of Jesus. This feast took place on the 7th of January.† From this I infer that at one time Lent began on the 7th of January. This is made certain by another entry in the venerable "*Speckled Book*." After inculcating the propriety of abstaining from even lawful pleasures during the forty days of Lent, the writer proceeds to say: "You should know, however, that it was not at this time our Lord fasted. His fast began on the 7th of January, and ended on the 15th of the Kalends of March." The writer continues to state that this discipline continued down to the Council of Nice, that the fathers of the council changed the time of Lent, and extended it to Easter Sunday. The Irish writer quoted gives the three reasons which determined the fathers, and winds up by dwelling on the great advantages of fasting.‡ Before finishing my remarks on this point of discipline, I may observe that while people were allowed to fare more sumptuously on Sunday than on any other day, still there was no strict obligation of so doing. It was deemed only more congruous and to be honouring fitly the Lord's day to relax the severity of Lent on Sunday, especially as some heretics observed a contrary practice.

In Mr. Warren's work above alluded to, the rites for consecrating a nun and a church are dwelt on as proofs of difference from and independence of Rome. We allude to these points of discipline not so much, if at all, for the purpose of exposing errors in fact, as for illustrating the mischievous principle of which they are the immediate outcome. Venerable Bede in his history makes mention of the consecration of a church, accompanied by prayer and fasting.§ The inference drawn by the followers of Illyricus from these words is that the mode of consecration as at all

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\* "*Mus. Ital.*," tom. ii. p. 127.

† "*Imrordus is uaisliu tossach corgas hiesu*," L. B. p. 70.

‡ "*Leabhar Breac*," p. 48, col. 1. § "*His. Ecc.*," iii. 21.

noticed by the historian must have been strange.\* But, in point of fact, no mention at all is made of the mode or rite of consecration. Prayer and fasting usual then, as now, as a personal preparation for the celebrant, formed no part of the ceremony of consecration. To describe them as a form of consecration is very strange indeed, and it is no less strange to state that this preparation in connection with the consecration must have been unusual because noticed by the historian Bede. Why, such a strange canon of interpretation would revolutionize history! And even though it could be shown there was mention of some special mode of consecration in the latter part of the seventh century different from what had prevailed at Rome, what would follow from it? Nothing, unless it was proved that this was the earliest rite of consecration known to have prevailed in Rome. But this cannot be proved. On the contrary, various and earlier rites than those of the seventh century prevailed. St. Paulinus, in his life of St. Ambrose, relates that on one occasion, when the saint was proceeding to consecrate a church in Milan, the people requested him to use the same form of consecration as he had used in regard to another church near the gate which led to Rome. By this we can clearly see that there were various forms which might be lawfully used.†

Illustrative of errors in fact and principle in the same work, is a statement made in regard to the consecration of a nun.‡ The statement is that the consecration of a nun in a Celtic monastery was accompanied with the use of a crown and presentation of a white dress, which is not prescribed in the Roman Pontifical. Well, in point of fact, in the present Roman Pontifical the rubric and prayer on the occasion referred to speak of the *crown* or *torques*, and of the dress and veil blessed by the bishop. But even though there should be a discrepancy between the forms of consecration nothing of consequence would follow from it. The comparison should be instituted not with the present Pontifical, but with that in use at the period under consideration. To act otherwise is as illogical as to use the middle term of a syllogism in two senses. There would be no grounds for a conclusion even though it were shown that the form of consecration in the tenth century was different from that in the Roman Pontifical even then in use. In such a supposition the form of

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\* "Liturgy and Ritual," &c., p. 75, n. 2.

† A form of consecration in Irish quite perfect, unless a few gaps which can be filled in from the context is found in the "Leabhar Breac," p. 277. It is so ancient that O'Donovan in his "Ir. Gr." alludes to its archaic turns; and O'Curry said that it was beyond the reach of modern dictionaries.

‡ "Liturgy and Ritual," &c., p. 23.

consecration might have been borrowed from an earlier form of the Roman Pontifical; and that there was more than one form of consecration is made abundantly evident. St. Ambrose informs us that virgins were consecrated by receiving a blessed veil.\* Again, we learn from the Acts of the Martyrs that Victoria, having leapt from out a window in order to avoid marriage with a rich nobleman engaged for her by her pagan parents, and having escaped unhurt, made her way directly to a church, where she consecrated her virginity by laying her head on the altar, and, like the ancient Nazareans, by wearing her hair long; † whereas, in Egypt and Syria the hair was cut off. ‡ The discipline changed according to time and place.

The mischievous effects of private judgment and blind fanaticism in the Centuriators is evidenced in not only failing to master the entire field of history, but even to catch the meaning of the simplest term. The word *esca* occurring in the life of St. Ambrose supplies an instance. The biographer tells us that during the illness of the saint the Bishop of Vercelli Honoratus stopped in the same house with him in an upper apartment. Having retired to rest, Honoratus heard a voice repeat three different times, "Arise, hasten, for he shall soon yield up the ghost." He arose, descended from the top of the house, gave the body of the Lord to St. Ambrose, who, "having swallowed and being fortified by this food, gave up the spirit." § Anyone acquainted, even in an elementary way, with the language, knows that the word *esca* means edible food; but the Centuriators, in order to establish the use of the chalice to the dying, would have it mean a liquid, or that by synecdoche it included the species of wine. Such an unnatural meaning, however, is rejected as well by the root of the word as by usage in the time of St. Ambrose. St. Augustine, speaking of the Eucharist, distinguishes between the sacred food and the inebriating chalice. ||

In the early ages of the Church there occur, indeed, instances of the reception of the Blessed Eucharist as well under the species both of bread and wine conjointly as of either separately. By-and-by, when the Manichæan heresy sprang up, which taught, among other errors, that the use of wine was unlawful, the Church insisted on the use of the chalice by the faithful as a

\* "Exhort. ad Virgines."

† Ruinart, "Acta," p. 417. "St. Ambrose, ad Virgin." ch. 8. "St. Optatus," i. 6.

‡ Bulteau, "Hist. Mon.," p. 170.

§ Paul. "Diac.," cap. xxiv. n. 47, tom. ii. col. 12.

|| "Tanquam illa *esca* saginatus, et in calice ebrius." *Tract. in Johan. 27, in fine.*

test of orthodoxy. But when the heresy died out, and there remained no necessity for the use of the cup, it was discontinued owing to the inconveniences inherent in it. The use or disuse of the chalice by the faithful is a matter of discipline; because the Church teaches that Christ is received whole and entire under the species of either bread or wine. Here, then, we find an act at one time a test of orthodoxy, and of heterodoxy at another time. To estimate properly the value of a particular rite or discipline it is necessary to ascertain what idea it expressed. It is not enough that it was at variance with preceding or succeeding usages. It should be established that its use or disuse was a test of doctrine. On that account various usages as expressions of a variety of free opinion on matters not then defined by the Church are found not only in different countries but in the same national Church. The truth of this statement can easily be verified by a reference to those Celtic churches to which the Centuriators have invited us. Thus, in some Irish writings, an opinion is put forward that the punishment of the damned is intermittent, particularly for a few hours on Sunday.\* Now, on seeing this, a Centuriator would be apt to exclaim, "Behold the teaching of St. John Damascene: therefore Ireland received its faith from the East." But the same opinion was held by many holy and learned writers in the Latin Church from Prudentius† to Innocent III. We take another instance:—the diversity of manner in observing the feast of St. Patrick. Some maintained that the feast should be celebrated with pomp and festivity as if he were in person in each house.‡ Yet, in looking into other writings, we learn that the festival should not interfere with the penitential exercises of Lent.§

Again, while daily celebration of the Mass is insisted on by Irish writers;|| a different practice is alluded to in another place. Again, it is stated that there were various ways for beginning Mass until the time of Charlemagne, and that it used to begin on Saturday and end on Sunday.¶ This variety in the Irish Church is spoken of as a matter of indifference by St. Augustine, who recommended that the practice of each Church should be followed.\*\*

\* "Leabhar Breac," p. 254. "Leabhar na Huidre," p. 29.

† "Cathemerinon," v. 125:

"Umbrarum populus ab ignibus,  
Nec fervent solito flumina sulphure."

‡ "Leabhar Breac," p. 96. § "Riagail na Ceile, De," *Ibid.*, p. 10.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 258: "Vision of Adamnan."

¶ "Book of Lismore," fol. 117, R. I. A.

\*\* "Ep. 118 ad Januar." The Greek practice confines the celebration of Mass to Saturday and Sunday in Lent, and to the day of the

The enumeration of the capital sins affords another illustration of the variety of views on open questions. The sins are very generally counted eight in number by Irish writers. This, also, is the enumeration of Greek writers, such as St. John Damascene and the Abbot Nilus. But it should be borne in mind that though the capital sins are numbered eight by Irish writers, yet when specifying them they give only the number seven.\* The cause of the diversity is that St. Gregory† did not reckon Pride among the capital sins, but rather the mother of the rest; while others, many others, ranked Pride the chief of the capital sins.‡

Another instance of variety is exhibited in the different views on the crucifixion. Some representations exhibit our Saviour as fastened by three nails, while others as by four.§ This diversity in Ireland only reflects the freedom and variety in the Universal Church on the same matter. Many Greek writers represent the crucifixion with three,|| while many Latin fathers represent it with four nails.¶

So, too, a diversity of usage is observable in the Celtic Church as regarded chronology. Some followed the Hebrew,\*\* others the Septuagint computation.†† In like manner, diversity of practice prevailed as to baptism. Some used immersion, while others employed aspersion or ablution. It were an endless as it is unnecessary task to exhibit the variety observable in matters of local or free discipline even in the same Church; besides, we have dwelt too long on this matter already. But one thing is made certain—that difference of discipline should not be confounded with difference of dogma.

2. An appeal to the Greek Church is a staple argument with the Centuriators. They point to the discipline of certain branches of the Western Church as savouring of Orientalism, and conclude that a knowledge of the Christian religion must have been derived from the East rather than from Rome. But such people appear to forget that Rome was much more Oriental in its rites formerly than at present. On Holy Saturday the sub-deacon used to read his part in Greek. Once on a time the Epistles and Gospels used to be chanted in the Greek language.

Annunciation. "Euchologion," Goar, Leo Allatius, "Ep. ad Nahusium."

\* "Leabhar Breac," p. 250, col. 1. "Corpus Missal," Visitation of the Sick.

† 31 "Mer.," cap. 17.

‡ St. Thomas, "Summa summæ," Quæst. cxxxii.

§ "Leabhar Breac," p. 166. An. of Boyle and Tighernagh.

|| St. Greg. Nazian. "De Christo patiente." *τρισηλός*.

¶ St. Cypr. "De Passione." \*\* "Stowe Cat.," vol. i. p. 191.

†† "An. of Boyle."

During Holy Week the twelve lessons with their prayers used to be gone through in Greek. Even still traces of such usage may be seen in several Greek words in the Liturgy under a Latin form. A great deal savoured of Orientalism, and what wonder? Did not the first Pope, with Christianity, come to us from the East? Were they not of Eastern origin, Popes Saints Cletus, Evaristus, Telesphorus, Hyginus, Anacletus,\* Soter, Eleutherius, Anterus, Sixtus II., Dionysius, Caius (a Dalmatian), and Eusebius? Now all these Popes lived before the time of Pope Innocent, who was perhaps amongst the first whose name is connected with the elaboration of the Liturgy. It is admitted that it was through St. Athanasius that the rules of SS. Anthony and Basil were made known to the Western Church. The monastic orders took their rise to the East, and what wonder that their rules, their penitentials, and their discipline were copied in the Western Church? Were not the four first General Councils, whose decrees were placed by the Reformers on the same level with the Gospels, celebrated in the East? And long before these Councils a body of canon law originated in the East. The Canons of the Apostles cited by the Councils of Nice and Ancyra, as also the Apostolic Constitutions, were known in the third century. The canonical epistles of St. Denis, of St. Peter of Alexandria, of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, of St. Basil, of St. Amphilocus, of St. Gregory Nazianzen, of St. Athanasius, of Timothy patriarch of Alexandria, of Theophilus, and of St. Cyril were quoted with respect through the universal Church. But by-and-by, when the face of Europe had been changed by Christianity, and the Church had been allowed to emerge from the catacombs, the religious life energized in the Western Church. Bearing in mind that discipline is only an expression of an idea, and that the expression is modified by times, climate, temperament, and other influences, it were strange if the Western Church did not strike out a discipline racy of the soil. The Popes took the Liturgy in hand—SS. Innocent I., Celestine, Leo; and subsequently it received further development and perfection under the hands of SS. Gelasius and Gregory the Great.

So, too, it fared with the monastic orders. A Columbanus, and more effectually still, a St. Benedict, took up the monastic rules, moulded them, and did to some extent for the Western Church what was done in the East by SS. Anthony and Basil. The adoption of the Eastern discipline for a time, and prevalence of traces of it for a long time subsequently, so far from being cause of marvel, is only what should have been expected, and almost unavoidable. A great deal of law and practice came to

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\* He came from "Græcia Magna."

us from the East, but they came through the Popes. Thus yearly used the Popes for ages to avail themselves of the calculation of the famous Alexandrian astronomers for determining the vernal equinox, and then published to the Church the season for celebrating the Paschal feast. But the Alexandrian method of calculation, like the monastic rules, gave way by-and-by to the more correct Victorian cycle when adopted and enjoined by the Popes. And even if every scrap of discipline with the dogma were to have come to us from the East, it would not affect in the least our belief in the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff.

3. Both the inability of private judgment to distinguish dogma from discipline and also the authority of the Church, are established by a decree touching the eating of blood. It is for its historical rather than polemical interest I notice it; and the more so as it shows not only the unsoundness, but the inconsistencies of the Centuriators in their appeal to the Greek Church. A rapid sketch of the fortunes of the decree referred to will speed on my argument. It is related in the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles that a dispute arose after the death of our Redeemer as to the binding nature of the Jewish ceremonies. The Apostles met in Jerusalem: St. Peter presided at the council. After mature deliberation, they decided that while some of the Jewish ceremonial was unnecessary, other parts were binding. They declare that in enacting these decrees they are under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and therefore infallible. "It has seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay no further burden on you than these necessary things: that you abstain from things sacrificed to idols, and from blood, from things strangled, and from fornication." Now we see that blood, and things strangled, and what had been offered to idols, were put on the same level with fornication. And who, relying on his own unaided wisdom, would not imagine that these prohibitions were founded on the natural law, and fear to violate them? We know that fornication was forbidden as well by the natural as by the divine law; and what reason is afforded by the context for supposing that things sacrificed to idols or blood were not considered as permanently forbidden rather than temporary ceremonies? There was the more reason for viewing them in such a light as the Apostles set themselves to free the Jewish converts from the rest of the Mosaic ceremonial. The same prohibition was issued in the old Law against the use of blood, of things offered to idols, and of things strangled:\* and therefore, the fact that this same prohibition was renewed in the New Law, while the other portions of the ceremonial were dispensed with, would naturally

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\* Levit. xvii.

lead one to judge that the prohibition was not transitory but to last for ever. This view of the ceremonial was strengthened by the reasons given by commentators for the prohibition against blood. They say that the object of the prohibition was to excite a horror of murder and to acknowledge God's power over life and death. Surely there is the same reason now as then for guarding against murder and acknowledging the supreme power of the Deity over us; and we should imagine that the same motives ought to be as sacred now and for all time as in the Old Law. We know and believe as Catholics that the prohibition against blood and things offered to idols was a matter of discipline, but we wish to point out that every ceremonial in Scripture is not necessary, and that without the authority of the Church it is not easy to distinguish what is of transient from what is of permanent obligation.

By-and-by, subsequent to the decree at Jerusalem, a question was raised in reference to things offered to idols; and St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, said that a person could eat of them unless told that they were so offered.\* "For," said he, "some until this present with conscience of the idol eat as a thing sacrificed to an idol, and their conscience being weak is defiled." Here St. Paul admits that some considered that the nature of meat was badly affected by an idolatrous offering of it, and that they became participators in idolatry by eating what was offered; and St. Paul winds up by saying that he never would eat any flesh if it were an occasion of sin to his brethren.

Some may contend that the prohibition founded on regard to the prejudices of the Jews was to cease when the Apostles were scattered through the world, and especially after the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem. But we find the prohibition renewed at the end of the first century of Christianity. Nearly a quarter of a century subsequent to the destruction of Jerusalem, and when all the other Apostles had gone to their reward, St. John Evangelist renews the prohibition against the use of things offered to idols, and places them on the same dread level with fornication. In the second chapter of the Apocalypse he says, "I have a few things against thee because thou allowest the woman Jezabel to seduce my servants to commit fornication and to eat things sacrificed to idols." His prohibition appears stricter than that of St. Paul, in that the latter forbade to one the use of things offered to idols only when told of their being offered, whereas the Evangelist unqualifiedly condemned their use. Nor did the prohibition cease with the Apostolic age. During the persecution of Diocletian,† Theotecnus, governor of Ancyra, ordered all the

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\* 1. Cor. viii. v. 7.

† Ruinart, "*Acta Sincera*," p. 336.

provisions publicly sold to be previously offered to idols in order to starve the Christians; but the holy vintner, St. Theodotus, having laid in a supply of corn and wine, saved the lives and consciences of the Christians. The same discipline, in the year 211, is beautifully brought out in the dialogue between Cecilius and Octavius. The latter, in replying to the charge of eating human flesh, says that Christians abstained from the use even of blood.\* In the fourth century sprung up a sect which from notions of extreme mortification, advocated the necessity of abstaining like the Manichees from all flesh meat. Well, a Council was held in Corduba for the purpose of condemning the error. Osius presided as Apostolic legate; and the second canon of the Council condemned those who censured the eating of flesh, except blood that was strangled and had been offered to idols. About the same time, too, as we learn from Eusebius,† the Churches of Lyons and Vienne wrote to the Churches of Asia in relation to the martyr Biblis during the persecution by Marcus Aurelius. She was accused, among other things, of having, in common with the Christian sect, eaten the flesh of an infant. In reply, she said, "how could we Christians eat the flesh of infants, as is calumniously laid to our charge, who deem it unlawful to eat the blood even of beasts." So, too, Julian the Apostate was so well aware of the scrupulousness of Christians that he had water which had been offered to idols sprinkled on the meats, bread, and fruit exposed to sale in the market of Antioch. He did this from a full knowledge of the conscientious objections which Christians entertained against such viands. He aimed at starving them into acts of idolatry or sin, and thus proved beyond question that it was deemed in the fourth century unlawful to eat what had been offered to idols.

Later still, in the Council of Quini-Sextum, held in the year 707, the sixty-seventh canon renewed the prohibition against blood and what had been strangled. Without subscribing unreservedly to all that was done in that Council, it must be accepted as an unexceptionable witness to the discipline of the Eastern Church in regard to the use of blood. Nor was the prohibition confined to the East at this time: it was in force in the Latin Church during the same period. Amongst the curious canons in the remarkable penitential of the Irish Cummean is found one prohibiting the use of strangled meats.‡ According to Ussher and Fleming he is supposed to have lived about the year 634. The prohibition, however, was repealed in the Latin

\* Minutius Felix: Tillemont, tom. iii.

† "His. Eccles.," lib. v. ch. 1.

‡ Fleming, "Præfatio St. Cummeani abbatis in Scotia orti super librum Penitentiarum."

Church in a Council held in Rome under Pope Adrian in the year 772. The Eastern Church was not so ready to abandon an Apostolic discipline. In the eleventh century Cerularius endeavoured to renew and widen the schism begun by Photius. Without recounting the several grounds principally of a disciplinary character on which the Greek patriarch sought to break with the Latin Church, one stood prominently forward, and it was that the Catholics of the Western Church did not refrain from eating blood.\*

I have dwelt on this point not so much for any interest naturally attaching to it, as for the purpose of bringing out a few points in connection with dogma. Firstly, it has been observed that abstinence from blood was put on the same level with fornication by the Apostles assembled at Jerusalem. The Mosaic ceremonies were bracketed under the same prohibition by the last surviving of the Apostles. Who by the use of private judgment could easily conclude that one was merely of a temporary character, and the other perpetual? What private individual could clearly see that one was matter of mere changeable discipline, and the other founded on the unchanging law of Nature? We cannot easily realize the difficulty of doing so unless we bear in mind that throughout the entire Church, Eastern as well as Western, the use of blood was unlawful. Secondly: Even though it be admitted that the prohibition against the use of blood and strangled things was of a disciplinary nature, still it bound under sin. In making this law the Apostles, with S. Peter at their head, were infallible as under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. Now, it is a universally admitted axiom in law that an inferior cannot dispense in the law of the superior; and as a Council held in Rome repealed the prohibition, it must have claimed the same power and received the same respect from the body of the faithful as the infallible Apostolic Council at Jerusalem. I have not observed that this aspect of the case has presented itself to our dogmatic theologians. But reverting to the historical aspect of the question, we may ask with what consistency can the Centuriators appeal to the testimony of the Greek Church, which insisted on the necessity of abstaining from blood, and follow on the question the decisions and practice of the Roman See?

To sum up then: discipline has been very often only of a local character, and not unfrequently found side by side with usages of an opposite nature. And even when national, discipline for the most part was a matter of choice, and did not involve questions of faith. General discipline extending to the Universal Church may be a test of orthodoxy in one age, while in another it may be the symbol of the contrary. Discipline of its nature

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\* Cerularius, Ep. Sigebert de Scrip. Eccles, c. 349.

is changeable, whereas dogma admits neither of addition nor change. Discipline is found in holy writ as well as in human institutions, whereas dogma is found only in the written or unwritten word of God. Dogma is the jewel, discipline the setting; dogma the substance, discipline the accident; dogma the idea, discipline the many-toned expression. Sometimes, indeed, discipline may merge into dogma, as schism into heresy, but discipline as such, no matter how closely connected with it, should never be confounded with dogma.

SYLVESTER MALONE.

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#### ART. VII.—ELEMENTARY EDUCATION; OUR POSITION, PROSPECTS AND POLICY.

*The New Code, or Minutes of the Education Department,*  
1883-84.

**M**R. MUNDELLA'S New Code, which is now in full operation, has caused no little anxiety among the supporters of Denominational Schools, and has been the occasion of a sort of agitation against the working of the Education Act as regards School-Boards. The anxiety was lest the amount of the Grant should not be as great under the provisions of the New Code as before. And the agitation was with the view of putting Denominational Schools on a more equal footing with Board Schools as regards means of support. The introduction of the New Code was looked on as an opportune occasion of expostulation on the working of the Education Act. For that Act has to a large extent been worked, not so as to supplement, but to supplant, Denominational Schools. This was not its programme. It proposed to create Board Schools in order to provide for large numbers of children for whose education no provision existed, and it was not unreasonable—for it was the only course open—that the legislature should step in to educate, to some extent undenominationally, those for whom there were no Denominational Schools, or who would not go to them. Nor was it unreasonable that all should contribute towards the support of schools which were to collect these children out of the streets and strive to reclaim them. But when School-Boards seemed to quit this work, or go beyond it, by building schools in competition with existing schools at a large outlay of public money, it was felt to be an injustice. For it is unjust to make the work of

carrying on Denominational Schools, which are still the great majority, more difficult, through tempting the better classes of children into schools of greater pretensions; and it is doubly unjust to oblige the supporters of Denominational Schools to contribute to this result. The Education Department ought to have, and to exercise, the power of so working the Education Act, as that it should not go counter to its professed object, nor make those who hold to dogmatic religion—and they are a considerable and influential portion of the whole community—feel that they are treated unjustly, and that a particular party is making use of the Education Act to the purpose of what they designate as “extinguishing the bitterness of religious controversy.” The Vice-President of the Committee of Council must know very well that reading and explaining the Bible in schools is not identical with denominational teaching. He perhaps does not believe in the latter, but we do. Is it fair, is it statesman-like that any Act should be worked in the interest of a particular party? Is it not making a new “religious difficulty” and interfering with religious convictions in a way not consistent with real religious liberty?

Well; as to the agitation, so far as it has come to anything, we are beaten. And so this is not an inopportune moment for consoling ourselves with the thought of the advantages that there are in things having gone as they have. For our own part, while feeling strongly how unfairly the School-Board system is being worked, yet we are convinced that had the injustice been remedied by Denominational Schools having a share in the School-rate, the effect would have been a greater disaster than any that has yet befallen us. Any one who is well acquainted with schools knows that the essentially different character of Board and Denominational schools consists not so much in the matter of religious instruction given to the children, as in the personal influence of the managers and teachers, which is exercised and felt to a great extent in the one, and scarcely at all in the other. Of course there are many exceptions to this on both sides; but the ordinary condition of Denominational Schools is favourable to personal influence, care, and interest in the children, while the condition of very large schools, and such as have a public character like Board Schools, is unfavourable to it. Now, the fact of having to support and carry on a school, to pay for it, and to have to look after it, is that which awakens and maintains this personal influence, which is so invaluable to the welfare of the children. It is above price and cannot be purchased. And it is produced and kept up by the sight of and contact with those who are dependent on it.

Now, what would happen if our schools were no longer depen-

dent for support on the exertions of our managers and the contributions of the faithful? As it is, we all know how much this characteristic of Denominational Schools is lessened by the strain put on the children to "pass," on the teachers to satisfy the Inspector, and on the managers to get a good grant. But to make our schools independent of our care and exertion and support is to cut them adrift from the shore, and to leave them to be carried beyond all reach of our control. When the Catholic Bishops of Ireland were consulted at the time of the disestablishment of the Irish Church as to how far they desired that some provision should be made for the clergy from national resources, they returned the wise and grand reply, that they could not afford to give up the tie of being dependent on the support of their flocks.

Had the proposal that the Government Grant should be increased to Denominational Schools, so as to relieve them from pecuniary difficulties, and thus put them on a level with the Board Schools, been assented to, we should have been in no small danger of our control and influence over the schools being reduced to a low point. For it is inevitable that those who pay for the school should in the long-run have paramount influence over it. It unavoidably and not unreasonably gives them the power to inquire into how the money is spent and what is got for it. It gives them a footing in the school, and makes them the strongest in determining disputed points, and in making it appear reasonable that others should yield to them. Yet still it is a great safeguard to be under the control of a central power, which has ordinarily no motive for being wayward, unfair, or unpleasant, which is under the public eye in all its ways, and can be appealed to, and corresponded with. But even so, would not Government influence have in time become paramount? But to obtain support for Denominational Schools from the school-rates would be to give local authorities a standing in the schools—a right for them to have their say, to inquire, object, and control; and this on the part of men who would often have little judgment, less knowledge of school matters or management, and too often not even the forbearance and courtesy of gentlemen. Would it not be simply intolerable to be subjected to the dictation of an overbearing majority of local magnates in the matter of educating our children? Would the managers of Anglican Schools relish the visits of a School-Board, perhaps of Dissenters or ultra-Radicals? Should we not have got rid of disputes on church-rates, only to have the same local miseries and jealousies brought in again under another name?

There is then, to our mind, good reason to be satisfied that the cry for having our share in the school-rates was not responded

to. As to the outcry against the New Code, on the ground that our schools will not earn so much as before, it yet remains to be seen whether this is the fact. We have noticed during the last thirty years, that whenever a change was proposed in the conditions of the grant to schools, there has always been an outcry arising from the same sort of anxiety ; yet when once the new rules were understood, they in their turn were clung to, and any change was deprecated. So we believe it will be in this case. What the Education Department is aiming at is making Education universal and effective. To economize and reduce expenses is not their present object, but rather to increase their influence and power in promoting and improving National Education. They show no signs of wishing to starve schools, but rather to have them attractive and well-filled. And the principle of the chief changes in the grants seems to be the reasonable one of taking the circumstances of localities and of particular schools into account in estimating their merit and efficiency—allowing for difficulties on the one hand, and for good efforts and exertions made on the other—so as to encourage good schools and meritorious exertions by grants which could not have been earned under the rigid rules of the last Code. Some schools, no doubt, will not earn so much as before ; but our view of the general tendency of the new conditions is supported by the testimony of those whose schools have been examined under the New Code, the tone of whose communications is on the whole cheerful. *This* is not, as we think, what we have to be alarmed at.

If, however, we follow Mr. Mundella's advice to the schoolmasters, and "look at the matter less exclusively from a pecuniary point of view," we shall find real ground for some anxiety in the changes of the New Code. To speak distinctly, we think the money-question is not the important one, but the question of interference. We fear encroachment on the liberty of management which our schools have hitherto enjoyed. If our freedom has hitherto not been all that we desired, yet the matter is admittedly not without difficulties, and there was some necessity that those who were disbursing large sums of public money should make some very definite regulations with regard to the conditions on which the grants were to be paid. Nor can it be contended with truth that these regulations were absolutely inconsistent with full attention to the requirements of religious instruction and discipline. What they did in effect was to put great *inducements* before teachers and managers to seek first—not the Kingdom of God and His justice—but a brilliant report and a big grant.

This policy, if policy it was, has been more effective than we like to own. And in the meantime there has been going along

with it a process of—what shall we call it?—interference?—with our schools. Not professed interference; the circulars to inspectors have expressly inculcated on them not to interfere with the managers. But putting aside cases of an unpleasant character, which seem to have been exceptional, the tendency of the position and work of an inspector is that he should be treated with great courtesy, respect, deference, and even more than this. It has not been unnatural that his opinion, advice, and wishes should be asked by teachers and managers, and should be very carefully followed. Inspectors, out of good-nature, kind-heartedness, an interest in the success of education, and other pleasant motives, have been ready to suggest advice and give hints; and it has not been an uncommon thing for them to take a sort of friendly and influential position as regards the school they inspect, converting an unpleasant relationship into a pleasant one.

Unfortunately, this relationship, though pleasant, is not a very safe one. The inspector has his own line of business, and his work and aims are not identical with those of a Catholic manager or teacher, who ought to attend to interests which are not precisely those of the inspector. The latter might easily give advice too exclusively in the interests of secular education, to the injury of due attention to the religious teaching and training of the children. And if, in connection with this, we bear in mind that, while the inspector is ordinarily well acquainted with the art of practical teaching and school management, the manager is often without this knowledge and experience, the difficulties of his position are seen to be more complicated. It is very desirable to be free from any petty jealousy in the matter, to be large-minded, and ready to welcome pleasant relationships and friendly help in the secular education of the school; but, on the other hand, it is important to keep the management of the school in our own hands, not in name only, but in reality. And the point of our observations is this: that the New Code, by the very fact of its putting into the hands of the inspector a new power—that of estimating the general merit and special circumstances and difficulties of each school, and from the merit grant depending on his report—incidentally facilitates to a considerable extent the danger to which we have referred.

Even before the New Code came in it was possible to look at some of our schools and to come to the conclusion that, while the manager had the trouble of the school and the anxiety of finding the means, yet the real master who had the control was the inspector. Will things go still more in this way now? Will our schools slip out of our hands, and that not so much for want of money as by its agency?

So much for the New Code. But the most anxious and

gloomy prospect is not, after all, from the changes in the Code, but from the action of the School-Boards. In saying this, we are quite prepared to believe that in many places no such anxiety is felt. There are localities in which Catholics are numerous, and there is a strong and healthy public opinion among them which will check the mischief that would otherwise occur. There are many places in which local influences are strong enough to withstand the natural course of things. But it is difficult to resist the conviction that the mischief that has begun will grow and spread. Every month there are fresh School-Boards called into existence. Every month there are new schools built and opened under School-Boards, and, in one place after another, Denominational Schools are handed over to the School-Boards. All this progress is in one direction: there is nothing to set off against it in the other. The School-Boards are not hampered for means; and while they are able, in some cases, to cause smaller schools to be condemned as unfit places for education, they can raise large and pretentious buildings themselves, and furnish them amply. They are not stinted in the number of their teachers, nor in the salaries they give to them. Their schools have the prestige of being new and public institutions. They are filled or filling with large numbers who are attracted to them, and they seem to lay themselves out more for securing the attendance of the respectable children than the out-cast or neglected. We fear we must add that local influence is sometimes exerted to depreciate and discountenance the old schools, and to turn them into refuges of the irregular and disorderly. There is, further, plenty of worldly pride and regard for public opinion amongst the working-classes, and any schools that lose their character for respectability are simply done for. Neither the children nor the parents will go on facing the ill-natured remarks and ridicule that are directed against those that frequent the despised school. Even where it has not come to be despised, yet our poorer neighbours pride themselves not a little on sending their children to "the best school," and "the best" is determined by the size of the building and the amount of the payment. "I send my girl to the Government School, Mrs. Jones. I would not send yours to that old twopenny place, if I were you;" and Mrs. Jones sees the force of the argument and is convinced.

Now, our own people are not without this sort of feeling, and we ask ourselves whether there are not a good many places in which there is danger of Board-Schools being frequented by numbers of our own children. Let us look the situation in the face, and answer the question: Is there not real cause for anxiety, not so much about the money coming in, as the children? We

cannot compete with Board-Schools in outward appearance and pretensions; perhaps not, as to success in secular knowledge—which is what most parents look to—for they have great advantages over us. To what then do we trust for maintaining the character of our schools in the estimation of the public, so that they shall not be driven out of the field by their big neighbours? And what precautions can be taken to prevent our schools being frequented and overrun by other children—the disorderly and irregular—until our schools lose, not only their reputation, but even their real character?

We turn, then, to the practical question of what line of action is best under our present difficulties and prospects? This question is narrowed by the consideration of what we can do; for we cannot beat the Board-Schools in popular education—in such an education, that is, in the subjects of the day as people are most anxious for. If with more slender resources and greater difficulties we can do as well as they, yet the world in general will not believe that we can do as well; and therefore the *tendency* of things will be for our school-children to be taken away and sent to the Board-Schools; the destitute, backward, disorderly and irregular being left to us.

How can we counteract this tendency? What policy can be expected to succeed?

To speak of it as a question of mere policy is to weaken and degrade our position. It is a question of duty. What can, what ought we to do towards keeping and educating our children, whether we can succeed or whether we cannot?

Three things seem important. First, to do all in our power to maintain in its integrity the position accorded by the Education Act to Denominational Schools. That position seems to us not an altogether unfair one. No claim is made to interfere with managers, and the inspectors have been directed by the Education Department not to do so. Their work is limited to the duty of ascertaining that the conditions of annual grants have been satisfied. There is no need of any hostility or jealousy in regard to them. But we can fairly claim on our own part to retain the independence of position which is the privilege for which we pay so dearly. We have to be wide awake against any encroachments on it on the part of the Educational Department, or School-Boards, or School Attendance Committees and their respective officers, or through the school drifting into the hands of inspectors through the fears or obsequiousness of teachers. Nothing will secure this so well as managers being well acquainted with the duties of their position, and being attentive and intelligent about them; but if this cannot be secured, much good might be done by direction and advice of a diocesan inspector of long experience, who had the

power of inquiring into these questions and putting managers on their guard against dangers and difficulties of which they might not be aware.

(2) As regards the parents and their temptation to send their children to what all the world says are the best schools, something very material may be done, in all cases where the schools are fairly efficient and respectable, by raising the school fees. It is curious, almost comical, how the bulk of men value a thing in proportion to what they pay for it. "Answer a fool according to his folly." We have to deal oftentimes with small people who cannot see beyond their noses, and whose ideas and feelings are such only as they pick up from their surroundings. It is a mistaken compassion which leads kind-hearted priests and soft nuns to remit and abate school-fees. There are, of course, special cases which ought to be exceptionally treated. But the *rule* is, that if the parents are not made to pay fairly high fees they despise the school, and show it by keeping their children away for slight reasons, and on the least pretext sending them to a "better school." "I have but one piece of advice to give you on this subject," said a shrewd old Jesuit father to us many years ago, "Make them pay *well*, sir." If only it is done considerately but firmly; the consequences need not be feared, and the effects are very beneficial in raising the estimate of the school, and so retaining the attendance of the children.

(3) But in many localities, especially active centres of industry, something more than this is often desirable. It is indeed right and wise to appeal strongly to the conscience of parents not to send their children to non-Catholic Schools—far more wise than to make fruitless efforts to persuade them that our schools are just as good as Board-Schools; yet it is not wise, nor indeed reasonable, to call on men to make great sacrifices for the sake of religion, unless where no alternative is possible. The Holy See, in a letter on this subject (to the Bishops of Belgium, if we recollect right), declared that parents could not be permitted to send their children to non-Catholic Schools, unless in the case of those who had no access to Catholic Schools *suitable to their station of life*, and provided that care was taken that the children did not receive religious instruction in the non-Catholic Schools, and that they did receive it at home. Now, it is coming to be a matter of more and more frequent occurrence that Catholic parents, if they would send their children to Catholic Schools, have no choice but to send them to one that is not quite suitable to their station in life. And we ought not, if possible, to call on them to make this sacrifice. What we want for a relief for their difficulties, and as a safeguard for the protection of Catholic education against the undue pretensions of Board-

Schools, is to open a higher class of schools. Such schools would still be admissible to grants if the weekly payment did not exceed 9*d.*, or they might take the higher position of middle-class schools in which quarterly payments were received. A great deal has been done, especially in some localities, in the way of establishing and fostering such schools, which need not be a burden and anxiety to the clergy, as Elementary Schools are; but to increase and multiply such schools would be a "present remedy" against dangers that seem to stare us in the face.

(4) Another suggestion we venture to submit timidly; for it is hard to carry out against so many arguments and great inducements to the contrary, yet *ruinous* if we do not. It is to moderate our eagerness for success in secular knowledge, and go in for success in school-training and discipline. "What," many will say, "sacrifice the grant! Why, I could not keep my school open at all." No, not sacrifice the grant, but be prepared, if so be, to forego a small portion of the grant for the sake of a greater good. We are not advocating, let it be understood, any neglect of the subjects of the year. But what is the common boast of teachers and managers is that they have passed 90, 95, or 100 per cent. This, no doubt, is a good thing to do, but it is not the only nor even the chief thing. An article appeared in this REVIEW four years ago, which, speaking on this subject, predicted that mere intellectual instruction would not be found to produce results that would satisfy its advocates—that moral training and discipline was still more important. We see with pleasure a recognition of this in the New Code, the chief characteristic of which is a change of principle in making grants. The highest grants are no longer to be given to the schools that give instruction in the greatest number of subjects and pass the greatest number of scholars, but, besides and beyond this, schools are to be classified according to merit—into Fair, Good, and Excellent, and a proportional grant is to be made. The estimate of merit is to take into account other considerations outside the actual success in examination, such especially as determine the general condition of the school as a place of education, and we desire to call particular attention to the prominence which is given to the moral tone and training of the scholars. Unless there is evidence of this being attended to, the mark of *Excellent* is not to be given. We especially rejoice to see teachers reminded that due attention to scholars who would *not* bring money or credit to the school by their examination is one of the evidences of the school being an Excellent one. We transcribe some passages taken from the Code, and from Sir F. Sandford's circular to the inspectors on the changes and application of the New Code.

After stating (§ 109) that the merit grant is to depend on the inspector's report, allowing for the special circumstances of the case, as (1) the organization and discipline, (2) the intelligence employed in instruction, and (3) the general quality of the work, especially in elementary subjects, the explanatory paragraph says :—

To meet the requirements respecting discipline, the managers and teachers will be expected to satisfy the inspector that all reasonable care is taken, in the ordinary management of the schools, to bring up the children in habits of punctuality, of good manners and language, of cleanliness and neatness ; and also to impress upon the children the importance of cheerful obedience to duty, of consideration and respect for others, and of honour and truthfulness in word and act.

The circular to inspectors says that—

Inferences derived from them [the quality and number of the passes] may be modified by taking into account the skill and spirit of the teaching, the neatness of the school-room and its appliances, the accuracy and trustworthiness of the registers, the fitness of the classification in regard to age and capacity, the behaviour of the children, especially their honesty under examination and the interest they evince in their work.

Further on the circular says :—

A school of humble aim which passes only a moderately successful examination, may properly be designated *fair* if its work is conscientiously done and is sound as far as it goes, and if the school is free from any conspicuous fault. The mark of Excellent [the circular goes on to say] is to be reserved for cases of distinguished merit. A thoroughly good school in favourable conditions is characterized by cheerful yet exact discipline, maintained without harshness and without noisy demonstration of authority. Its premises are cleanly and well ordered ; its time-table provides a proper variety of mental employment and physical exercise ; its organization is such as to distribute the teaching power judiciously, and to secure to every scholar, whether he is likely to bring credit to the school by examination or not, a fair share of instruction and attention. . . . Above all, the teaching and discipline are such as to exert a right influence on the manners, the conduct, and the character of the children, to awaken in them a love of reading and such an interest in their own mental improvement as may reasonably be expected to last beyond the period of school life.

We hail with pleasure this recognition of two principles which lie at the root of all good school-education, (1) that a school should be valued and estimated according as it can be recognized to be in general, and on the whole, a good institution, carefully and conscientiously carried on, and not merely from particular

effects produced on a special occasion, and which may be dependent on unavoidable or accidental circumstances; and that (2) this education consists, "above all," in influencing the manners, conduct, and character of the scholars. Whatever criticisms we may be inclined to make on the above passages, as not going far enough for the aim and purpose of Denominational Schools, or being open incidentally to some objections, yet, on the whole, it brightens the prospect for our schools to find so distinct a recognition and encouragement of that which we, by our principles, must look on as the main object and work of education.

This point of school-discipline and training is that which especially concerns us, and from more than one point of view it is of extreme consequence that we should pay our chief attention to it. There is no danger nearer to us than that of our schools being forced into the position of refuges for the destitute and disorderly—not that there is a higher or greater work than to reclaim such, if it might be, but we must bear in mind that as we take in children of this class by one door, the children of orderly, well-conducted, respectable families go out by the other. It is surely due to these latter that the school, the only school very often, to which they can conscientiously send their children should not be made unfit for them. Moreover, we cannot reclaim the disorderly and irregular but by enforcing order; and as we do this, we in effect close the door of the school to them, since their little game is to go to a school in which order is *not* enforced. Nor can we hope to effect anything by a school in which order and discipline is not attended to. In the presence, then, of this danger of our best children being carried off by the Board-Schools it is in every way our wisest course to pay the greatest attention to school-discipline, since thereby we shall preserve the character of the school from being overrun with children who do not seek education, but to avoid it; and if, after all, our numbers are diminished, and we are in some cases left with but a little flock, what is more important than to do all we can in training the conduct and forming the character of those few?

We may not have it in our power to make our schools distinguished above the rest for pre-eminent success in the number of passes and knowledge of many extra subjects; but there is no reason why we may not always be as successful, and indeed much more so than others, in influencing the conduct and forming the character of children by good discipline. We have more traditional experience and more advantages than others; we can and ought to succeed better.

It is well, indeed, that in all schools the importance of good discipline and moral training should be appreciated and encouraged.

But what can Board-Schools do in this way compared with what we can do? Ordinarily, very little. Self-restraint, a sense of duty, regard for others, an obedient spirit, strict integrity, truthfulness, and conscientiousness—these and the like virtues cannot be inculcated with success without the stimulus of adequate motives, and these are only efficiently supplied by the convictions of religious faith. Those teachers, therefore, who can set before children definite statements of great truths, of which they are themselves intimately convinced, will have a power and means of influence over them which others cannot have. School-Boards may be able to beat us in secular attainments, but in all that concerns moral training we have the advantage of them. This is the hopeful point of our position under the present discouraging prospect. The number of our children may be diminished, our grants may possibly be lessened, but the effect of religious influence and of personal care and interest cannot be prevented. They will have their effect, and they will have it in more than one way. They will have it in sustaining and increasing the reputation of our schools, and thus lessening the unfair influence of Board-Schools in carrying off our children. The individual care and personal interest bestowed by good teachers on the children has a powerful present effect in leading them to love the school, and their parents to value it. Thus many will be kept from leaving our schools, and others, after going elsewhere, will return to them. But the greatest effect will be that it will come to be recognized that our schools turn out the sort of article which is felt to be wanted—scholars that are not merely well instructed, ready, and intelligent on the subjects of an elementary education, but, above all, softened and refined, upright and truthful, reliable and trustworthy, and with thought for the feelings and care for the wants of others.

Is not, then, our truest wisdom, as well as our plainest duty, to strive to abate an excessive eagerness to gain high distinction and large grants for success in examinations, and to turn our chief attention to what even the world is coming to see to be needful, and what is especially important to our interests and position?

There are not wanting prophets who foretell that it is of little use to lay out plans for our schools, as Denominational Schools are doomed. We will not discuss the question. Perhaps it is so. But at present they exist. If our time is short, it is of all the more consequence that we should make the very best use of it with the children who are still in our hands, to give them a good religious education and careful training, that when they go forth they may feel that they owe something to the Catholic School which they could not have got from Board-School educa-

tion. If, indeed, it is so, that we are only waiting to be eaten up, till public opinion is "ripe" enough, as one of the Ministry expressed it, to make an end of us; yet, even so, what better chance have we but to hinder the ripening of public opinion in this direction by convincing it of the practical value of our schools, in managing our own people and in contributing useful members to society? It might come to be inclined to prolong their existence, as the Turks keep the Armenians in Constantinople, not because they love them, but because they find it useful to have some reliable people to whom they can entrust their property. It is not quite so certain that public opinion will be mellow enough for some time to be prepared to break the implied compact of the Education Act with the Denominational Schools. If the extinction can be brought about insensibly and painlessly, well; but if the patient should kick and raise a dust throughout the country, a good British feeling, of liking fair play, might be raised at an inconvenient moment; or the stimulus given to the patient by the attempt to extinguish him might awaken a lurking tenderness for religion which has still, we are inclined to believe, a nest in old John Bull's heart. He is not an over-pious fellow, and he knows it, but he has some sort of feeling that he ought to be, and he has a real respect for religious people, provided he has no suspicion that they are hypocrites or humbugs. If he is afraid that he is somewhat of an old heathen himself, yet he is not at all desirous of his belongings coming out in that line. So if it came to a stand-up fight between Denominational Education and French Secularism, we do not feel sure that he would not, at the last push, express a feeling of not altogether liking the look of the foreign importation, and that he does not see why he can't do without it, and go on in the old way.

If, indeed, public opinion does get so "ripe" that society ferments and rots, and one section of it, giving up the principle of liberty, turns on the others to oppress and extinguish it, that will be indeed an evil day for our country. For England has prospered, and excited the envy and admiration of other countries, chiefly because there is more of true freedom and less of interference with men's ways and convictions than elsewhere. To upset this is to spoil that which is our pride; and to turn against religious convictions, and strive to root them out, will prove an evil and a bitter thing. Yet what does this mean for the Church but that it is to return once more to times of persecution? And as persecution has in our own days purified religion in other countries, and given it a life and vigour it had not before, so perhaps it may turn out that this is what is needed amongst ourselves.

## ART. VIII.—BEGINNINGS.

SCENE.—*The Garden of a Hydropathic Establishment at Malvern.* TIME—*September.*

ALBAN. ROMANUS.

ALBAN. You are a Roman Catholic priest. I always like to talk to you priests, because you have something definite to stick to. Our parsons will argue with you; but when you get to the end of it, you cannot find out what they believe themselves.

ROMANUS. It seems to me a very strange thing that you, who openly profess that you believe in nothing at all, should be so fond of discussing matters of faith and of religion.

ALBAN. I suppose I am a little nervous—[*smiling.*] A man past middle age, sent home invalided from India, and ordered to Malvern for general repairs, is apt to find himself thinking about two or three things that he thought very little about in his younger days. We men of the nineteenth century find our English law and security, and our English habits and culture very sufficient as long as our tissues are healthy, our nerves in good order, the action of our hearts vigorous, and our lives fairly provided with excitement and danger. The truth is, very few of us, when we are young, stop to think at all. We use our minds to master useful arts, to beat our competitors and to succeed in life. But we don't think. The moment a man begins to think, he seems to want a religion of some kind. When life moderates in pace, and when pain, like a dark familiar first comes to be our daily companion—when nerve and muscle refuse to answer as they once did, and ominous warnings begin to spoil our pleasures, then, explain it as you may, there comes a lifting of a curtain, and we seem to see what we had never seen before. I don't really think we are frightened, most of us. But, as sensible men, and, I hope, men who are not bad at heart, it strikes us—at least it strikes *me*—that questions as to what a man really is, as to his future, his duty, and above all, his Maker (if he has a Maker) are worth thinking about. And, what is more to the point, my experience is that they *demand* to be thought about.

ROMANUS. Why demand?

ALBAN. Because, say what we will, these questions surround us as palpably as the hills tower above us or the Severn winds in the plain below. Books are full of them; history is full of them; our own lives are full of them. Belief or conviction, has

moulded history and inspired wide generations; nay, it affects probably all the men and women we know, and it has left indelible traces on our own hearts from the training of our childhood. The moment one begins to think, a great fact like this is sure to arrest one's deepest attention. It is like waking up and finding ourselves for the first time in the presence of the sea. But there is something else; something which, I confess, disturbs me far more. I seem to have interior *convictions* on some of these great questions.

ROMANUS. You cannot help believing there is a God and a future state?

ALBAN. I do not believe at all. And, perhaps, I am wrong to use the word "conviction." For I do not in the least accept or hold what my interior prompting seems to urge upon me. What I mean is simply this. I am not importuned (by my mental monitor) to believe in a future state or in an immortal spirit. It seems to me that whatever logic or philosophy may or may not prove about this, I have no imperative need to believe that my soul, or myself, will live for ever. Why should not a man fall asleep and never wake, as he falls asleep every twenty-four hours and wakes again? But the more I commune with myself, the more I seem to see the fitness of a *Supreme Being*. First of all, it seems fitting that some one should look after the cause of order in this universe. The evolution theory, I grant, explains things without the necessity of an original design, or of any design or purpose in nature or in man. But, besides that the evolution hypothesis, as stated by Darwin and Spencer, is evidently incomplete, my mind—and, I suppose, the minds of my generation—do not naturally take to it. Waste in Nature is against my reason, or my instinct; and the huge periods and infinitesimal progress of evolution to me mean waste, especially if I consider the intellect of man, and see how little the slow evolution of Nature seems to profit the noblest kinds of thought and aspiration. Then, again, we all have ideas of right and wrong, and the ideas of all of us, on the whole, coincide. I cannot help thinking, or feeling, that what is universally held to be right ought to have the best of it in this universal system of Nature. But, notoriously, right is not victorious. Even if you take the whole of the immense term of years during which things have been evolving, the right never has been uppermost, and there is no sign of it now, and no sign of its coming about in the future. Therefore, I believe in a force of Nature which answers to my conception of Nature. I am urged to accept a power (in Nature or out of Nature I do not know, but, at any rate, a Supreme Power) which should rectify all this, and put right above mere force. And if every man, when he dies, comes

into the realm where this Supreme Power acts, I am still better satisfied. Suffering, poverty, misery, and cruelty cannot be natural, in the full and final sense of that word. But if there is no Rectifier, there seems to be no chance of these things ceasing, and no chance of any human life being, on the whole, at once worthy and happy. There is a third reason or instinct which pushes me in the same direction. I feel that my heart or my being wants a final and supreme friend. My own experience—which I take to be that of my race and generation—is, that nothing is worth having or living for except some kind of love. Love as a mere fierce passion is soon over with most men. But love as a calm continuous aspiration—love of wife, of children, of friends—and the imperative need of it, grows more intense as one grows older. I am not denying that most of us are more or less selfish. But this illustrates what I mean. The preservation, the well-being of this atom of consciousness which I call myself, is my first and my anxious concern. Let me admit that. But I feel I am helpless. I cannot be comfortable, I cannot even keep alive without some one's help. The forces of Nature sweep on, regardless of me, and I must simply conform to them or keep out of their way. I have, therefore, a natural tendency to cling to those who can help me, and a strong instinct which demands kindness, care, and friendliness. It is surely impossible, I feel, that I am made merely to perish, and to perish, perhaps, by some stupid mistake or preventible accident. Some one must care for me. I cannot be abandoned. Now, if there is one thing more certain than another it is that nothing visible above the horizon of Nature will stand by me in my sorest need. I mean that, when the decay and the break-up which is called death comes, nothing on earth can prevent my dying. My money, which epitomizes all force and safe-guarding, my dearest relations, my most trusty friends, can accompany me as far as the door of the tent where Death waits for me, but the hour comes when I disappear within it, and they must remain outside. Have I a friend on the other side of that threshold? Have I still some one who loves me and cares for me, and will take my part? I want to think I have.

ROMANUS. Nothing could be better put. Your own reason has led you to believe in God.

ALBAN. I repeat to you, I do *not* believe. What I have been giving you is not reasoning at all. There is not a shred of argument in it. I say I *feel* these things; *want* to believe them. But that is no more valid proof that they are realities than my longing for £10,000 a year is a proof that I possess £10,000 a year.

ROMANUS. This is a question which deserves discussion. I

believe you have got your thoughts into a knot, and I should be glad to help you to disentangle them. I have listened with much interest to what you have been saying, and you will allow me to make a summary of it in my own way. You find, first of all, that you are urged by some mental force to believe that the human spirit is a thing in many respects different from the rest of Nature; so different, so much apart from all other things you know of, that it seems impossible but to think that the rest of Nature has been intended to exist for the sake of man. You find that the theory of evolution, taken without qualification, is a theory of waste and a theory of blind force; and waste and irrational force your mind refuses to accept as the ultimate explanation of things, because it experiences that even itself (your mind) works to an intended purpose, and with as little waste as possible. So much for Nature. Secondly as regards evil. You think that pain and evil cannot prevail in the ultimate issue. Your mind and heart require a judge or rectifier. And, finally, you find that the human heart, whose very life and well-being it is to love and be loved (in some wide sense), which has the most sensitive instinct of self-preservation and dreads destruction, must have a supreme and final friend.

ALBAN. You express my meaning fairly enough. But let me say again, very emphatically, that these "views" are mere feelings or instincts, and not in any sense belief, much less a conviction of the intellect.

ROMANUS. You use words which require some defining process before we shall know what we are talking about. There are four noticeable terms in what you have just said: you speak of feelings, instincts, belief, and intellectual conviction. First, as to feeling. In my opinion, the word "feeling" ought to be reserved to that class of perceptions in which the organs of the body or brain have a share. The feeling of fear, for instance, is a well-known example of a perception which is chiefly corporeal, seated in the nerves, and often independent of conviction—nay, frequently dead against all reason. Now, these "views" of yours are grounded upon reasoning—at least, to some extent. You say, "That which is blind, or penal, cannot be ultimate; there must be a means of avoiding ultimate destruction. Therefore, there must be a Rectifier, a Designer, an ultimate Friend." This is a rough syllogism. And the first premiss, or universal, on which it depends, is certainly not a perception of our nerves, but of that sovereign human reason which can abstract and universalize. Therefore, I would not call your "views" feelings. Neither would I call them instincts; because an instinct is a blind impulse operating without reflex knowledge. Thus, the bird builds its nest without knowing why, and without knowing

that it knows at all. And although it is true that certain extremely rapid decisions which our reason takes are called instincts—as, for instance, when we speak of national instincts or of Catholic instincts—still these are really rational *habits*, formed by repeated acts of reason, reinforced by the discipline of our imagination. Now, the judgment on which you ground your “views” are certainly conscious and reflex, and, on the other hand, they are not the effect of habit, but are primary.

ALBAN. More the effect of habit than we think, perhaps. We imbibe these notions with our mother’s milk. Perhaps we should never have had them unless we had been children in a Christian family.

ROMANUS. You are wrong. We imbibe in our Christian education not principles but details. We learn that there is a God, and that He is good and just. We are never told why there *must* be a God. We learn that sin will be punished; we are never told why sin exists at all. We learn that we shall live for ever in happiness or in misery; we are never taught the ultimate proof of the soul’s immortality. And, if you observe, these “views” of yours are not the lazy, half-conscious result of your catechetical impressions; they are the deliberations of a man who has long thrown off the Christian teaching of his youth, who distrusts and repels it, and who is now simply analyzing that mind which exists as an undoubted fact, and whose analysis ought to yield undoubted fact.

ALBAN. You would maintain, then, that these “views” of mine are given in the very constitution of my mind, and are not the outcome of experience or of teaching?

ROMANUS. At any rate, let us not call them, except in a wide and improper sense, instincts. Neither are they faith. To a Catholic, faith means acceptance on the authority of another person. In modern English speech faith or belief often means an inclination, chiefly emotional, to accept a view or a position without examination. Taking faith in this latter sense, your “views” might perhaps come under it, except for this reason. Your “views” are, to a certain extent, against your will. You *want* to believe it is true, but you will not, and your “wanting” is in spite of your “willing.” Now, this duality is very significant. It is not here a question of the flesh lusting against the spirit, of the lower appetite contending against the rational will. You “will not” believe; that is certainly your rational or intellectual will; you “want” to believe; what power is this? What hidden source or spring is this, the water of which comes pressing upwards through the sand in spite of your putting your foot upon it? Observe, it is an “intellectual” want; it is distinctly grounded on intellectual perceptions, and supported by

them; it is no mere emotion to which you cannot give rational shape; much less is a mere craving of the sense. It is apparently something more radical than conscious and reflex "willing"; but it is assuredly bred in the same spiritual region and belongs to no lower sphere. Now it is obviously inconvenient to call this perception or these "views" by the name of faith; though I am aware that some modern (non-Catholic) writers do so. But when they do, it is a sign to me that they are nigh to giving up all attempt to set faith upon any rational basis. Their position, generally, is that "belief" in God and immortality is a blind instinct which will not admit of analysis.

ALBAN. But surely you are not going to tell me that my "views" are solid intellectual *convictions*, capable of demonstration like the truths of science?

ROMANUS. I am certainly going to affirm to you that your certainty of your views is very much greater than your certainty of anything in science. Certainty in science is of two kinds—the certainty of facts, and the certainty of laws. The certainty of an isolated fact is not "scientific" except as a foundation for science. The certainty of laws depends upon a mental intuition; that steel of a certain quality will sustain a certain tension, or that the transit of a planet across the sun will occur on a given day depends upon the assumption or the intuition that the forces of Nature are always uniform. How do I know that Nature is always uniform?

ALBAN. Experience, as they say, proves it.

ROMANUS. But it is obvious that there cannot be any experience of the "always," which is the essence of the matter.

ALBAN. I suppose we are so constituted that we accept experimental uniformity as a proof of absolute uniformity.

ROMANUS. I am far from saying we are not. A man who would not accept scientific law or believe in the uniformity of Nature would be beyond the pale of argument. There are persons who do not admit they exist, or who doubt whether they feel, or who are not sure whether they think. No one believes that these doubts really exist in any rational creature. But when people affirm that they doubt in these ways, there the matter must stop. No argument is any longer available against them. Your lever has no fulcrum.

ALBAN. I think I see what you are coming to. The intuitions on which the laws of science rest are not capable of exact demonstration; yet the man who does not accept them is irrational. So, you would say, is that man irrational who refuses to accept certain other intuitions in a different order.

ROMANUS. My object is something like that. Let me formulate the intuitions of which we are going to speak. 1. Final waste

and final aimlessness in the universe are impossible. 2. Pain and evil cannot finally prevail. 3. My being must be protected from final destruction. Now what we mean when we say that these "views" are intuitions of the human mind is that the human mind is so made that it cannot take any opposite "view." We do not deny that it may *say* the opposite; a given mind may say, "I think that waste and pain and evil and destruction, such as they have been from the beginning and are now, will be to the end." But what is maintained is that that mind is self-deceived, or does not understand the terms. A child or half-imbecile might say and think that a triangle was capable of having four angles; an uneducated person would not see that the two angles at the base of an equal sided triangle must be equal. So confusion, or prejudice, or obstinacy might persuade this or that mind that these "views" are not certain. But we hold, first, that the vast majority who think at all would take these "views;" secondly, that the more clearly you put them before uneducated people, the more they would pronounce them reasonable and cling to them; thirdly, that the opposites would meet with determined rejection from human consciousness. Waste, pain, injustice, evil and destruction are ideas perfectly agreed upon by the human race. Now every atom of this human race violently resists, intellectually at least, each and every one of these. "It is wrong." "It ought not to be." "I will not submit." "Right will be done some day." "Things are meant to come right." "God help me, for I am alone!" These judgments and aspirations are a transcript of human intelligence—just as the engraving transcribes the incised plate. They do not mean that there cannot be evil or pain or waste or destruction; but that these things cannot be final, but must give way to good, to well-being and to beneficent design.

ALBAN. I think I admit that these "views" are universal in human nature. But I can hardly admit they are intuitions of fact. Human nature says, "It ought not to be;" but human nature does not absolutely say, "It will not be."

ROMANUS. But in this case it is the same thing. When an announcement is made as to the future, or the invisible present, it must either be a prophecy which is scientifically the same as actual vision, or it must be a deduction from a law. The only way in which my mind can foresee is to consider its own laws.

ALBAN. But surely an aspiration is not the same as a law.

ROMANUS. We are back again! That every aspiration is the same as a law, I am very far from affirming. That certain primary "aspirations," or intellectually necessary convictions of the human mind, are the same as laws can, I think, be easily proved. Universal human nature has certain unalterable convictions and views; these views constitute its well-being; its well-being is essential to it; therefore, these convictions are essential.

ALBAN. Why is its well-being *essential* to it?

ROMANUS. Because on the lowest theory of formation or production, anything that exists is the outcome of necessary laws, and therefore its well-being is the same as its being, and although here and now it may be hurt or damaged by forces outside of it, yet on the whole it will be well, because it exists. My body is made to grow, digest, and walk, and on the whole it does so; my mind is so formed as to take certain views, and if these views are fallacies my mind does not exist at all; for the same forces which formed it, formed it with this peculiar constitution.

ALBAN. I confess you somewhat startle me. Can we be right in saying that the "views" of the mind are the same as the mind itself?

ROMANUS. I do not say so. I say that certain views are a *part* of the essential constitution of the mind.

ALBAN. But does not your argument prove that whenever we think anything to exist, it really exists?

ROMANUS. Not in the least—except in the very special case which we are discussing. When, under ordinary circumstances, the mind affirms the existence of anything outside itself, that affirmation or perception has to be carefully checked by other perceptions before we can be reasonably sure that we are affirming correctly. A man with one eye shut will not measure distance aright; an excited brain hears imaginary noises; diseased organs convey wrong impressions. And, in the sphere of intellect, many a process of reasoning is incomplete and fallacious, and many conclusions are therefore erroneous. But we are here dealing with a wholly different class of "views" from any of these. We are considering intuitions which the human race *cannot get rid of*; views which, the more we analyze and compare them, the faster they stand and the more clearly they come out. Intuitions of this kind are as essential to the mind in which they are found as radiation is essential to heat. The difficulty you have in accepting this point of the argument is that these "views" are at one and the same time psychological facts and processes or principles of perception. We justly mistrust mere perceptions, for perceptions may play tricks with us in some of the ways I have mentioned. But when a perception, or view, or intuition (call it what you will), is constant and permanent, independent of the environment of the individual, and only awaiting the presence of the objective world to flash out and be recognized, like some lighthouse flame over the troubled sea in the hazy night, then that perception is more than a perception; it is, or it immediately rests upon, a necessary fact or law of the human mind. It is of the essence of man's mind, whoever or whatever made his mind and himself.

ALBAN. I think I see that.

ROMANUS. Then I argue thus. The mind of man refuses to accept, cannot by its constitution accept, the view that evil or aimlessness or destruction will finally prevail. On the contrary it radiates, if I may use the word, luminous intuitions, which formulate the exact opposite. Now no man can go back upon, or get behind, primitive perceptions like these. He may imagine he does, or do so in words, as when a troublesome schoolboy insists that he cannot see that the shortest distance between two points is necessarily a straight line. But these laws or intuitions are as much a consequence of our mental make as the law on which depends the certainties of science. Now it is admitted that a man who refuses to accept scientific certainty is not to be argued with—is an intellectual outlaw. Then what else are we to say of him who refuses to accept the primary pronouncements of his intellect in a sphere, it is true, which is more removed from experience, but yet in a matter which is not one whit more incapable of exact verification than the scientific intuition? You act on the one; why not act on the other?

ALBAN. To act upon a view merely, is very poor in comparison with demonstrating it. You would make the views of faith merely a working hypothesis.

ROMANUS. By no means. Let us pass the word faith, which you here apply to views concerning man's primary views of his nature. There are two kinds of truths which cannot be demonstrated; those particular truths for which there are no premisses, and those primary truths which are themselves the first premisses of all. There must be premisses which are primary, and therefore indemonstrable, or else we could never begin to reason at all. The way to arrive at such truths as these is to *look*, not to argue. Logic will help you to clear away the rubbish, but when the rubbish is out of the way, you have only to use your eyes.

ALBAN. I must confess you have given some shape to my thoughts. It seems that I must either accept the intuitions of my being or sink into the condition of a sceptic. Now a sceptic is a character which, as a man of common-sense, I despise. If I am to doubt my own existence, or the existence of things outside of myself, all thought and all life are a mere comedy and a juggle; and of all things difficult to believe I find this the most difficult. But now, where are we in our discussion? You have driven me on—and yet, in one sense, I find myself less advanced than I was before. I began by saying that I felt the necessity of a Supreme Being; you have proved, perhaps, that I have necessary intuitions. I was urged to believe in a Supreme Rectifier and final Friend; you have given me nothing but abstractions, and I confess I do not think it worth my while to trouble myself about abstractions.

ROMANUS. Stop a little. We have not finished our argument. I am going on. We seem to have arrived at this point—that the human mind “radiates” the absolute law of design, of ultimate good and of final love. Now I am going to ask you where the human mind gets this constitution from?

ALBAN. I must presume that the mind has grown so—developed into that kind of nature. The gradual refinement of primitive motion has resulted first in the sensitive power and then in the intelligent.

ROMANUS. I will not stay to discuss that answer, from which I utterly disagree. But I will ask you to look your own intuitions in the face and say whether it is possible that these notions of necessary law can have come from anything lower than the mind itself. Surely no transformation of motion can result in the judgment that evil cannot finally prevail. You might as well say that a week can be divided into acres, or the land into propositions, as say that physical motion can result in the abstract or the universal. The very primitive operation of intellectual knowledge—the affirmation or negation of a predicate—the judgment that grass is green, or that snow is not black—meant the power to see as distinct two things which are never separate in Nature, I mean a subject and its quality; and this is to universalize—to abstract from conditions; and molecular motion can never be more than a condition of an individual thing.

ALBAN. I think it does seem unreasonable not to distinguish between strictly mental operations and mere motion or even feeling. I suppose we must say that the mind itself is the source of its intuitions?

ROMANUS. To my judgment, not that either. But observe, first, that the moment you give up the complete evolution theory with regard to man’s mental constitution, you have to look for another origin for it. Now the mind cannot be self-existent; no one holds that; not the evolutionist, because he holds it was evolved from matter; not the Christian, because he holds special creation. But we may waive the question of its self-existence, for a reason which will appear presently. The mind, then, is luminous with intuitions which, implicitly at least, accompany its very birth. But what is the mind? An individual consciousness. Of such individuals there are, have been, will be, millions. They are all quite distinct; they are not conscious of one another, they formulate opposite acts of will, take very different views, and move in very different lines and planes. Yet in one thing they are alike—in their all being luminous with the same light. If I see a radiance on the sails of the passing ships I turn to look for the rising or the setting sun. Therefore, I argue the existence of a universal source of intellectual light.

ALBAN. But why not argue, also, to a universal source of hardness or colour?

ROMANUS. So I would, but with a difference; the source of physical constitutions cannot be physical. Besides, blind essences necessarily follow the law of their birth; intelligences, speaking broadly, necessarily differ from one another wherever they are not constrained by a law higher than their own will, which law cannot have come wholly from their own sources, because their own sources are just what has given them the power to differ—that is, reason and the rational will. But really we may leave that difficulty, for I could travel by that road, some day, almost as well as by my own. What I say is, that universally existent intuitions argue a common source.

ALBAN. Well. Still a “source!” I want a person.

ROMANUS. But do you not see? An intellectual radiance means an intellect; an intellect means a person. Therefore, there exists a person in whom primarily are found the intuitions which your mind radiates.

ALBAN (*reflecting*). This seems better; this seems more comforting. Then, when I have the intuition of necessary law, I have the intuition of a necessary mind?

ROMANUS. I would not say so. Radiance is not the radiant thing. But the truth is, analogies fail us here, from the highly spiritual nature of the subject. Let me take you a step further, and you will see why I say so. If the source of intellectual light be a Person, He must be self-existent, or we should go on *ad infinitum*. If He is self-existent, then He is all that existence can be; in other words, the Infinite.

ALBAN. Then my interior promptings have been right, after all, and I have been very near to my God. Then it is this voice or illumination which gives me these thoughts, which, when followed out, end in Him. May I say that I *see God*?

ROMANUS. No; because, as God is the Infinite, whatever likeness of Himself exists in a created or limited Nature must be created and limited in its substance, though it may be practically infinite (or indefinite) in the limitless views or aspirations of which it is the source.

ALBAN. But I may believe in my Rectifier, and my ultimate Friend?

ROMANUS. Assuredly you may. To deduce the attributes of God from what we have already laid down would be very easy. Given the personal Infinite, and no man need despair, or doubt, or fear; because we are in His hands; and if love, fatherhood, and friendship, if beauty, truth, and goodness mean anything to our minds, they must mean at least as much in His, though we shall never know how much more.

## LETTER OF POPE LEO XIII. ON HISTORICAL STUDIES.

*Dilectis Filiis Nostris S. R. E. Cardinalibus Antonino de Luca, Vice Cancellario S. R. E., Joanni Baptistæ Pitra, Bibliothecario S. R. E., Josepho Hergenröther Tabulariis Vaticanis Præfecto*

LEO PAPA XIII.

DILECTI FILII NOSTRI, SALUTEM ET APOSTOLICAM BENEDICTIONEM.

**S**ÆPENUMERO considerantes, quibus potissimum artibus confidunt qui Ecclesiam et Pontificatum romanum in suspensionem invidiamque adducere nituntur, satis cognoveramus, ipsorum conatus multa cum vi et calliditate in historiam christiani nominis esse conversos, maximeque in eam partem, quæ res gestas complectitur Pontificum romanorum cum ipsis italicis rebus colligatas atque connexas. Quod cum nonnulli Episcopi nostrates idem animadvertissent, commoveri se dixerunt non minus cogitatione malorum, quæ inde consecuta sunt, quam futurorum metu. Etenim injuste simul et periculose faciunt qui plus odio romani Pontificatus quam rerum veritati tribuunt, illuc non obscure spectantes, ut superiorum temporum memoriam mendaci colore fucatam novis in Italia rebus servire cogant. Quoniam igitur Nostrum est non solum jura Ecclesiæ cetera, sed ipsam ejus dignitatem et Apostolicæ Sedis decus ab injuria vindicare, cum velimus ut vincat aliquando veritas, et itali homines agnoscant unde sibi vis beneficiorum maxima et antea percepta et in posterum speranda sit, decrevimus de re tanti momenti vobis, dilecti filii Nostri, consilia Nostra impertire, eaque sapientiæ vestræ ad perficiendum committere.

Incorrupta rerum gestarum monumenta, siqui tranquillum et præiudicatæ opinionis expertem intendat animum, per se ipsa Ecclesiam et Pontificatum sponte magnificeque defendunt. Licet enim in iis institutorum christianorum germanam naturam magnitudinemque intueri: inter fortia certamina inclitasque victorias divina vis Ecclesiæ virtusque cernitur, et manifesta factorum fide eminent et apparent collata a Pontificibus maximis beneficia in universas gentes magna, sed in eas majora, quarum in sinu Sedem Apostolicam providentia Dei collocavit. Quamobrem qui Pontificatum ipsum conati sunt omni qua possent ratione et contentione lacessere, consentaneum iis erat haudquaquam parcere testi tantarum rerum historiæ. Reapse integritatem eius attentare adorti sunt, idque arte et pervicacia tanta, ut arma illa ipsa, quæ essent ad propulsandas injurias optime comparata, ad inferendas detorserint.

Istud lacessendi genus tribus ante sæculis usurpavere præ ceteris Centuriatores Magdeburgenses: qui scilicet, cum auctores fautoresque opinionum novarum ad expugnanda doctrinæ catholicæ præsidia minime valuissent, ipsi, nova velut acie, in concertationes historicas

Ecclesiam compulerunt. Centuriatorum exemplum omnes fere scholæ, quæ a doctrina veteri defecissent, renovarunt: idemque, quod est longe miserius, nonnulli persecuti sunt religione catholici, natione itali. Illo igitur, quo diximus, proposito pervestigata sunt vel minima antiquitatis vestigia: singuli prope tabulariorum tentati recessus: evocatæ in lucem fabulæ fuitiles: commenta, refutata centies, centies iterata. Circumcisis sæpe vel coniectis astute in umbras iis quæ sunt tamquam rerum lineamenta majora, præterlabi reticendo libuit gloriose facta et merita memorabilia, intentis acriter animis ad consecretandum exaggerandumque si quid esset temere, si quid minus recte gestum: cujus quidem generis cavere singula plus difficultatis habet, quam quod hominum natura patiatur. Immo etiam licere visum est incerta vitæ domesticæ arcana scrutari sagacitate improba, arreptis inde in medioque positis quæ pronæ ad obtrectationem multitudini spectaculo simul et ludibrio facilius fore viderentur. Ex Pontificibus maximis vel ii, quorum virtus excelluit, sæpe notati vituperatique perinde ac cupidi, superbi, imperiosi: quibus rerum gestarum gloria invideri non potuit, eorum reprehensa sunt consilia: illaque audita millies insana vox, de ingeniorum cursu, de humanitate gentium male Ecclesiam meruisse. Nominatim vero in civilem romanorum Pontificum principatum, libertati majestatique eorum tuendæ non sine divino consilio institutum, eundemque et jure optimo partum et innumerabilibus benefactis memorabilem, acerrima male dictorum falsorumque criminum tela coniecta.

Iisdem vero machinationibus et hodie datur opera, ut, si unquam alias, certe hoc tempore illud vere dici possit, artem historicam conjurationem hominum videri adversus veritatem. Et sane, renovatis vulgo prioribus illis insimulationibus, serpere audacter mendacium videmus per laboriosa volumina et exiles libros, per diariorum volitantes paginas et apparatus theatrorum illecebras. Ipsam rerum antiquarum recordationem nimis multi adjutricem ad injurias volunt. Recens illud in Sicilia specimen, quod cruentæ cuiusdam memoriæ occasionem nacti, multa invecti sunt in decessorum Nostrorum nomen, mansuris etiam consignata monumentis agresti immanitate dictorum. Idemque paullo post apparuit cum honores publice tributi sunt homini Brixienti, quem seditiosum ingenium et infensus Apostolicæ Sedi animus insignem posteris reddidere. Tunc enim aggressi iterum sunt incitare populares iras, itemque Pontificibus maximis ardentes contumeliarum admoveere faces. Siqua vero commemoranda fuerunt omnino Ecclesiæ perhonorifica, in quibus omnes calumniarum aculeos manifesta lux veritatis obtunderet, extenuando tamen dissimulandoque data est opera, ut pars laudis meritique quam minima posset ad Pontifices redire putaretur.

Illud vero gravius est, hanc similitudinem tractandi historiam ipsas in scholas invasisse. Persæpe enim pueris commentarii ad ediscendum proponuntur aspersi fallaciis: quibus illi assuefacti, præsertim si accesserit doctorum aut perversitas aut levitas, facile imbibunt venerandæ antiquitatis fastidium, rerumque et personarum sanctissimarum inverecundam contemptionem. Primordia litterarum super-

gressi, non raro in discrimen adducuntur etiam majus. Nam in majorum disciplinarum meditationibus ab eventuum narratione ad rerum proceditur causas: a causis vero exædificatio legum petitur ad judicia temere ficta, quæ sæpius cum doctrina divinitus tradita aperte dissentiunt, et quorum ea omnis est ratio, dissimulare ac tegere quid et quantum instituta christiana in rerum humanarum cursu eventorumque consequentia ad salutem potuerint. Idque a plerisque suscipitur nihil laborantibus quam sibi parum ipsi cohæreant, quam loquantur pugnantia, quot quantisque tenebris eam, quæ philosophia historiæ dicitur, involvant. Ad summam, ne agamus de singulis, omnem historiæ tradendæ rationem eo convertunt, ut suspectam faciant Ecclesiam, invisos Pontifices, et illud maxime persuadeant multitudini, civile romanorum Pontificum imperium incolumitati et magnitudini rerum italicarum obesse.

Atque nihil dici potest, quod a veritate magis abhorreat, ut permixtum videri debeat, accusationes hujusmodi, quæ tot testimoniis tanta vi redarguuntur, verisimiles videri multis potuisse. Profecto sempiternæ posterorum memoriæ historia commendavit summa Pontificatus romani in Europam merita ac nominatim in Italiam; quæ ab Apostolica Sede commoda et utilitates, ut erat proclive factu, una ex omnibus accepit plurimas. In quibus illud primo loco commemorandum, potuisse Italos in iis, quæ religionem spectant, intactam a dissidiis retinere concordiam: permagnum sane populis bonum, quo qui potiuntur, ii præsidio ad prosperitatem publicam et domesticam firmissimo potiuntur. Et ut singulare quiddam attingamus, nemo unus ignorat, post afflictas Romanorum opes formidolosis incursionibus barbarorum fortissime ex omnibus restitisse Pontifices romanos; eorumque consilio et constantia effectum esse nec semel, ut, represso furore hostium, solum italicum a cæde et incendiis, Urbs Roma ab interitu vindicaretur. Et qua tempestate Imperatores Orientis curas cogitationesque omnes alio derivant, in tanta solitudine et inopia nusquam rerum suarum tutelam nisi in romanis Pontificibus Italia reperit. Quorum in illis calamitatibus spectata caritas plurimum valuit, aliis accedentibus causis, ad initia civilis ipsorum principatus. Cuius quidem laus est, conjunctum semper cum summa utilitate communi fuisse: quod enim licuit Apostolicæ Sedi omne rectum studium humanitatemque provehere, et ad civiles rationes virtutis suæ porrigere efficacitatem, et res, quæ habentur in civitate maximæ, conjunctim complecti, certe huic causæ non exigua gratia debetur, quod civilis principatus libertatem opportunitatesque præbuit tantis peragendis rebus necessarias. Quin etiam cum decessores Nostros impulerit conscientia officii ut jura imperii sui ab hostium cupiditate defenderent, hoc ipso pluries externarum gentium dominatum magna Italiæ parte prohibuerunt. Simile quidquam recentiore est etiam perspectum memoria, quo tempore maximi imperatoris victricibus armis Apostolica Sedes non cessit, et ut sibi omnia principatus jura redderentur, a fœderatis regibus impetravit. Neque minus illa italici hominibus salutaria, quod sæpenumero Pontifices romani voluntati principum non justæ libere repugnarint: et quod, Europæ viribus

fœdere icto consociatis, Turcarum, per iterata vulnera imminantium, immanissimos impetus insigni fortitudine sustinuerint. Duo prælia maxima, deletis italici iisdemque catholici nominis hostibus, alterum in agro Mediolanensi, alterum ad Echinadas insulas, opera auspiciisque Apostolicæ Sedis et suscepta et pugnata sunt. Expeditiones Palæstinenses, auctoribus Pontificibus initas, vis est et gloria navalis Italorum consecuta: item leges, vitam, constantiam res publicæ populares a sapientia Pontificum mutuatae sunt. Ad laudem Apostolicæ Sedis magnam partem pertinet quæsitum italico nomini ingenius studiis atque artibus decus. Facile interitura Romanorum Græcorumque litteræ erant, nisi reliquias tantorum operum Pontifices et Clerici velut ex naufragio collegissent. In Urbe vero actæ perfectæque res altius loquuntur: veterum monumenta ingenti sumptu adservata: nova condita et summorum artificum operibus exculta: musea et bibliothecæ constitutæ: scholæ instituendis adolescentibus apertæ: Licea magna præclare fundata: quibus de caussis ad hanc laudem Roma pervenit, ut communi hominum opinione mater optimarum artium habeatur.

Ex his aliisque multis cum tantum lumen eluceat, nemo non videt, infestum italico nomini prædicare aut Pontificatum per se, aut civilem Pontificum principatum, idem plane esse ac de rebus perspicuis et evidentibus velle mentiri. Flagitiosum consilium scienter fallere, et venenum malum historiâ facere: multoque magis in hominibus catholicis eisdemque in Italia natis reprehendendum, quos plus quam ceteros gratus animus deberet et religionis suæ honos et caritas patriæ non ad studium modo sed etiam ad patrocinium veritatis hortari. Cum vero ex ipsis Protestantibus satis multi acri ingenio et æquo iudicio opiniones non paucas exuerint, et compulsi veritatis viribus Pontificatum romanum commendare non dubitarint quod sit humanitatem utilitatesque permagnas in republica efficiens, indignum est quod multi ex nostratibus contra solent. Qui in historicis disciplinis adamant adventicia pleraque; et scriptores externos, ut quisque instituta catholica pejus vexat, ita sequuntur et probant maxime, fastidiendos rati summos ex nostris, qui cum historiam scriberent, caritatem patriæ ab obsequio et amore Apostolicæ Sedis diiungere noluerunt.

Interim tamen vix credibile est quam sit capitale malum historiæ famulatus servientis partium studiis et variis hominum cupiditatibus. Futura quippe est non magistra vitæ neque lux veritatis, qualem esse oportere veteres jure dixerunt, sed vitiorum assentatrix et ministra corruptelæ: idque præsertim hominibus adolescentibus, quorum et mentes opinionum implebit insaniâ, et animos ab honestate modestiaque deflectet. Percutit enim historia magnis illecebris præpropere ac fervida juvenum ingenia: oblatam antiquitatis effigiem et illas imagines virorum, quos velut ad vitam revocatos in conspectu narratio ponit, amplexantur cupide adolescentuli et altius in animo retinent ad diuturnitatem insculptas. Itaque hausto semel a teneris annis veneno, vix aut ne vix quidem ratio quæretur remedii. Neque enim illa est satis vera spes, futurum ut ætate sapiant rectius, dedis-

cendo quod ab initio didicerint : propterea quod ad historiam penitus et considerate pertractandam pauci sese dedunt : maturiore autem ætate, in consuetudine vitæ quotidianæ plus fortasse offendent confirmandis quam corrigendis erroribus loci.

Quamobrem permagni refert huic occurrere tam præsentī periculo, et omnino videre ne diutius in materiam ingentis publice privatimque mali ars historica, quæ tantum habet nobilitatis, traducatur. Viri probi, in hoc disciplinarum genere scienter versati, animum adjiciant oportet ad scribendam historiam hoc proposito et hac ratione, ut quid verum sincerumque sit appareat, et quæ congeruntur jam nimium diu in Pontifices romanos injuriosa crimina docte opportuneque diluantur. Jejune narrationi opponatur investigationis labor et mora : temeritati sententiarum prudentia judicii : opinionum levitati scita rerum selectio. Enitendum magnopere, ut omnia ementita et falsa, adeundis rerum fontibus, refutentur ; et illud in primis scribentium obversetur animo, *primam esse historiæ legem ne quid falsi dicere audeat : deinde ne quid veri non audeat ; ne qua suspicio gratiæ sit in scribendo, ne qua similitatis*. Est autem in scholarum usum confectio commentariorum necessaria, qui salva veritate et nullo adolescentium periculo ipsam artem historicam illustrare et augere queant. Cujus rei gratia, perfectis semel majore mole operibus ex fide monumentorum quæ habentur certiora, reliquum erit capita rerum ex illis operibus excerpere litterisque mandare dilucide et breviter ; caussa quidem minime difficilis, sed quæ non minimos habitura est usus, ideoque dignissima, in qua vel excellentium ingeniorum elaboret industria.

Non est autem hujusmodi palæstra intractata et nova : immo vero est summorum virorum non paucis impressa vestigiis. Siquidem rem historicam, sacris quam profanis rebus veterum judicio propiorem, studiose Ecclesia vel ab initio coluit. Per medias illas quæ in exordia christiani nominis incubuere cruentas procellas, complura acta et rerum monumenta incolumia conservata sunt. Itaque cum pacatiora tempora illuxissent, florere in Ecclesia studia historicorum cœpere : Oriensque et Occidens doctos labores in eo genere vidit Eusebii Pamphili, Theodoretī, Socratis, Sozomeni, aliorum. Et post imperii romani occasum, quod humanioribus artibus ceteris, id et historicæ usuvenit, ut nusquam nisi in monasteriis perfugium, nec fere alios, præter Clericos, cultores nancisceretur : ita plane ut, si sodales religiosi de scriptitandis annalibus minus cogitavissent, notitiam prope nullam ne rerum quidem civicarum longo temporis intervallo haberemus. Ex recentioribus vero commemorare duos illos satis est, quos nemo superavit, Baronium et Muratorium. Prior enim virtutem ingenii sui subtilitatemque judicii incredibili eruditione cumulavit : alter vero, quamvis in ejus scriptis *multa reperiantur censura digna*,\* tamen ad res vicesque italicas illustrandas tantam vim congestit monumentorum, ut nemo majorem. Iis vero plures annumerari facile

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\* Benedictus XIV., Epist. ad Supremum Hispaniæ Inquisitorum, 31 Julii, 1748.

possent et clari et magni, quos inter pergratum recordari Angelum Maium, amplissimi Ordinis vestri decus et ornamentum.

Artem ipsam historiæ philosophicam magnus Ecclesiæ doctor Augustinus princeps omnium excogitavit, perfecit. Ex posterioribus qui in hac parte quiddam sunt memoria dignum consecuti, Augustino ipso usi sunt magistro et duce, ad cujus commentata et scripta ingenium suum diligentissime excoluerunt. Qui contra a vestigiis tanti viri discessere, eos error multiplex a vero deflexit, quia cum in itinera flexusque civitatum intenderent animum, vera illa scientia caussarum, quibus res continentur humanæ, caruerunt.

Igitur si de disciplinis historicis optime omni memoria Ecclesia meruit, mereat et in præsens: præsertim quod ad hanc laudem ipsa ratione impellitur temporum. Etenim cum hostilia tela, uti diximus, potissimum ab historia peti soleant, oportet ut æquis armis congregiatur Ecclesia, et qua parte oppugnatur acrius, in ea sese ad refutandos impetus majore opere muniat.

Hoc consilio alias ediximus, ut tabularia Nostra præsto essent, quantum potest, religioni et bonis artibus provehendis: hodieque similiter decernimus, ut adornandis operibus historicis, quæ diximus, opportuna ex Bibliotheca Nostra Vaticana pateat supellex. Nihil dubitamus, dilecti filii Nostri, futurum ut vestri auctoritas officii vestrorumque opinio meritorum facile vobis adjungat viros doctos, in historia scribendique arte exercitatos, quibus recte possitis pro singulorum facultate suum cuique assignare opus, certis tamen legibus auctoritate Nostra sancientis. Quotquot vero studium operamque suam vobiscum in hanc caussam collaturi sunt, erecto bonoque animo esse jubemus, et singulari benevolentia Nostra confidere. Res quippe agitur digna studiis patrociniisque Nostro: in qua sane spem utilitatis plurimam collocamus. Nam firmis ad probandum argumentis cedat necesse est opinionis arbitrium: conatusque adversus veritatem diu susceptos ipsa tandem per se superabit et franget veritas, quæ obscurari aliquandiu potest, extingui non potest.

Atque utinam quamplurimi excitarentur veri investigandi cupiditate, et inde utilia ad recordationem documenta caperent. Clamat enim quodammodo omnis historia, Deum esse qui rerum mortalium varios perpetuosque motus providentissime regit, eosque vel invitis hominibus ad Ecclesiæ suæ incrementa transfert. Item e dimicationibus illataque vi Pontificatum romanum semper evasisse victorem: oppugnatores ejus, dejectos de spe, suam sibi perniciem comparavisse. Neque minus aperte historia testatur quid sit de Urbe Roma jam inde ab origine sua provisum divinitus: scilicet ut domicilium sedemque perpetuo præberet beati Petri successoribus, qui hinc tamquam e centro universam christianam rempublicam nullius obnoxii potestati gubernarent. Cui quidem divinæ providentiæ consilio nemo est repugnare ausus, quin serius ocius inania coepta senserit.

Hæc sunt, quæ tamquam in illustri posita monumento intueri licet, undeviginti sæculorum confirmata testimonio: nec absimilia censendum futura quæ reliquum afferet tempus. Nunc quidem prævalentes hominum sectæ, Deo et Ecclesiæ suæ inimicorum, omnia in Pontificem

romanum hostilia audent, compulso in ipsam ejus sedem bello. Quare hoc contendunt, debilitare vires sacramque potestatem romanorum Pontificum comminuere; immo Pontificatum ipsum, si fieri posset, extinguere. Quæ hic post expugnationem Urbis acta sunt, quæque etiamnum aguntur, nihil dubitare sinunt, quid in animo habuerint qui sese ad novas res architectos et duces præbuerunt. Ad hos accessere non eodem fortasse consilio plurimi, quos nimirum constituendæ augendæque reipublicæ studium cepit. Ita numerus crevit decertantium cum Apostolica Sede, et romanus Pontifex in eam misere conditionem dejectus, quam gentes catholicæ concorditer deflent. Illis tamen nihil sane melius incœpta succedent, quam ceteris ante eos eodem proposito, audacia pari. Ad Italos vero quod attinet, vehemens istud cum Apostolica Sede certamen, injuria et temere susceptum, caput est ingentium domi forisque damnorum. Ad alienandos multitudinis animos, adversari quidem Pontificatus dictus est rebus italicis; sed incriminationem iniquam ac stultam ea ipsa, quæ supra commemoravimus, satis convincunt. Idem vero, sicut antea omni memoria, ita in posterum non nisi prosperus et salutaris futurus est italicis gentibus: propterea quod hæc ejus est constans immutabilisque natura, bene mereri et prodesse in omnes partes. Quamobrem non est virorum rationibus publicis bene consulentium maximo isto beneficiorum fonte Italiam prohibere: nec dignum italibus hominibus causam suam cum iis communicare, qui nihil aliud quam Ecclesiæ perniciem meditantur. Simili modo nec expedit nec prudens consilium est cum ea potestate configere, cui perpetuitatis est sponsor Deus, historia testis: quam ut toto orbe catholici religiose verentur, ita eorum interest, esse omni ope defensam: quamque ipsam principes rerum publicarum et agnoscant et plurimi faciant necesse est, his præsertim tam trepidis temporibus, cum fundamenta ipsa, quibus hominum nititur societas, propemodum vacillare videantur. Omnes igitur, in quibus est vera patriæ caritas, si saperent et vera viderent, in eo maxime deberent studium curamque ponere, ut amoveantur funesti hujus dissidii causæ, et Ecclesiæ catholicæ tam æqua postulanti ac de juribus suis sollicitæ ea, qua par est, ratione satisfiat.

Ceterum nihil magis optamus, quam ut ea, quæ commemoravimus, sicut litterarum monumentis consignata sunt, ita animis hominum penitus adhærescant. Hanc ad rem vestrum erit, dilecti filii Nostri, quanto majorem potestis sollertiam industriamque conferre. Quo autem vester et eorum, qui vobis navabunt operam, magis fructuosus sit labor, cælestis patrocinii auspicem vobis illisque universis Apostolicam Benedictionem peramanter in Domino impertimus.

Datum Romæ apud S. Petrum die xviii Augusti, Anno 1883. Pontificatus Nostri Anno Sexto.

LEO PP. XIII.

## ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF POPE LEO XIII. ON THE ROSARY.

*Venerabilibus Fratribus Patriarchis Primatibus Archiepiscopis et  
Episcopis Universis Catholici orbis Gratiam et Communionem  
cum Apostolica sede Habentibus*

LEO PP. XIII.

VENERABILES FRATRES, SALUTEM ET APOSTOLICAM BENEDICTIONEM.

**S**UPREMI Apostolatus officio quo fungimur et longe difficili horum temporum conditione quotidie magis admonemur ac propemodum impellimur, ut quo graviores incidunt Ecclesiæ calamitates, eo impensius ejus tutelæ incolumitatisque consulamus. Quapropter, dum quantum in Nobis est, modis omnibus Ecclesiæ jura tueri, et quæ vel impendent vel circumstant pericula antevertere et propulsare conamur, assidue damus operam cælestibus auxiliis implorandis, quibus effici unice potest, ut labores curæque Nostræ optatum sint exitum habituræ. Hanc ad rem nihil validius potiusque judicamus, quam religione et pietate demereri magnam Dei Parentem MARIAM Virginem, quæ pacis nostræ apud Deum sequestra et cælestium administra gratiarum, in celsissimo potestatis est gloriæque fastigio in cælis collocata, ut hominibus ad sempiternam illam civitatem per tot labores et pericula contendentibus patrocinii sui subsidium impertiat. Itaque proximis jam anniversariis solemnibus, quibus plurima et maxima in populum christianum per Marialis *Rosarii* preces collata beneficia recoluntur, preces hasce ipsas singulari studio toto orbe catholico adhiberi Magnæ Virgini hoc anno volumus, quo, Ipsa conciliatrice, divinum Ejus Filium nostris placatum et mitigatum malis feliciter experiamur. Has igitur litteras ad Vos, Venerabiles Fratres, dandas censuimus, ut, cognitis consiliis Nostris, populorum pietas ad ea religiose perficienda vestra auctoritate studioque excitetur.

Præcipuum semper ac solemne catholicis hominibus fuit in trepidis rebus dubiisque temporibus ad Mariam confugere et in Materna Ejus bonitate conquiescere. Quo quidem ostenditur certissima non modo spes, sed plane fiducia, quam Ecclesia catholica semper habuit in Genetrice Dei jure repositam. Revera primævæ labis expers Virgo, adlecta Dei Mater, et hoc ipso servandi hominum generis consors facta, tanta apud Filium gratia et potestate valet, ut majorem nec humana nec angelica natura assecuta unquam sit, aut assequi possit. Cumque suave Ipsi ac jucundum apprime sit, singulos suam flagitantes opem juvare ac solari; dubitandum non est, quin Ecclesiæ universæ votis adnuere multo libentius velit ac propemodum gestiat.

Hæc autem tam magna et plena spei in augustam cælorum Reginam pietas luculentius emicuit, cum errorum vis late serpentium, vel exundans morum corruptio, vel potentium adversariorum impetus militantem Dei Ecclesiam in discrimen adducere visa sunt. Veteris et recentioris ævi historiæ, ac sanctiores Ecclesiæ fasti publicas priva-

tasque ad Deiparam obsecrationes et vota commemorant, ac vicissim præbita per Ipsam auxilia partamque divinitus tranquillitatem et pacem. Hinc insignes illi tituli, quibus Eam catholicæ gentes christianorum Auxiliatricem, Opiferam, Solatricem, bellorum Potentem, Victricem, Paciferam consalutarunt. Quos inter præcipue commemorandus sollemnis ille ex Rosario ductus, quo insignia Ipsius in universum christianum nomen beneficia ad perpetuitatem consecrata sunt. Nemo vestrum ignorat, Venerabiles Fratres, quantum laboris et luctus, sæculo duodecimo exeunte, sanctæ Dei Ecclesiæ intulerint Albigenes hæretici, qui recentiorum Manichæorum secta progeniti, australem Galliæ plagam atque alias latini orbis regiones perniciosus erroribus repleverant; armorumque terrorem circumferentes, late dominari per clades et ruinas moliebantur. Contra hujusmodi teterimos hostes virum sanctissimum, ut nostis, excitavit misericors Deus, inclitum scilicet Dominiciani Ordinis parentem et conditorem. Is integritate doctrinæ, virtutum exemplis, muneris apostolici perfunctione magnus, pugnare pro Ecclesia catholica excelso animo aggressus est, non vi, non armis, sed ea maxime precatione confisus, quam sacri Rosarii nomine ipse primus instituit, et per se, per suos alumnos longe lateque disseminavit. Dei enim instinctu ac numine sentiebat futurum, ut ejus precationis ope, tamquam validissimo instrumento bellico, victi hostes profligatique vesanam impietate audaciam ponere cogerentur. Quod reipsa evenisse compertum est. Etenim ea orandi ratione suscepta riteque celebrata ex institutione Dominici Patris, pietas, fides, concordia restitui, hæreticorum molitiones atque artes disjici passim cœpere; ad hæc, plurimi errantes ad sanitatem revocati, et catholicorum armis, quæ fuerant ad vim propulsandam sumpta, impiorum compressus furor.

Ejusdem precationis efficacia et vis mirabiliter etiam perspecta est sæculo decimo sexto, cum ingentes Turcarum copiæ Europæ prope universæ superstitionis et barbariæ jugum intentarent. Quo tempore sanctus Pius V. Pontifex Maximus, excitatis ad communium rerum tutelam principibus christianis, omni studio in primis egit ut potentissima Mater Dei, per Rosarii preces implorata, nomini christiano volens propitia succurreret. Nobilissimum sane spectaculum per eos dies cælo terræque exhibitum omnium in se mentes animosque convertit. Hinc enim Christi fideles non procul a Corinthiaco sinu vitam et sanguinem pro religionis patriæque incolumitate fundere parati, hostem interriti opperiebantur; illinc inermes pio supplicantium agmine, Mariam inclamabant, Mariam ex Rosarii formula iteratis vicibus consalutabant, ut certantibus adesset ad victoriam. Adstitit exorata Domina; nam commisso ad Echinadas insulas navali prælio, christianorum classis, sine magna suorum clade, fuis cæsisque hostibus, magnifice vicit. Quare idem sanctissimus Pontifex in accepti beneficii memoriam, anniversarium tanti certaminis diem honori Mariæ Victricis festum haberi voluit: quem Gregorius XIII. titulo Rosarii consecravit.

Simili modo, superiore sæculo, semel ad Temesvariam in Pannonia, semel ad Corcyram insulam nobilis est de Turcarum copiis victoria

reportata: idque sacris Magnæ Virgini diebus, precibusque pio Rosarii ritu ante persolutis. Quæ res Clementem XI. Decessorem Nostrium adduxit ut grati animi ergo, solemnem Deiparæ a Rosario honorem quotannis habendum tota Ecclesia decreverit.

Igitur cum sacra hæc precandi formula tantopere Virgini grata esse dignoscatur, eaque ad Ecclesiæ populique christiani defensionem et ad divina beneficia publice privatinque impetranda apprime conferat; mirum non est, eximiis eam præconiis alios quoque Decessores Nostros efferre atque augere studuisse. Sic Urbanus IV. *quotidie per Rosarium christiano populo bona provenire* testatus est. Sixtus IV. hunc orandi ritum *ad honorem Dei et Virginis, et ad imminetia mundi pericula propulsanda opportunum*; Leo X. *adversus hæresiarchas et gliscentes hæreses institutum*, et Julius III. *Romanæ Ecclesiæ decorem* dixerunt. Itemque de eo sanctus Pius V., *hoc, inquit, orandi modo evulgato, cepisse fideles iis meditationibus accensos, iis precibus inflammatos, in alios viros repente mutari, hæresum tenebras remitti, et lucem catholicæ fidei aperiri*. Demum Gregorius XIII. *Rosarium a beato Dominico ad iram placandam et Beatæ Virginis intercessionem implorandam fuisse institutum*.

Hac Nos cogitatione exemplisque Decessorum Nostrorum permoti, opportunum omnino consensus *solemnes* hoc tempore *supplicationes* ob eam causam institui, ut invocata per Rosarii preces Virgine augusta *parem necessitatibus opem* a Jesu Christo ejus Filio impetremus. Perspicitis, Venerabiles Fratres, Ecclesiæ labores dimicationesque diurnas et graves. Christianam pietatem, publicam morum honestatem, fidemque ipsam, quæ summum est bonum virtutumque ceterarum principium, majoribus quotidie periculis videmus oppositam. Item difficilem conditionem variosque angores Nostros non modo cognoscitis, sed facit caritas vestra ut quadam Nobiscum societate et communione sentiatis. Miserrimum autem est, ac longe luctuosissimum, tot animas Jesu Christi sanguine redemptas, quodam aberrantis sæculi veluti correptas turbine, præcipientes in pejus agi atque in interitum ruere sempiternum. Igitur divini necessitas auxilii haud sane est hodie minor, quam cum magnus Dominicus ad publica sananda vulnera Marialis Rosarii usum invexit. Ille vero cælesti pervidit lumine, ætatis suæ malis remedium nullum præsentius futurum, quam si homines ad Christum, qui *via veritas et vita* est, salutis per Eum nobis partæ crebra commentatione rediissent; et Virginem illam, cui datum est *cunctas hæreses interimere*, deprecatricem apud Deum adhibuissent. Idcirco sacri Rosarii formulam ita composuit, ut et salutis nostræ mysteria ordine recolerentur, et huic meditandi officio mysticum innecteretur sertum ex angelica salutatione contextum, interjecta oratione ad Deum et Patrem Domini Nostri Jesu Christi. Nos igitur haud absimili malo idem quærentes remedium, non dubitamus, quin eadem hæc a beatissimo viro tanto cum orbis catholici emolumento inducta precatio, momenti plurimum habitura sit ad levandas nostrorum quoque temporum calamitates.

Quamobrem non modo universos christianos enixe hortamur, ut vel publice vel privatim in sua quisque domo et familia pium hoc Rosarii

officium peragere studeant et non intermissa consuetudine usurpent, sed etiam INTEGRUM ANNI LABENTIS OCTOBREM MENSEM cælesti Reginæ a Rosario sacrum dicatumque esse volumus. Decernimus itaque et mandamus, ut in orbe catholico universo hoc item anno solemnia Deiparæ a Rosario peculiari religione et cultus splendore celebrentur; utque a prima die proximi octobris ad secundam subsequentis novembris, in omnibus ubique curialibus templis, et si Ordinarii locorum utile atque opportunum judicaverint, in aliis etiam templis sacrariisve honori Deiparæ dedicatis, *quinque saltem Rosarii decades, adjectis Litaniis Lauretanis religiose recitentur*: optamus autem ut ad has preces conveniente populo, eodem tempore vel sacrum ad altare fiat, vel Sacramento augusto ad adorandum proposito, sacrosancta deinceps hostia pius supplicantium cœtus rite lustretur. Magnopere probamus, sodalitates a Rosario Virginis solemnī pompa vicatim per urbes, accepta a maioribus consuetudine, publicæ religionis caussa procedere. Quibus autem in locis id injuria temporum forte non licet, quidquid publicæ religioni ex hac parte detractum est, frequentiore redimatur ad sacras aedes accursu; et diligentiore virtutum christianarum exercitatione fervor pietatis eluceat.

Eorum autem gratia, qui quæ supra jussimus facturi sunt, libet cælestes Ecclesiæ thesauros recludere, in quibus ipsi incitamenta simul et præmia pietatis inveniant. Omnibus igitur qui intra designatum temporis spatium, Rosarii cum Litaniis publicæ recitationi interfuerint, et ad mentem Nostram oraverint, septem annorum itemque septem quadragenarum apud Deum indulgentiam singulis vicibus obtinendam concedimus. Quo beneficio frui pariter posse volumus, quos supplicationibus publicis supra dictis legitima caussa prohibeat, hac tamen lege ut eidem sacræ exercitationi privatim operam dederint, itemque Deo ad mentem Nostram supplicaverint. Eos vero qui supra dicto tempore decies saltem, vel publice in sacris templis, vel justas ob causas privatis in domibus eadem peregerint et, expiatis rite animis, sacra de altari libaverint, piaculo omni et statis admissorum pœnis ad pontificalis indulgentiæ modum exsolvimus. Plenissimam hanc admissorum suorum veniam omnibus etiam elargimur, qui vel in ipsis beatæ Mariæ Virginis a Rosario solemnibus, vel quolibet ex octo consequentibus diebus, ablutis pariter salutari confessione animis, ad Christi mensam accesserint, et in aliqua æde sacra pro Ecclesiæ necessitatibus ad mentem Nostram Deo et Deiparæ rite supplicaverint.

Agite vero, Venerabiles Fratres, quantum Vobis curæ est et Mariæ honos et societatis humanæ salus, tantum studete populorum in Magnam Virginem alere pietatem, augere fiduciam. Divino quidem munere factum putamus, ut, vel turbulentissimis hisce Ecclesiæ temporibus, in maxima christiani populi parte stet ac vigeat antiqua in augustam Virginem religio et pietas. Nunc vero exhortationibus his Nostris excitatæ, vestrisque vocibus incensæ christianæ gentes vehementiore in dies animi ardore sese in Mariæ tutelam fidemque recipiant; et adamare magis ac magis insistant Marialis Rosarii consuetudinem, quam majores nostri non modo uti præsens in malis auxilium, sed etiam nobilis instar tesseræ christianæ pietatis habere consueverunt.

Obsecrationes concordēs ac supplices libens excipiet humani generis Patrona cælestis, illudque facile impetrabit, ut boni virtutis laude crescant; ut devii sese ad salutem colligant ac resipiscant; ut vindex scelerum Deus ad clementiam ac misericordiam conversus rem christianam remque publicam, amotis periculis, optatæ tranquillitati restituat.

Hac spe erecti, Deum ipsum, per Eam in qua totius boni posuit plenitudinem, summis animi Nostri votis enixe obsecramus, ut maxima quæque Vobis, Venerabiles Fratres, cælestium bonorum munera largiatur: in quorum auspiciū et pignus, Vobis ipsis et Clero vestro et populis cujusque vestrum curæ concredit, Apostolicam Benedictionem peramanter impertimus.

Datum Romæ apud S. Petrum die 1 Septembris, A. 1883. Pontificatus Nostri Anno Sexto.

LEO PP. XIII.

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## Science Notices.

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**Recent Progress in Electricity.**—Our neighbours *d'outre mer* have succeeded in scoring a success over us in the matter of an electrically moved tramcar. In Paris, but a few weeks ago, thirty English miles were run in about three hours by such a car. The motive power is stored up in some fifty hundredweight of secondary batteries connected with a Siemens' machine placed beneath the car of the tram. The gradients which proved so fatal to the success of the first English experiment of the same nature were taken with ease by the French machine. The average speed on such inclines as are to be found in Paris was about six miles an hour. On the level it was not difficult to make as much as ten miles an hour. It is a matter of no small importance to note that the appearance of such a strange moving machine had little or no disturbing effect upon the horses in the street. It has always been held that the apparition of self-moved carriages in our highways would throw every horse into a paroxysm of fright, and form an almost fatal objection to the introduction of such machines. It is well that the groundless nature of such alarms should be pointed out. Investors in Liverpool tram companies will take heart at these glad tidings, since the cost of an electric tram will certainly not average the half of that necessitated by the costly purchase and maintenance of horses. Our readers will observe how steadily the secondary battery is working its way in public estimation for economical and efficient work.

We cannot congratulate ourselves on the progress made by electric lighting amongst us. It is not gratifying to know that we are far behind in this matter; not only other European capitals, but that every brand new town in America outshines us. The companies lay the blame on the vestries, the vestries retort that the companies are trying to obtain possession of tyrannous monopolies. There can be no doubt that our companies have overweighted themselves by the purchase of patents. When once a company has been fairly started on its way, it cannot afford to be barred by some new process which threatens to run it off the lines. Such a process must be purchased at any price. Many of these patents have proved to be worthless, many have been superseded, and the shares of the companies are weighed down by unproductive capital. It is not pleasant to anticipate that there must be more desolation among electric lighting shares before any real advance can be made. Not before rights and patents have come to be a glut in the market, purchasable at nominal prices, can we hope to make any real progress in electric lighting.

**The Palestine Canal.**—It is a little surprising that the reli-

gious world has not lifted its voice and raised a serious protest against the proposed desecration of the Holy Land. There has been more than one scare before about this same project, but the company that is started to let the waters of the Mediterranean into the Jordan Valley are really in earnest now. It is high time that those to whom the ground whereon our Lord trod is holy, should not allow those places associated with his life upon earth to be destroyed to make profit for the British shareholder. The scheme in short is this. It has long been known that the Dead Sea is some 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean. Into this depression the whole valley of the Jordan slopes down from beyond the sea of Galilee. It is proposed to take advantage of this natural depression by connecting it by means of canals with the Mediterranean on the one hand, and with the Red Sea on the other, thus forming an alternative passage with the Suez Canal to India. This will give an inland sea of about 200 miles, varying in breadth from three to ten miles, and capable of floating vessels of the largest size. The canal from the Mediterranean will enter at the foot of Mount Carmel, and, leaving Nazareth on the left, will be continued through the plain of Esdrelon. The waters will then mingle with those of the river Jordan, and a disastrous flooding will at once ensue—Emmaus, Tiberias, Bethsaida, and Capharnaum will all be engulfed beneath the deluge, and Jerusalem become a seaport town. Three hundred square miles of land will be sacrificed, and the inhabitants are to be induced to submit to exile by the temptation of a large monetary compensation. The project is dazzling enough, and our engineers would put up with no restraint were there not, we are thankful to say, one very considerable difficulty in the way. From the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, the works would be only too easy, and the wholesale destruction of the Holy Places only too complete, but the tract of land between the Dead and Red Seas will prove an almost insurmountable obstacle. The country has never been explored, no European has ventured to cross it. It abounds with scorpions and Bedouins of the most intractable type. That it is a howling wilderness of sand, we know, but of the formation upon which the sand rests we are profoundly ignorant. Should it prove to be rock our speculators will hesitate before they think of boring 100 miles of such intractable material. Nor would it be absurd to assume that there will be rock. At the southern shore there is a low-lying ridge of red sandstone; there is also evidence of considerable volcanic disturbance in the whole neighbourhood. It is true that there is a considerable tract of marshy land at this southern border, but even upon porous rocks like the Red Sandstone bogs are frequent on account of the sand becoming cemented into a hard mass by means of oxide of iron, thus forming an impenetrable pan. The probabilities therefore of encountering rock are by no means small. There are few earnest Christians that do not fervently hope that such may be the case. It is hard to listen to the encomium that is lavished on this project, of its safety, its economy, its security. We have only one wish in its regard. It is that his Grace the Duke and the other noble promoters may be compelled ere

long to record their verdict of the affair in Burke's striking words, "*Opposuit natura.*"

**Thought Reading.**—There has been much speculation of late as to the genuineness of the claim put forward by Mr. Bishop to the possession of certain powers in the way of reading other people's thoughts. It would seem, however, that Mr. Bishop has hardly succeeded in convincing the public that he is not a very superior sort of conjuror. That persons have been known to be possessed of some such gifts seems to be well-established. A most remarkable case of the sort is given in a paper in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*. The case, unlike many another, was submitted to every conceivable test, but no failure was exhibited.

Mrs. Croad was totally blind, deaf, and speechless. In this state she developed most extraordinary powers which attracted the attention of her medical men. The sense of sight seemed to be transferred from her eyes to the tips of her fingers. Cards, photographs, and writings were presented to her, and all were deciphered by means of a rapid passage of the fingers over the object. More remarkable still was the power of appreciating and accurately describing the colours of the different pictures put before her. The most minute precautions were taken to prevent any trickery or delusion. Her eyes were carefully bandaged, the room darkened, and yet the finger tips seemed still to possess their mysterious power. Her perception of the most minute and apparently insignificant details was most startling. Seldom or never was she at fault.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the case was the manner in which the daughter, Miss Croad, conversed with her mother. It seemed to be only necessary for these two to join hands, and communications at once passed between the two. This seemed to be almost beyond belief, but one of the doctors in attendance, Dr. Davey, received in his own person a very startling proof of Mrs. Croad's mysterious powers. She asked him if he would object to her declaring a secret of his past life. The doctor consented. She thereupon wrote down upon a slate some private and personal convictions of the doctor's which could have been known to no other human being.

To us Catholics such phenomena are familiar enough in the Lives of the Saints. It is now our turn to smile and remark the discomfiture of those self-satisfied minds who have been contending for so many years that such powers are quite impossible since they are contrary to the laws of Nature.

**Magnetism and Conscience.**—While on the subject of these mysterious states, it may be well to draw attention to a very remarkable paper by Dr. Desplats, of the Catholic Faculty of Lille, published in the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*. The utterances of the Holy See on the question of the use of Magnetism have been very guarded. But all right-minded men have been extremely suspicious of mesmerism, and considered its practice fraught with danger. It has been felt that the absolute power which the operator obtains over the subject was liable to very serious abuse. Dr. Desplats maintains

that the influence of the magnetizer has been very greatly exaggerated. We must not think, he says, that the patient yields up his conscience as he does his sight, hearing, and the rest; on the contrary, he then resists with more energy than in the wakeful state. De Puységur says in his *Mémoires*: "The empire which is acquired over susceptible persons can be exercised only in those matters which concern their health and general welfare; or in those things that are innocent in themselves, as in walking, singing, and the rest; but there are certain limits at which this power ceases, and the magnetized know well these limits." He then cites the case of a patient whom he ordered to sign away a large sum of money. To his astonishment the subject absolutely refused. The doctor urged and impressed his commands, when the patient uttered these remarkable words: "You can only command me to a certain point; if you press me further, *I shall wake up.*"

Other authorities are invoked to prove that the somnambulists not only preserve their free will, but that their conscience is more delicate during sleep than in their wakeful moments, and that they judge their actions in a calmer and more disinterested manner.

These remarks will sound strange and suspicious to many of our readers. Be the matter as it may, Dr. Desplats will admit that a clever and villanous magnetizer might easily deceive his subject. But a very grave objection to practise Animal Magnetism still remains—that its too frequent application to a patient not only may result in serious injuries, but almost invariably leaves behind some organic mischief.

**The American Association of Science.**—Our cousins over the Atlantic are just rising from their labours as our own Association is settling down upon Southport. The characteristics and objects of the two Associations are very much alike. Brother Jonathan, if anything, is somewhat more practical in his scientific views, and is rather intolerant of the high and dry science that will not lend itself to some profitable invention. There was, however, one address that we could wish to be better known. It was that of Principal Dawson, no less known for his geological discoveries as for his fearless and loyal defence of Christian truths. Its title was "Some Unsolved Problems in Geology." Dr. Dawson drew attention to some of the formidable difficulties in the way of the new theories of the formation of the earth and the origin of life that science is apt to make too light of. While admitting the brilliancy and attractiveness of the Darwinian theory of evolution, he reminds us that, while the direct proofs of the theory are few, the gaps in the chain are very many indeed. The results of the *Challenger* expedition again have shown us that the great ocean beds have certain marked and permanent features which seriously threaten to upset all hitherto received geological theories of the formation of the earth. The recent views of ice action have been pushed to extremes little short of ridiculous, and the glacial epoch is as mysterious as ever.

*Scientia inflat* was said of old, and the saying was never more true of any generation than of our own. It is the intolerable air of superiority and self-sufficiency that cast such discredit upon modern

science, as if scientists could weigh everything in their balance, and as if there were few things in heaven and earth not dreamed of in their philosophy. It is only by carefully considering what a very insignificant portion of the world of Nature they have conquered, and what vast tracts yet remained sealed and unexplored, that we are enabled to see how hollow are the claims to confidence and belief that are put forward on behalf of modern science.

## Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals.

### FRENCH PERIODICALS.

*Le Muséon, Revue Internationale*, Tome II. Nos. 1, 2, 3.  
Louvain, 1883.

THE *Muséon* was started at the beginning of last year, under the direction of Professor C. de Harlez as an international scientific and literary review. Its next issue will complete its second year of existence, and one has now, therefore, sufficient ground for judging of its real excellence and recommending it accordingly. Each of its quarterly numbers of some hundred and sixty pages has been the medium for contributions from men of every variety of profession and nationality upon their special topics. Their names alone are a criterion for the value of their articles, whilst the Review is Catholic, in this further and very important signification that the editor—the well-known and earnest professor of Louvain—will guard its pages against anything offensive to religion, whilst holding it open to respectful discussion on debateable scientific ground. The pages of the new Review are to be devoted chiefly to such subjects as archæology, philology, “linguistique,” law, philosophy, literature, &c. Professor de Harlez’s name is a guarantee that Oriental students will find here a large share of interesting articles. It is fair, however, to remark that the director very wisely does not allow any one class of communications to preponderate. Other names, well known in scientific circles on the Continent, have already been contributors, chiefly Belgian, French, German, and Russian. Professor Sayce is thus far the only English contributor, but judging from the high character and value of the Review, we expect to see in due time papers from other professors of every nationality, a long list of whose names, as promised contributors, adorns the cover of the magazine.

“Was Cyrus King of Persia or of Susiana?” is the title of one or two articles, and indicates the subject of some others to which we will briefly advert. The discussion to which they give expression is

interesting, apart from its subject-matter; for the discussion really amounts to this important scientific problem—how soon should long-recognized historic statements lose their value because of discoveries that themselves rest on incomplete proof? Some two years ago certain cuneiform texts discovered in the excavations at Babylon were sent to this country. These inscriptions, having been translated, are asserted to have revolutionized that portion of Oriental history which centres round the figure of Cyrus the Great. A cylinder—the first translated—showed “two startling facts;” “firstly, that Cyrus was a polytheist, who so far from treating the deities of Babylonia with disrespect, restored and beautified their shrines, took part in their religious ceremonies, and subscribed himself their humble adorer; and secondly, that he and his three immediate predecessors were not Kings of Persia at all, but of Ansan or Anzan, the native name of the country known to the Assyrians and Hebrews as Elam, and to the Greeks and Romans as Susiana. The theory which saw in Cyrus a perfervid Zoroastrian, bent on destroying the idols of polytheism, had to be given up on the evidence of the king himself.” That is to say the cylinder inscription is a proclamation of Cyrus himself. We have his immediate testimony also in a clay tablet, since translated, in which he gives an account of his conquest of Babylon. In this tablet “Cyrus is again entitled ‘King of Ansan’ or Susiana, and his overthrow of Istuvegu or Astyages and the Median kingdom is dated in the year 549 B.C.” This we borrow from Professor Sayce’s own summary of the discovery, in the July *Contemporary*. The point at which the continental orientalisks join issue may also be best expressed in his own words, in the same place: “the revelations of the cuneiform texts are borne out by such scanty contemporaneous evidence as has otherwise come down to us.”

In the April number of 1882, Professor de Harlez led the way, in the pages of the *Muséon*, by a short but pithy article, “Cyrus était-il roi de Perse?” in which he maintained that Oriental history had not to be re-written because of the discoveries but only completed; that Cyrus and his three predecessors remain kings of Persia, with the added titles of Kings of Anzan; that Cyrus was not a Zoroastrian, as was not Persia either in his time. The writer regards it as uncritical that all the well-attested evidence hitherto accepted should be summarily branded as apocryphal to make way for two inscriptions by an anonymous author, of which neither origin nor object is known.

To this Professor Sayce replied in the October number of the same year, insisting that whatever of the long-accepted evidence was truly contemporaneous lent itself to the new statement. The testimony of Ktesias is now set against that of Herodotus. Immediately following this letter, Professor de Harlez replied to the special points raised by Professor Sayce, thus leaving the question still one of debatable evidence. Although Professor de Harlez and other continental orientalisks think Professor Sayce’s opinion unproved, we expect to find in the next history that is “up to date,” that as a matter of fact, Cyrus was not a Persian, &c. In the number for January of the present

year, M. Halévy, who shares the views of Professor Sayce, defends himself against M. Ernest Babelon, who had called in question his statements in the *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*, of January, 1882; whilst in the same number Professor Sayce writes that a third inscription, on a cylinder of Nabonidos, which gives an account of the defeat of Astyages by Cyrus, confirms the "revolutionary" evidence of the two former inscriptions, calling the Cyrus "King of Ansan." A third letter appears from Père Delattre, S.J., who claims, on the testimony of cylindrical evidence of Sennacherib, that Anzan is distinct from Elam.

The April number brings a concluding word from both M. Halévy and Professor de Harlez; and the July number an article from the pen of Père Dellatre, S.J., "Cyrus d'après une nouvelle methode historique," in which the writer deals summarily with the theories of M. Halévy. In these articles, probably all is said that can at present be advanced on one side or the other, in a dispute where so much is archaic, obscure, and incomplete.

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## GERMAN PERIODICALS.

By Dr. BELLESHEIM, Cologne.

### 1. *Katholik*.

PROFESSOR POHLE, of Leeds Seminary, continues his study of the system of F. Angelo Secchi, S.J., the great Roman astronomer. He urges on the reader's attention two important laws of Nature, the law of conservation of energy, and the law of change of heat into energy and of energy into heat. He examines the important conclusion to be drawn from the alleged laws—viz., the end to which one day the universe will be brought, since, according to the formulas established by Clausius and Thomson, the law of dissipation of energy is not less certain than the law of its conservation. The July number contains an able article—the result of extensive Biblical studies—on the seven deacons of the Acts. Twenty years ago Professor Döllinger, in the first edition of "Christianity and the Church in the First Ages," tried to establish a rather new opinion; he thought that the deacons of the Acts were not really deacons, but rather priests, the office and order of diaconate still being included in the priesthood. This opinion, though advocated with much learning, was soon objected to, as conflicting with the current doctrine of Catholic theologians. The article under notice is, however, very successful in establishing the common Catholic opinion, which holds to the institution of deacons who were not priests, whose proper function (the service of the tables) was inferior to that of the priesthood, whilst, on the contrary, the dignity of priesthood was still included in the apostleship. And it is only what one might have supposed, that the *inferior* offices of new ecclesiastical magistrates were first introduced, and that later the

priesthood, whose function is the administration of sacraments, came into separate existence when the Apostles had passed away.

In the same issue Dr. Falk furnishes a supplement to Janssen's celebrated "History of the German People from the End of the Middle Ages." Much testimony conspires to prove that the office of preaching was not in the least neglected, or even despised in the period immediately preceding the Reformation. That it was neglected is a calumny on the Church which is constantly being repeated, and especially this year of the solemn celebration of Luther's birthday. Far from being neglected, the office of preaching the Word of God was duly attended to, as all but innumerable decrees of German diocesan synods show. Many foundations still in existence also give equal evidence of the zeal of clergy and esteem of a faithful people. The Church did not let pass unemployed any means which might serve to imbue the faithful in Christian doctrine. Hence tables, having the Ten Commandments, Pater-Noster, and Ave-Maria inscribed, were hung on the church walls, and not seldom one meets with symbolical representations of either a mystery, or an institution of the church, or a momentous fact of ecclesiastical history. As examples, we may cite the Cathedral of Merseburg, and the Town Hall of Wittenberg, the very stronghold where Lutheranism originated. Large paintings were restored in 1516, which represent the Ten Commandments.

The same July number of the *Katholik* contains an account of Dr. Hipler's recently-published "Memoirs of the Bishop of Ermland, Prince Joseph of Hohenzollern." Sprung from the Catholic branch of the Hohenzollern family, and a relative of the royal family, Prince Joseph entered the ecclesiastical career, and in course of time was appointed Bishop of Ermland in 1818. From his untiring zeal in promoting the interests of the Catholic Church, his unselfish and mortified life, and strong vindication of the Church against any encroachment of the temporal power, he won the admiration and love of German Catholics. It was these excellent qualities that prompted Pius VII. to appoint the prince-bishop executor of the Bull, "De salute animarum," by which the Pope restored the Catholic hierarchy in Prussia in 1821. The bishop went to his eternal reward in 1837. Another biography is that of Mgr. Gasser, Prince-Bishop of Brixen in the Tyrol, who was called to a prominent part in framing the decree of the infallible "magisterium" of the Pope.

Lastly, I may mention an article in the August issue on "The so-called Nestorian Christology of Pelagius." There cannot be any doubt of the striking connection between the errors of Pelagius and Nestorius. But another question is, whether Pelagius himself was conscious of the ultimate conclusions originating in his false system of Christian grace, and whether he himself fell into errors concerning the union of the two natures in our Lord. The writings in which S. Augustine refuted Pelagius render it more than probable that Pelagius himself, though tainted with rationalism like Nestorius, was orthodox in his Christology. But the priest, Leporius, an eager disciple of Pelagius, did what his master had left undone, by dissolving

the unity of our Lord's person. Yet what must be admitted to have been only a transient error in the Western Church, took deep roots and developed into a dangerous system in the East. This is the opinion of Cardinal Hergenroether and Bishop Hefele, and the present article in the *Katholik* is a powerful confirmation of it.

2. *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*.—The exiled German Jesuit fathers are displaying wonderful activity in the development of Catholic theology, and the vindication of religion and the Church against the assaults either of modern natural science, or of the atheistic bureaucratic state system. In the July number, Dr. Ehrle treats of the new school of S. Bonaventure. The old Franciscan school began with Alexander of Hales, and had its terminus in S. Bonaventure. Subsequently came a period in which the "doctor subtilis," Duns Scotus, took the leadership amongst the several branches of the Franciscan order. But already, in 1500, the chapter held at Terni deemed it necessary to point out that "non omnis ad acumina Scoti idoneus est." Indeed, only a comparatively few scholars might be found able to follow the acute, but obscure, ideas of Scotus. The Franciscans in our time are striving to bring into prominence their first doctors, of whom S. Bonaventure takes precedence. In another article, F. Schneemann presents us with a large number of documents referring to the long contests between the electors of Brandenburg, afterwards kings of Prussia, and the archbishops of Cologne, concerning the exercise of the episcopal jurisdiction of the latter in the territory subject to the former. The documents refer to the Duchy of Cleves, and are the more important that they were not inserted in an official collection published by command of the Government some years ago. An interesting article is contributed by F. Kreiten on Annette of Droste-Huelshoff, the German poetess. She was a thorough Catholic; and as to beauty of language, vastness of ideas, by far surpassed any poetess Germany has produced.

3. *Historisch-politische Blätter*.—The number for July contains a criticism of F. Dressel's, S.J., book, "Der belebte und der unbelebte Stoff nach den neuesten Forschungen," and refutes the system of Monism, which threatens to rival Pantheism. In the September number is traced forcibly the history of the Turkish wars waged in the course of centuries against Germany, and mainly the invasions of 1529 and 1683. The second centenary of the last invasion having just been solemnly kept all over Austria, the author of the article does not fail to advert to the signal merit of the Popes, who as common fathers of Christendom, strove to unite the forces of Christian princes against the formidable enemy of the Christian name. Alas! that the false policy of Francis II. and his successors on the French throne, and the resistance of German Protestants, who held the Papacy in utmost detestation, spoiled these efforts of the supreme Pontiffs. Had it not been for the incapacity of Kara Mustapha, Vienna in 1683 would have fallen a prey to the Turk. Divine Providence happily averted such a disaster.

4. *Historisches Jahrbuch der Goerres-Gesellschaft*.—In the July

number, F. Diekamp concludes his papers on recent literature on Papal diplomacy. The writer treats fully the contributions of Delisle, and Sickel; he dwells particularly on the several changes introduced in Papal documents from the middle of the eleventh century. I would wish that English Catholic divines availed themselves of this treatise, as it systematically brings forward the praiseworthy exertions made now-a-days in Germany and France in investigating, collecting, and editing Papal documents, hitherto stored up in the darkness of libraries. For centuries the Holy See has been the most influential power in Europe, and any documents testifying to its exertions in establishing or extending Christianity claim our most earnest attention. I must not fail to mention here that a second edition of "Saffé, Regesta Romanorum Pontificum" is now in the course of publication. In the same July number, Professor Dittrich, of the Lyceum Hosianum at Braunsberg, treats of the accounts sent from the Diet of Ratisbon, 1541, by the Papal legate, Giovanni Morone, to Cardinal Farnese, Secretary of State to Paul III. He has copied them from the secret archives of the Vatican, and for the most part they are now published for the first time. These despatches throw new light on the plans of German princes at the critical time. Clement VII., and not less Paul III., have been severely reprimanded for not totally adopting and advocating the plans of Charles V. The latter, although thoroughly Catholic, was not free from autocracy, and Morone's letters give an idea of what might have been expected from Charles V. had he overcome all resistance. The Archbishop Elector of Maintz told the nuntio: "I believe he strives to make the Pope and ourselves his chaplains."

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### ITALIAN PERIODICALS.

*La Civiltà Cattolica.* 7 Luglio. 4 Agosto. 1883.

*The Last Babylonian King.*

THE *Civiltà Cattolica* continues its series of articles with reference to the light which recently discovered cuneiform inscriptions have thrown upon the history of Assyrian and Babylonian kings. The number for July 7th contains one entitled, "The Last Babylonian King," and in the number for the 4th of August we have "the King of Baltassar of Daniel." Modern rationalists, always on the watch to invalidate the testimony of Scripture, have denied the existence of a king of this name at the time when Cyrus captured Babylon, and, as a consequence, have relegated to the rank of a fable the account of the mysterious handwriting on the wall upon that fatal night, as recorded by the Hebrew prophet. Profane historians of antiquity, in fact, give to the last king of Babylon the name of Nabonid. Jewish and Christian commentators have endeavoured to remove this apparent discrepancy by various more or less plausible conjectures, admissible previous to the clear light afforded by the inscriptions alluded to.

The two main questions which have furnished matter for debate are

these :—1. Whose son was Baltassar, and what was his title to reign ? 2. In what manner can the narrative of Daniel be brought into harmony with what profane writers have stated about the fall of Babylon ? Some would have had it that Nabonid and Baltassar are one and the same king, the former being possibly his official, the latter his personal name. Others, and among them St. Jerome, were led to infer that Nabonid was the son and legitimate successor of Laborosoarchod, an assertion, however, which finds a direct contradiction in Abidenus, who denies that Nabonid had any blood-relationship with his predecessor, or other title to the throne but the consent of the grandees, his accomplices in the conspiracy against its occupant. With him the historian Berosus also agrees. We find full corroboration of this view in the inscriptions, which, moreover, give us the name of Nabonid's father, Nabu-balat-irib, who is qualified as "*potent-lord*," but to whom no regal title is ever attributed. The inscriptions also commemorate his mother, Nitocris (calling her, however, only "the mother of the king"), to whom many works and enterprises for the defence of the city are ascribed by Herodotus. Not a few Catholic interpreters of the sacred text would see in Baltassar the son of Evilmerodach, and thus the grandson of Nabuchodonosor, founding this opinion chiefly on Jeremias xxvii. 7 : *Servient ei* (that is, Nabuchodonosor) *omnes gentes, et filio ejus* (Evilmerodach), *et filio filii ejus* (that is, Baltassar). Finally, Baltassar has been by some identified with Evilmerodach himself, in favour of which supposition it is alleged that Daniel invariably calls Baltassar "the son of Nabuchodonosor."

Now every one of these conjectures are swept away by modern discovery, and the irrefragable testimony of monumental stones, and in particular by that of the two great cylinders entitled respectively *Mugheir* and *Nabonid*, discovered in the year 1854, amongst the ruins of the Temple of Sin, by Taylor, the English Vice-Consul at Bassora, the latter cylinder being in a very shattered condition, sufficient, however, remaining to establish most important points, in conjunction with the cylinder of *Mugheir*. And, first, we observe in both cylinders a special notice by Nabonid of his first-born son, Bel-sar-ussur. After addressing the god Sin in prayer, "the lord of the gods, the king of the gods of heaven and of earth," and begging his favourable protection and the propagation of his worship, he adds, "and preserve me also, Nabu-nahid, King of Bab-Ilu, from sin against thy great divinity; grant me a long life even to distant days, and cause Bel-sar-ussur, the offshoot of my heart, my first-born son, to propagate the worship of thy great divinity; and may his life, exempt from sin, be prolonged to length of days." The inscription on the Nabonid cylinder is longer and fuller, and is divided into three columns; but owing to its mutilated condition there are many breaks, and much is lost to us. What remains is very valuable. Addressing the god Samas with many prayers, Nabonid here again says : "Because Nabu-nahid, King of Bab-Ilu, has not sinned against thy great divinity, his life shall be preserved. And Bel-sar-ussur, my first-born son, the offshoot of my heart, shall prolong his days until the completion of

his destinies." This Bel-sar-ussur, thrice named by Nabonid in this inscription as his first-born son, the offshoot or child of his heart, must be the celebrated Baltassar of Daniel. But it will be objected, if so, how is it that Daniel repeatedly calls Baltassar the son of Nabuchodonosor; and that, without noticing any intervening reigns, he proceeds at once, after relating the acts of Nabuchodonosor, to speak of Baltassar, as if he had been his immediate successor? Moreover, Jeremiah seems to call Baltassar Merodach, thus identifying him, in the opinion of some commentators, with Evilmerodach.

The writer meets these objections satisfactorily. As to Baltassar being called the son of Nabuchodonosor, this in itself can offer no difficulty to those who are familiar with oriental language and that of the Bible, persons being often therein styled the sons of those of whom they were but the grandsons or remoter descendants; and there seems cogent reason to believe, as will be presently shown, that Baltassar was related by blood to his great predecessor. In reply to the second objection, he says, we must remember that the prophet is not writing Babylonian annals, but notices only what is connected with his object, which is chiefly the record of his own visions and the interpretation of those sent to the Babylonian monarchs. Now, as the kings who succeeded Nabuchodonosor furnished him with no material to his purpose, he passes on to Baltassar. As for Jeremias's words—*Capta est Babylon, confusus est Bel, victus est Merodach, confusa sunt sculptilia eius, superata sunt idola eorum*—it is manifest, that the *Merodach* as well as the *Bel* of the prophet are simply the two principal gods and idols of Babylon, Belo and Marduk, so often named in the inscriptions. Besides, were this interpretation admitted, what would become of that other prophecy of Jeremias, that people should serve Nabuchodonosor's son and his grandson also? Again, not only would the reign of Evilmerodach be set aside or merged in that of Baltassar, but the reigns of Neriglissor, Laborosoarchod, and Nabonid must be cancelled, in defiance of the testimony of so many ancient historians and of the recently discovered cuneiform inscriptions, where authentic and coeval record is preserved of all these kings, except of Laborosoarchod, who reigned but nine months. Besides, is it credible that, had Baltassar been Nabuchodonosor's actual son, he should have been so ignorant of Daniel, who held so important a governmental post during his father's lifetime, or of his prophetic gifts, as not to think of him when he summoned all the soothsayers to read the handwriting on the wall? whereas this oblivion becomes very intelligible if we hold that Baltassar did not come to the throne for a good number of years after Nabuchodonosor's death, for during this interval it would seem that Daniel lived far removed from the Court; so that, when he reappeared there, it is not wonderful that the king should address him as almost an unknown man, or at least as one of whom he had a very vague knowledge until refreshed by the queen-mother (chapter v. 14-16).

There seems every reason to believe that Baltassar never reigned alone, but had a colleague, namely, his own father. Nabonid reigned

seventeen years; and as Daniel, who was summoned from Susa to read the handwriting on the wall, speaks only of the third year of Baltassar, it is probable that this date referred to the time when Nabonid associated his son to his regal power and title. A small tablet of unbaked clay, having on both sides an inscription in cuneiform Assyrian Chaldean, was disinterred from the ruins of Babylon, and has been at the British Museum ever since 1879. Considering its very fragile material, it is wonderful that, out of eighty-four lines which it had originally contained, about fifty remain of which the sense can be made out with sufficient clearness. The text of the inscription is in the form of annals, in the style used by the Assyrian kings, and enumerates the chief events of the seventeen years of Nabonid's reign, and of the first year of Cyrus as king of Babylon. The writer gives the translation, and, reserving to another time a fuller commentary on its contents, he notices this much to his present purpose—viz., that this inscription strongly confirms the truth of what many learned men had already suspected from the tenure of the two cylinders of Mugheir and Nabonid, that Baltassar was associated in the sovereignty by his father, and that the title of king given him by Daniel truly belonged to him. Although the "son of the king" repeatedly mentioned in the tablet, though not by name, is not expressly called his father's colleague, yet so he appears from the facts to have been. We find him from the seventh year of Nabonid's reign at the head of the army, surrounded by the grandees of the empire, directing warlike operations, while the king is remaining quietly at Teva, as if he had made over the active cares of government to his son; and when the queen-mother (Nitocris), who was also with the army, dies, it is her grandson, the "son of the king," and not the king himself, upon whom naturally this duty would have devolved, who with the soldiers mourned her for three days. In short, the "king's son" is a more conspicuous personage on this tablet than his father, who seems never mentioned save to describe him as doing nothing. Now, such a state of things can hardly be explained, except by the supposition that Nabonid had assumed his first-born, for whom we have seen him so earnestly entreating the protection of his gods, into partnership, and had even committed to him the principal weight of government.

A remarkable confirmation of this view occurs in Scripture. From the text of Daniel we might almost necessarily conclude that Baltassar had a colleague in royalty; for when he wishes to offer to the interpreter of the mysterious writing on the wall the highest honour and reward which it was in his power to bestow, he promises him that he shall be clothed with purple, have a gold chain on his neck, and shall be the *third* in his kingdom;\* and again to the prophet he repeats the same words:† *Purpura vestieris, et torquem auream circa collum tuum habebis, et tertius in regno meo princeps eris.* But why the *third*, if Baltassar was sole and absolute monarch? In analogous cases occur-

\* Chapter v. 7.

† v. 16.

ring in Scripture, it is always the *second* in the kingdom that is spoken of. Thus, Mardocheus was proclaimed second to King Assuerus; Pharaoh said to Joseph: *Uno tantum regni solio te præcedam*, and Nabuchodonosor practically placed Daniel in the same position, setting him as prince over all the provinces of Babylon. The only probable interpretation of the difference in the case of Baltassar is that he could not offer a place already occupied, he himself being the second king in rank, and his father the first.

It would still be needful to explain what title Baltassar had to be called the son of Nabuchodonosor, although, as has been observed, there would be no difficulty in its application to him if he were his grandson or even remoter descendant; but it would certainly not be easy to interpret satisfactorily the words of Daniel without some such supposition, for no less than five times is Baltassar expressly called the son of Nabuchodonosor in the fifth chapter of Daniel. The queen-mother addresses him as such, and he gives himself the same appellation, as does Daniel also. Now, it would hardly seem a gratuitous supposition to hold that Nabonid may have married one of Nabuchodonosor's daughters on his accession to the throne, as Neriglissor had done before him, if, indeed, he was not selected by the grandees for that position especially on account of his alliance with the great monarch. It was the common practice of oriental usurpers to endeavour to strengthen their position by a marriage connecting them with their predecessors, as Rawlinson has observed; and that such was the case with Nabonid may legitimately be inferred from the language of Holy Scripture, where Baltassar is invariably regarded as the son—that is, the descendant—of Nabuchodonosor, for the prophet Baruch also thus describes him.

The great inscription of Behistun furnishes another strong indication that Baltassar was a true descendant of Nabuchodonosor, for in it we find Darius I. reckoning, amongst other rebels with whom he had had to deal, two Babylonians who had both found favour with their countrymen by their false rallying-cry: "I am Nabuchodrossor, the son of Nabonid." Hence we learn that Nabonid, besides his first-born, Bel-sar-ussur, or Baltassar, had another son to whom he had given the name of Nabuchodrossor or Nabuchodonosor, which renders it highly probable that he had contracted with the royal race of Nabuchodonosor the Great the alliance in question, and had desired to renew in one of his sons the name of his famous grandfather, a name so glorious and dear to the Babylonians.

These two suppositions, which are shown to be highly probable from the unquestionable testimony of the monuments recently brought to light—viz., the relationship of Baltassar with Nabuchodonosor through his mother, and his association in regal dignity and power by his father—would go a long way towards reconciling the narrative of Daniel with all that remains to us with reference to Babylonian history in the works of ancient writers, whose statements have been quoted as entirely at variance with those of the inspired prophet.

## Notices of Books.

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*De humanæ cognitionis ratione anecdota quædam seraphici doctoris Sancti Bonaventuræ et nonnullorum ejus discipulorum edita studio et cura PP. Collegii a S. Bonaventura. Ad Claras Aquas (Quaracchi) prope Florentiam; ex Typographia Collegii S. Bonaventuræ. 1883.*

SOON after the unexpected close of the Vatican Council the General of the Franciscans determined to bring out a new edition of S. Bonaventure's works. Two reasons of far-reaching importance prompted him to take this step: the extant editions were neither complete nor up to the standard of a critically correct text; and, secondly, S. Bonaventure has been so strongly appealed to, inside the Church, as a champion of certain modern philosophical theories, that an amended edition of his numerous writings might lead to certainty as to the holy doctor's teaching. Hence a special college, comprising the most eminent professors of the Franciscan school, was erected in Quaracchi, near Florence, and F. Fidelis a Fanna commissioned to investigate the most renowned libraries of Europe. He succeeded in this task in such a manner as to win for himself the admiration of all who are familiar with scholastic philosophy. In his "*Ratio novæ collectionis operum omnium S. Bonaventuræ*" he laid down the results of his long and fatiguing scientific travels. Unfortunately Father Fidelis by a premature death was prevented from seeing the completion of the great work so auspiciously begun by him.

Amongst the multitude of documents gathered by the deceased Father there were not a few theological treatises, composed, some by S. Bonaventure himself, and others by several of the most able and influential of his immediate disciples. They have therefore a special interest and value towards forming a judgment on modern Ontologism; and as three mediæval Englishmen figure among the writers, these treatises deserve in a special manner to be brought before the readers of this REVIEW.

The volume under notice starts with exhaustive notices on the MSS. which have supplied the texts, and a learned dissertation on the "*Exemplarismus of the Scholastics*," by F. Geiler. This Father shows that he is as familiar with scholastic philosophy, especially with S. Bonaventure, as any living divine. He boldly confronts modern Ontologism and vindicates S. Bonaventure from the charge of defending or teaching it. He expounds the mediæval doctrine at great length, pointing out that we perceive truth through divine light, but only indirectly, inasmuch as we perceive it through the medium of the natural light of reason. It cannot be denied that the seraphic Doctor, in his admirably profound writings claims a

very close influence of God on our reason, and he contends, too, that we are also aware of the effects of this illumination. But the Saint proves this doctrine to have been taught by S. Augustine; and F. Geiler (pp. 26-40) shows it to be in as full keeping with God's immediate concurrence to every human act, as defended by S. Thomas, as in opposition to Ontologism.

The "Anecdota" comprise; "S. Bonaventuræ quæstio disputata de cognitionis humanæ suprema ratione," and a "Sermo" on the text, "Unus est magister vester, Christus." Of S. Bonaventure's numerous disciples there appear Matthew ab Aquasparta, who became General of the Order, and afterwards cardinal. His "Quæstiones disputatæ" deal with our cognition in the light of the supreme truth, our cognition of non-being, the possibility of a certain (sure) cognition, and the soul's cognition of itself. John Peckham, the celebrated Archbishop of Canterbury (1279-1292), contributes a "quæstio disputata," whether or not divine wisdom is to be considered as the ultimate cause of our knowledge. Fr. Eustachius, Papal Nuncio to Constantinople, and afterwards Bishop of Coutances, presents us with no less than three questions on the most sublime problems of psychology and metaphysics—viz., whether the soul in this life immediately sees God's wisdom; whether, whilst united with the body, she perceives substantial forms; and, lastly, whether the faculties of apprehending and loving are substantial or accidental to the soul. Roger Marston, the celebrated Oxford doctor, comments on the first of the aforesaid questions, but evidently more in accordance with S. Thomas than with S. Bonaventure. Last, but not least, appears Richard of Middletown, who treats the question, whether angels or men naturally recognize created truth in eternal wisdom. It is really wonderful to accompany these thoughtful writers through their closely reasoned pages. Compared with too many modern teachers of an erroneous philosophy, they are veritable giants, not merely by their possession of the truth, but by their grasp of principles, keenness of mental analysis, and wealth of argument.

BELLESHEIM.

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*Les Premiers Jansénistes et Port Royal.* Par MGR. RICARD.  
Paris : E. Plon et Cie. 1883.

JANSENISM has not been fortunate in its historians. Honest and plodding P. Rapin, Sainte-Beuve with his five volumes in octavo, are by no means light reading, and the public has been inclined to vote the subject a dull one. It was Father Dalgairns, in the Introduction to his admirable little work on the Sacred Heart, who showed how the gloomy old story could be transformed into a bright and fascinating narrative. And now Mgr. Ricard, following in the wake of the great Oratorian, has consecrated some earnest and devoted work to the subject, and has produced a history of which we may fairly say that there is hardly a dull page from beginning

to end of some five hundred pages. Many an English reader, whose whole knowledge of Jansenism has been gained from F. Dalgairns's Introduction, has often been puzzled to know the exact grounds on which the Jansenists have been so persistently charged with systematic deceit and hypocrisy; and they are still more at a loss to account for the fact that so gloomy, so Calvinistic a sect, should gain such a hold on the gay sons and daughters of Gaul. The first half of his work our author has devoted to these two questions, in which there is no lack of research and invective. But has he established his point, that the Jansenists were, above everything, dark unholy conspirators? The impartial reader can hardly admit it. There is much abuse of the Abbé de S. Cyran; every action of his is interpreted in a sinister sense; hatred of the Jesuits is clearly shown to be the one fierce passion of the party; but of documentary evidence, letters, or unmistakable proof, we must say that we have found nothing. In his analysis of the popularity of the doctrines, Mgr. Ricard is much happier. In some very pleasant chapters the author is successful in tracing the arts by which the chief men of the movement succeeded in gaining over high-born ladies, the leaders of fashion, to their cause. Jansenism became *de rigueur* in the *salons* and *hôtels* where "Les Mères de l'Eglise," as they were pleasantly termed, held their réunions. The following bit is charming: "Un jour l'une d'elles présidait, dans son hôtel, une réunion d'évêques. Des gens d'affaires demandèrent à la voir pour une solution pressante; on leur répondit: Madame ne peut vous parler, *elle travaille aux affaires de l'Eglise*" (p. 107).

Readers will not fail to turn with mournful interest to the careful and appreciative study of the great Pascal, at page 325 and onwards. It is one of the gravest charges against Jansenism that it quenched this magnificent genius in its gloom and fanatical resistance to the Holy See. On the whole, we have seldom met with a difficult and intricate subject treated in so charming and fascinating a style. There is a good deal of startling period, of flashing phrase, of suspended narrative, but there is real solid literary work under these little sallies of fancy of our less phlegmatic neighbour.

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1. *A System of Christian Doctrine*. By Dr. J. A. DORNER. Translated by Rev. ALFRED CAVE, B.A., and Rev. J. S. BANKS. Four vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1880-2.
  2. *A History of Christian Doctrines*. By the late Dr. K. R. HAGENBACH. Three vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1881-2.

WE wish that we could speak more favourably of Dr. Dorner's History; and if we venture to express our belief that the labour spent on the translation of his ponderous work is, for the most part, labour lost, we can only say that we began to read his book with a prepossession in its favour. Dr. Dorner is prominent in a school which endeavours to reconcile the best results of German

speculation and of critical research with an honest acceptance of Christian doctrine; and it is quite plain that the great doctrines of the Trinity and of the Incarnation, of the judgment to come and of the life beyond the grave, are realities to him, no less than to us. There is everything, therefore, in his position to call forth sympathy from those who, however they may differ from him on other points, agree with him in maintaining these cardinal truths. Besides, Dr. Dorner has a high reputation for wide and accurate learning; nor do we for a moment doubt that his fame is well earned. It is natural to suppose that a veteran scholar will always be able to give valuable information on the history of doctrine. Men of very different opinions have, *e.g.*, done much to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity in its ecclesiastical development. Petavius and Cardinal Newman have treated the subject with exhaustive learning, and the latter, in particular, has shown such a mastery of patristic literature, such a power of distinguishing between the stages in the development of the doctrine, between the way in which it presented itself to different authors and churches, such precision of thought, such marvellous lucidity of exposition, that the impression once made on a careful student can scarcely be effaced. Even when details are forgotten, the main features in the history remain. Nor have we any wish to deny the merits of writers outside the Church. Bull (little as we are able to follow him in his main contention) is a clear, as well as a learned writer, from whom much is to be learned. Nay, Baur, who can scarcely be called Christian, is not only a learned man, but a master of clear arrangement and clear expression. His statements, of course, need to be carefully sifted, for he is always apt to exaggerate doctrinal differences, and to force history into the schemes of his own contriving. Still, we must frankly acknowledge our belief that no competent scholar will fail to learn much from his history of the Church in the first three centuries and his various works on the history of doctrine. As for the interest which he excites, that never flags, and it needs a sober judgment to correct the dangerous fascination of his views.

All these qualifications, learning alone excepted, are, so far as we can see, wanting in Dr. Dorner, and even his learning is singularly barren. He writes in a cumbrous style, and he is the slave of a philosophical pedantry which throws an obscurity over everything. Baur, too, is philosophical, but he is master of his philosophy, while Dorner is mastered by it. A single instance will serve to explain, and, as we think, to justify our criticism. Let us take the history of Sabellianism as given in the first volume. This heresy took two very different forms. It is rather difficult to say at what precise date, and in what manner, the one phase succeeded the other, but each phase of the doctrine is quite intelligible, and may easily be put in plain English or plain German. The older doctrine taught that the Father of all who is the One God, to the exclusion of all other persons, and therefore not Father in the Trinitarian sense, was born of a virgin, suffered and died. This was the teaching which

Praxeas brought to Rome under Eleutherus (175–189), it was the doctrine of Noetus, excommunicated at Smyrna about 230, and of his disciples Epigonus and Cleomenes, who went to Rome. For all this we have very early and sufficient evidence—viz., Tertull. adv. Prax., especially 1, 28, 29–30; the work of Hippolytus against Noetus, recently edited by Lagarde and the *Philosophumena*, ix. 7–10. Apparently, though the fact has been disputed by scholars of name, this was the original tenet of Sabellius himself. For so much as this is expressly asserted concerning him by Dionysius of Rome (apud Athanas. De Decret. Syn. Nic. and edited by Routh, Rell. Sac., tom. iii. p. 373, *seq.*), and by Novatian (De Trin. 12), not to speak of later authorities, such as Athanasius (Orat. iii. 36), and many others quoted by Cardinal Newman in the Oxford Athanasius (p. 529).

It was hard to bring this older doctrine even into apparent conformity with the Church's confession of Three Persons—*e.g.*, in the Baptismal form. The Father, they said, becoming man was called Son: but what of the Holy Ghost? An early writer, Dionysius of Alexandria (apud Euseb. H. E. vii. 6) reproaches the Sabellians with this very thing—viz., that they had “no idea of the Holy Spirit” (*ἀναισθησίαν τοῦ ἁγίου πνεύματος*). Hence, Sabellius, or at least the Sabellians, came to hold that the same Person is the Holy Ghost, so far as He manifests Himself in the Christian Church, and, by parity of reasoning, Son, so far as He appeared in Christ. In this way all belief in a real Trinity was destroyed, and instead nothing left except “one Person with three names” (*ἐν τριώνυμον πρόσωπον*. Theodor. Haer. Fab. ii. 9; Epiphan. Haer. lxii. 1), and the reality of the Incarnation was set aside likewise. In all probability the doctrine of Marcellus of Ancyra was little else than a reproduction of Sabellianism in its latter phase. (See *e.g.* Euseb. adv. Marcell. ii. 2–4, Eccles. Theol. iii. 8–17.)

Now our quarrel with Dr. Dorner is, first, that he wraps up two doctrines, which are perfectly simple, in the terms of German philosophy till they become almost unintelligible. We think that we have deciphered his meaning; but only because we were already familiar with the early accounts of the heresy. Surely an historian's business is to let early teachers express their own ideas in their own words or in the words of the age in which they lived, and to add necessary explanations. The philosophical phraseology of later times, whether it be borrowed from mediæval schoolmen or Germans of our own century, is completely out of place, and simply distracting. It is among the great merits of Petavius that he saw the anachronism which such a method involves, and refused to adjust the Fathers to scholastic formulæ. Next, Dorner never hints that there is any dispute among critics as to the teaching of Sabellius himself, while he accuses St. Ignatius of Patristian doctrine, which is indeed an old charge, without offering any proof whatever beyond a vague reference to his “Epistles.” Lastly, whereas it is the duty of the historian to refer the student to the sources, and

to assist him in understanding their sense and estimating their value, Dorner does not in this section give one definite reference to Patristic literature. Instead, we are sent to consult various German works—*e.g.*, Zahn on Marcellus. Zahn is a learned man and deserves to be read with attention, but he is no proper substitute for original authorities. And this manner of referring to German authorities, wrong anywhere, is doubly wrong now that the book is presented to English readers—few of whom are likely to have the German monographs at their command.

Hagenbach is at least intelligible, and on the principle that error is preferable to confusion, it is a relief to turn from Dr. Dorner to him. Nor do we doubt that some information may be gained from his work by those who are already more or less familiar with the subject. But for the purpose which the author intended—*viz.*, to supply a handbook for students—we can scarcely imagine anything worse. *Erroribus scatet*—it literally swarms with errors. We select a few at random from the first few pages of the third volume. There we are told that the Council of Trent sat from 1545 to 1593. Maldonatus is said to have opposed the Jesuit view of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin as necessary to the faith. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the dispute of Maldonatus was with the University of Paris; and the learned author of this manual does not appear to have known that Maldonatus was himself a Jesuit, or that he wrote famous commentaries on the Gospel. He is equally ignorant that the doctrines of the Spanish mystic Molinos were grossly and openly immoral: \* if so, in spite of his own fanaticism against the Jesuits, he would not have ventured to contrast the spirituality of Molinos with the worldliness of the disciples of St. Ignatius of Loyola. He says that the history of Natalis Alexander was edited by Romaglia, meaning, we suppose, Roncaglia; and he mentions this historian, not for his merits, which are great, but because he was condemned at Rome. Tillemont, Fleury, &c., did not secure this honour, and therefore are passed over. In an account of Bossuet's relations to Protestants, not a word is said of his famous controversies with Claude and Jurieu (the latter is mentioned elsewhere, and his name spelt Jurien), though we are told that "he was opposed by Basnage—*Hist. de la Rel. des Églises Réformées*, Rot. 1721; and Pfaff, *Disputatt. Anti-Bossuet*, Sub. 1720"—to which "Bossuet replied by his *Défence*, &c., Paris, 1701." A strange feat in any case, if the dates are right; and stranger still, considering that Bossuet died in 1704. We may take the section on the "double procession" of the Holy Ghost as a sample of the treatment of doctrine in the patristic and mediæval periods. It is almost incredible, but true nevertheless, that the formula generally adopted in the East—*viz.*, "from the Father through the

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\* Any one who has the least doubt on the point may be referred to the documents printed recently by Laemmer in his "*Meletematum Romanorum Mantissa*," *viz.*, "*Breve Relazione dell' abjura del Dottor Molinos e suoi seguaci*," and "*Condanno del S. Ufficio di Roma contro Pietro Pegna Segretario di Molinos*."

Son"—is not so much as named. The first Latin Father quoted for the double procession is Augustine, while the earlier statement of Hilary (De Trin. iii. 29) is not mentioned (see also Tertul. adv. Prax. 4). "Athanasius, Basil the Great, Gregory of Nyssa, and others," are stated to have "asserted the procession of the Spirit from the Father without distinctly denying (*sic*) that He also proceeds from the Son." As a matter of fact, each of these Fathers distinctly implies that the Holy Ghost does proceed from the Son (see Athanas. Orat. iii. 24, p. 454; ed. Benedict. ad Serap. iii. 1, p. 552; Basil. Contr. Eunom. v. *ib.* ii. 34, p. 271; Greg. Nyss. Quod non sint tres dii—Opp. tom. i. p. 459). Nor should we ever guess from Dr. Hagenbach's account that the first express denial by an Eastern Father of the doctrine that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Son occurs in S. John of Damascus (Fid. Orthod. i. 8); still less should we discover that the true sense of the Saint's words has led to a dispute, in which great critics are ranged on different sides. The great authority on the whole history of the question is Le Quien, in a dissertation prefixed to his great edition of S. John of Damascus. Le Quien is the great, we may almost say the sole, authority on the question, for his treatise exhausts the subject in all its ramifications; but he is not even named among the authorities to which Hagenbach refers his readers.

We are sorry to adopt a line which is meant to be severe, and which may seem presumptuous. But there is a foolish and uncritical admiration of German "learning," just as there is a habit, even more foolish and uncritical, of depreciating German scholarship as a whole. We cannot but believe that Dean Plumptre was a little under the influence of the former spirit when he wrote his laudatory preface to the translation of Hagenbach.

W. E. ADDIS.

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1. *A Treatise on the Accentuation of the three so-called Poetical Books of the Old Testament.* By WILLIAM WICKES, D.D. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. 1881.
  2. *Winer's Chaldäische Grammatik für Bibel und Targumim.* Dritte Auflage, vermehrt durch eine Anleitung zum Studium des Midrasch und Talmud von Dr. BERNARD FISCHER. Leipzig: J. A. Barth. 1882. (*Winer's Chaldee Grammar for the Bible and the Targums.* Third edition, with the addition of an Introduction to the Study of the Midrash and Talmud by Dr. BERNARD FISCHER.)

DR. WICKES cannot hope for more than a very limited circle of readers, but they will not fail to give him the gratitude which is his due for the learning and self-denying labour which he has embodied in his little treatise. The Hebrew accents, as all who have learned even a little Hebrew know, form one of the most complicated and difficult departments of Hebrew scholarship. The very word "accent" is misleading, for the signs which go by that name

are at once notes for the chanting or musical recitation in the synagogue, stops or pauses which distinguish the sense in the most minute and elaborate manner, and accents in the proper sense, determining the syllable on which the stress of the voice is to fall. There are two systems of accentuation, one adopted in the three so-called poetical books—*i.e.*, in Job, except the prologue and epilogue, Proverbs, and Psalms; the other throughout the rest of the Bible. There are no less than twenty-seven accents for the prose, and twenty for the poetical books. The Jews themselves admit that the musical value of the accents is now altogether unknown, but these accents retain their significance as a system of interpunctuation, and so represent a very old tradition on the exact meaning of the text. A good deal has been done recently to throw light on the matter. Dr. Davidson, of the New College at Edinburgh, has given us a useful treatise on the prose accents, and Baer has written two treatises on the poetical ones, besides editing the three poetical books with the special object of securing correctness in the accents. The grammars are of little use here. There is nothing, or scarcely anything, in Gesenius, only a few lines on the poetical accents in Kalisch, while Ewald's discussion of the subject, though full, is very obscure, and abounds in doubtful speculation. We were glad therefore when Professor Driver, some time ago, announced a forthcoming treatise on the poetical accents from the very competent hand of Dr. Wickes. Few are entitled to judge a certain portion of his labour, for, to ensure correctness of text, he has visited the leading libraries of Europe and collated the most important Hebrew MSS.; nor has he neglected the older printed copies, which are often free from the errors of Van der Hooght. But this much we are free to say of Dr. Wickes, he has explained the laws of the poetical accents in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired for clearness of language, systematic arrangement, and compression of style. Not a word is wasted, and not a word is wanting, and the treatise proper does not exceed about ninety pages small octavo. We believe that anyone who takes the trouble to master it will be almost fascinated by the orderly arrangement, and by the pleasure of seeing light break in on the previous darkness.

Winer's Chaldee Grammar is a classical book, and needs no commendation. It is still the best book of its kind, though Petermann's Grammar is useful for the full account it gives of the literature of the language. Turpie's Chaldee Grammar, lately published in London, has only one merit—*viz.*, the excellence of its paper and type; otherwise it is merely an imperfect and very inaccurate reproduction of Winer. The new editor of Winer is a German Rabbi, well-known for his edition of Buxtorf's Chaldee and Ruthinical Lexicon. He has done little for Winer. The account of the literature is not brought up to date, and the new Introduction on the History of the Aramaic Dialects is especially disappointing. The deciphering of the cuneiform inscriptions has cast a flood of light on the languages of Mesopotamia; and an exact account of the

geographical limits which separated the Syriac from the Chaldee language is still a desideratum. But no one will gain any real information on these points from Dr. Fischer's introduction. It is occupied mostly with fanciful hypothesis and irrelevant matter. Still it is a gain, no doubt, to have a new edition of Winer's valuable book, which was out of print; and it is good for the eyes to exchange the blotting paper and ugly type of the old book for the new edition, which is at least respectable in the appearance it presents.

W. E. ADDIS.

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*Asiatic Studies, Religious and Social.* By Sir ALFRED C. LYALL, K.C.B., C.I.E. London: John Murray. 1882.

THIS volume contains eleven essays, written by Sir Alfred Lyall, during the last ten years, in such intervals of leisure as his official duties in India allowed him. Ten of them relate to that country, and are, as he says, the outcome of personal observation and of intercourse with the people. The other treats of the relations between the State and Religion in the Chinese Empire, with which the author has no direct acquaintance. All these papers, he thinks, and his modest claim must be fully admitted, may be considered to have some useful bearing on the general study of Asiatic ideas and institutions. "Throughout Asia," he observes—

wherever the state of society has not been distinctly transformed by European influences, there is a fundamental resemblance in the social condition of the people, in their intellectual level, and in their habits of thought. And although India is, in many respects, a peculiar country, isolated and fenced off from the rest of the continent by broad belts of high and often impassable mountain country, so that it cannot be classed either with Eastern or Western Asia, yet it possesses, by reason of its extraordinary variety of peoples, creeds, and manners, a strong affinity with the widely different countries on either side of it; it partakes largely of the religious characteristics both of Western Asia, whence it has received Mahommedanism, and of Eastern Asia, to which it has given Buddhism, the pure outcome of Hindu theosophy; and it has preserved specimens of almost every stage in the history of Asiatic politics, and the growth of Asiatic societies. No single first class country of Asia, therefore, so well repays examination; and it is just this part of Asia in which Europeans have had incomparably the best opportunities of accurate and continuous observation.—Preface, p. v.

The great merit of Sir Alfred Lyall's book is indicated in the last words we have quoted from him. With the single exception of the sixth essay—which has a peculiar value of its own—every page of it reflects that accurate and continuous observation for which many years spent in Hindostan have given him such abundant facilities. In the first chapter, entitled "Religion of an Indian Province," he endeavours to illustrate the actual religious condition of India by the example of the region with which he is peculiarly well acquainted—the province of Berar, situated nearly in the centre of the Empire; and containing among its two millions and odd

inhabitants, 155,000 Mahommedans and adherents of most forms of what is vaguely called Hinduism. In the second chapter he examines Mr. Grote's well-known theory about the nature of myths, that they are a special product of the imagination and feeling, radically distinct both from history and philosophy, and contends, upon the strength of "an extensive observation of the mythopœic faculty in India—perhaps the only ancient country which still keeps alive a true polytheism of the first order—that this purely sceptical attitude ignores a great deal of collateral evidence in favour of the position that myths are ordinarily formed round a nucleus of facts, any other formation being exceptional." Without embracing the theory of Euhemerus as "a key to all mythologies," he would say that, "in constructing the science of religion, we might do worse than make room for it," and he remarks, justly enough, upon the intolerance of theorists, who, as a rule, "are not satisfied until they have hunted every rival theory clear off the ground." As a matter of fact, he assures us, "a large number of veritable men are now worshipped as gods in various parts of India, and the number is constantly added to;" and in another place he says, "indeed there is a such a crush and jumble of new gods constantly pushing themselves forward up the Jacob's ladder in India, that without fresh blood no old-established deity could long maintain predominance." "Fresh blood," he adds, "may be obtained by the simple expedient of a new embodiment of the old fashioned divinity, if the competitor is a new and remarkable personage, or by "a new attribute if it is a physical discovery." Let us quote yet another very striking passage from this same essay, abbreviating it a little:—

For the purposes of the science of religion, and as a study of further developments, it is worth while observing how the spiritualists of India, the preachers of pure morals and of subjective creeds, are hampered and entangled by this gross materialism of the people. No spiritual teacher of mark can evade being reckoned a god (or a visible embodiment of divine power) by the outer-ring of his disciples, and an atheist or blasphemer by his enemies; he may disown and denounce, but the surrounding atmosphere is too strong for him. . . . To the mass of Hindus it is quite simple that they shall indulge their fancy in following after any new deity or saint who is likely to do them a good turn, without troubling themselves whether this latest dispensation is in accordancé or collision with their every-day ritual. So they insist on recognizing the spiritualist as a fresh manifestation of Power, and they worship him accordingly. This does not much offend orthodoxy, which has no great objection to adding to the number of deities; but the esoteric doctrines, which probably drown all priesthoods and gods together in the depth of some mystic revelation, are much more likely to get their authors into trouble. Hence arise the secret fraternities, the symbols and masonic signs, by which nearly every spiritual sect intercommunicates. These things are used to save the teacher from his friends as well as from his enemies; the melancholy ascetic may be seen sitting and enduring the adoration of the crowd; he does not encourage them, but he does not much attempt to undeceive them. His secret, his way of life, his glimpse behind the curtain before which all this illusive stage-play of the visible world goes on, his short cut out of the circle of miserable existences, these things he

imparts to those disciples whom he selects out of the herd, and whom he sends abroad to distribute the news. When he dies he is canonized, and he may fall into the grip of the Brahmans after all, and be turned into an embodiment of a god, but his society may also survive and spread on its spiritual basis. Unluckily, secret societies, founded on the purest principles are unsafe institutions in all ages. They are, of course, regarded suspiciously by every Government, and with very good reason; for their movements in Asia are sure to grow into political agitation whenever they acquire any impetus. And in India there is such a perceptible tendency of spiritual liberalism to degenerate into licence—there is so much evidence of the liability of the purest mysticism to be interpreted by way of orgies among weaker brethren—that one may guess scandalous stories about private gatherings of the initiated to have been not altogether without foundation in any age or country.

Whether a spiritual ascetic shall succeed in founding a sect with inner lights or only a fresh group of votaries which adore him as a peculiar manifestation of divinity, seems to depend much upon all kinds of chance. Sometimes both conceptions of him survive, and thus we get that duplex formation so common in Eastern religions—the esoteric doctrine and the exoteric cult (p. 47).

This second chapter “On the Origin of Divine Myths in India” is perhaps from one point of view—and that a point of view particularly interesting to us—the most important in the work. Hence we have been tempted to linger upon it. To students of another class of problems, the seventh and eighth chapters, “On the Formation of Class and Caste,” and “On the Rajput States in India”—chapters which Sir Henry Maine has largely used in a portion of his recently published “Early Law”—will be of quite peculiar value. We cannot now do more than thus mention them. For we wish to devote the remaining small space at our command to the very striking third chapter, upon “the Influence of Religion of Vice and Morality.” We will give two extracts from it. Remarking on the difficulty presented to primeval thinkers by the observed fact that the gods appear to be often upon the side of the wicked, or, at least, against the innocent, he continues:—

Here comes in the complication between sin and evil which runs through all phases of religious speculation, from Buddha to J. S. Mill, the problem of justifying the ways of the unseen powers which are assumed to be governing human affairs. The earliest and most simple attempts to account for evil are by assuming that the gods must have in some most mysterious way been offended; whence comes the institution of the scapegoat so well known in India in plagues of cholera, which embodies that idea of expiation which has had such immense development in the history of religions; and the various receipts for discovering Jonah, the man with a contagious curse, not necessarily a moral offender, but only one who has incurred the divine wrath, who is also common throughout all Asia. Next follows the advanced notion that this offence against the gods is not only some insult or sacrilege, as when Ulysses killed the sacred oxen, but is a moral sin, an offence against society of which the gods take magisterial cognizance. Job’s comforters try hard to prove to him that he must be reaping the fruit of his own guilt, and in all times the early theologian has made desperate endeavours to connect misfortune with misconduct, though often driven to explain the connection by refer-

ences to ancestral stain, or to the hypothesis of something done in a previous existence. But the more vigorous and daring minds rejected these subterfuges; and finding themselves landed in the dilemma between the omnipotence and the perfect justice of divinity, they solved it in different ways. Buddha held firmly to morality, threw over the gods altogether as immoral and troublesome powers from which a philosopher has to escape as fast as he can, and objected even to heaven as a final resting-place, on the ground that you are never safe so long as you own a sentient existence. Nothing but *Nirvāna*, or being blown out like a lamp, will set men finally beyond the reach of the demon who afflicts them with sensation. This teaching was, however, a moral and metaphysical doctrine vastly above the heads of the people; and practical common-sense Hinduism has never allowed questions as to the moral character of the gods to be sufficient reason for turning one's back on them or refusing to deal with them. Philosophers may have concluded privately that the gods are either incompetent or ill-disposed, a class of beings who must be endured and ignored; but the people have always made the best of their divinities so long as they did not oppose themselves to reasonable improvements in the moral standard, adapted themselves to circumstances, and recognized governments *de facto*. Mere peccadillos attributed to one or two out of many gods are of little account. Arthur Young ridicules a Frenchman who denounced to him the profligacy of Louis XV; and he says that Frederick the Great was a much more objectionable despot, because it is infinitely less important to the commonwealth, that a king should take a fancy to his neighbour's wife than that he should fancy his neighbour's provinces. This view, though questionable, is precisely that taken by polytheists of their divinities, so long as the gods do not bring more tremendous misfortune upon the country they need not be particularly moral; their speciality not being the direction of morals, as in later faiths, but the distribution of temporal blessings and curses (p. 62).

The concluding portion of this chapter, in which Sir Alfred Lyall addresses himself to a very practical question, is so remarkable and suggestive that we must cite it:—

But in India the peculiarity of the situation is that very primitive religious beliefs are being unexpectedly overtaken by an unusually high tide of public morals and spreading knowledge, which have come upon them without due warning; and the nature gods are confronted by penal codes and modern education in a sudden way that is hardly fair. They have no time to reform, hardly time to change their costume; it is even questionable whether they will easily manœuvre their retreat out of the material into the spiritual world, give up the distribution of material blessings, and fall back upon future states of existence over which their power cannot be tested. It has already been noticed as a characteristic of the phase of religious beliefs hitherto prevailing, that the doctrine of heaven and hell, though well known and accepted in Hinduism, has not exercised any great influence over the people. The ordinary worshipper looks for material blessing or ban; the philosopher accepts heaven and hell not as departments of reward or punishment, but as places of purification whereby a soul may be cleansed of its sensations, and become absorbed again into the Infinite, or escape into nothing. Both these conceptions arose out of a thorough distrust of the gods, the people dealing with them just as far as they could see (or thought they could see) that worship was answered by works, the philosopher renouncing them and all their works as completely as he dared. Nevertheless, if these beliefs are

prematurely submerged, we may have an awkward break in the continuity of theologic development, and it is not quite clear how this may affect morals. We may after all find morality in India, as elsewhere, looking dubiously at the ladder she has kicked down, and seriously alarmed at the decline of religious beliefs which has been the necessary consequence of her own rise. Or it may be that those are right who insist that Asia has always been too deep a quicksand for Europe to build upon it any lasting edifice of morals, politics, or religion; that the material conditions forbid any lasting improvement; that the English legions, like the Roman, will tramp across the Asiatic stage and disappear, and that the clouds of confusion and superstition will roll up again. Then, after all, the only abiding and immovable figure in the midst of the phantasmagoria will be that of the Hindu ascetic and sceptic, looking on at the incessant transformation of men into gods, and gods into men, with thoughts that have been caught by an English poet, and expressed in lines that have a strange Asiatic note—

All ye as a wind shall go by, so a fire shall ye pass and be past;  
Ye are gods, and behold, ye shall die—and the waves be upon you at last.  
In the darkness of time, in the deeps of the years, in the changes of things,  
Ye shall sleep as a slain man sleeps, and the world shall forget you as kings” (p. 73).

So much must suffice by way of specimen of this very thoughtful volume. It will be sufficient to show among other things how far removed the author's point of view is from ours. But that makes his book of especial value to us. As a rule, it is precisely from those who differ from us most that we learn most.

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*Udānavarga.* A Collection of Verses from the Buddhist Canon. Compiled by DHARMATRĀTA. Translated from the Tibetan of the Bkah-ggyur, with Notes and Extracts from the Commentary of Pradjñāvarman. By W. WOODVILLE ROCKHILL. (Trübner's Oriental Series.) London: Trübner. 1883.

THE “*Udānavarga*” is a Northern Buddhist version of the “*Dhammapada*,” which, as every one knows, we suppose, is one of the most famous of the Buddhist sacred books, and which has been translated into English from the Chinese by Mr. Beal, and from the Pāli version by Professor Max Müller. Dharmatrāta, the compiler of the “*Udānavarga*,” lived, as Mr. Rockhill establishes by conclusive arguments (see page 11 of his Introduction), between 75 B.C. and 200 A.D. He probably wrote in Sanscrit. The Tibetan translation, from which Mr. Rockhill's version has been made, was executed by Vidyaprabhākara, who may probably be assigned to the ninth century of our era. Certainly the commentator Pradjñāvarman lived in that century, and the following account of him, given in the Tibetan introduction to the “*Udānavarga Vivarana*,” is worth quoting:—

Pradjñāvarman was an Indian of Bhongala (Bhangala?), and a disciple of Bodhivarma, of Kapadhyara (*sic*). He was born at Kava, in the country of Bhangala, and his fame was great; he was blessed with great

steadfastness and sound understanding. Being blessed with the recollection of many of the flawless jewels uttered in the Dharma, he was of infinite service to the rest of mankind. His recollection of the many sayings of the holy law caused him to shine forth like the sun, and through the extent of his knowledge he dispelled the darkness that enveloped mankind, bringing them joy and confidence. . . . He composed, then, a commentary to help to set forth clearly the sayings which he used to speak to the multitudes. He kept the still beautiful cut flowers (of the Dharma) in their original form, but dispelled the obscurity of some of the utterances, making their perfections to burst forth like lotus flowers, and thus every one of the utterances of the most excellent of Munis (*i.e.*, Gautama) has become as bright as the sun. This commentary was therefore composed to extract the essence of the utterances of the Tathâgata, called "words of great blessing," or "*udânas*"—fragments of the words of the Victorious One—and to teach their real signification (Introduction, p. xii.).

So much as to the author of the commentary which Mr. Rockhill has made use of in the volume before us. We must express our regret that he has not made more use of it, and especially that he has given but a few of the short stories ("*nidânas*" they are called), which Pradjñâvarman prefixes to most verses—stories that are by way of explaining the circumstances which called forth each particular utterances of the Buddha. Mr. Rockhill thinks that in "the great majority of cases these stories have evidently been invented to suit the text," which appears to us to be saying too much. But however that may be, they are certainly, to say the least, of considerable value as illustrating the condition of the Buddhist mind at the period when the commentator wrote, and Mr. Rockhill's valuable book would, in our judgment, have been more valuable still if he had given us all of them.

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*Dissertations on Early Law and Custom*: chiefly selected from Lectures delivered at Oxford. By Sir HENRY SUMNER MAINE. London: J. Murray. 1883.

IT is related that a painstaking student of English literature once read the two folio volumes of Johnson's Dictionary through, and on being asked what he thought of the work, replied that it was most interesting though slightly disconnected. We might say the same of this new book of Sir Henry Maine's. Every paper in it is of extreme value, and that not only for what it actually teaches, but also—and still more—for what it suggests. But a reprint of studies ranging over such a great variety of topics as are indicated by their titles—the Sacred Laws of the Hindus, Religion and Law, Ancestor Worship, Ancestor Worship and Inheritance, Royal Succession and the Salic Law, the King in Relation to Early Civil Justice, Theories of Primitive Society, East European House Communities, Decay of Feudal Property in France and England, Classifications of Property, Classifications of Legal Rules—somewhat distracts the mind by its diversity. The subject, however, which receives most ample treatment is one which has for many years been recognized as the author's special and

peculiar province—the development of primitive society. Of late, many facts have been brought to light, which, to say the least, are hard to reconcile with some of the positions maintained by him. And the portion of this volume which will be most interesting to the student of scientific archæology is that in which Sir Henry Maine examines the objections against the patriarchal theory of society, powerfully urged by several recent writers of much ability, especially by the late Mr. McLennan. We can here do little more than remark upon the extreme candour with which Sir Henry Maine discusses “these new facts and theories,” and considers their bearing upon the opinions advanced by himself in his well-known work on *Ancient Law*. The thesis there maintained by him was, as many of our readers will remember, that “the theory of the origin of society in separate families, held together by the authority and protection of the eldest valid male ascendant, has claims to be considered ‘a real historical theory,’ while the theories based upon the hypothesis of a law and state of Nature, which have been so widely received among men, and have exercised such great influence upon the world’s history have no such claim at all.” And now, after examining the testimony alleged against it, in what are perhaps the most luminous and suggestive pages of the present volume, the author, while, with his usual caution, recording his doubt whether “the investigation has advanced far enough to admit of a very confident opinion,” tells us, “If the inquiry were to be confined to the ancient institution of the group of societies which I examined more than twenty years ago, I should still maintain the conclusions which I reached, subject only to some qualifications which are suggested in the first four chapters of the present work (p. 95).”

Perhaps the essay in this volume of most general interest is the one upon “The Decay of Feudal Property in France and England.” The land system in the two countries, as every well-informed student is aware, was originally the same.

All feudal society (as Sir Henry Maine observes), is a reproduction of a single typical form. This *unit* consists of a group of men settled on a definite space of land, and forming what we Englishmen call a Manor, and what in France was called a Fief. The Manor, or Fief, in its origin, was as much a political as a proprietary body, as nearly akin to a State as to an Estate. It retained, even in its decay, some of the characteristic and curiously persistent marks of Aryan political organisms. The lord is the *Βασιλεύς*, the rex, the king. The free tenants are the *γερονσία*, the senate, the council. The villeins are the mass of the people; and below them are the true bondmen, the slaves, or thralls, or, in later legal language, the villeins *in gross*. The Signorial Court, the Court Baron, is the ancient village assembly, in which the administration of justice has now taken precedence of other public concerns, but in which those public concerns continue to be discussed, the lord presiding, the free tenants advising, the villeins attending without definite share or voice in the deliberations, like the crowd in the Homeric Agora. Those fines, dues, and monopolies which still annoy the English copyholder of our day, which went far to cause the first French Revolution, and which had to be cleared away by a timely stroke of statesmanship before Prussia could begin a struggle to

relieve herself from French military despotism, were in their origin rather in the nature of taxes than in the nature of rent. They represent the ancient provision for the service of the little village commonwealth. Some of them may have sprung from the oppressions of the lord, and some from agreement with him; but the greatest part had their origin in regulated force, the sovereignty of the little State. . . . To the typical form which I have described, Kingdoms were adjusted no less than Manors. The sovereign who became the most powerful in Europe, the King of France, was the lord of an exalted Manor. His free tenants were the Dukes of Normandy and Burgundy, the Counts of Toulouse and Champagne; his domain consisted of Paris and of the old Duchy of France. These continental institutions were reproduced in England, but, as has often been the case, *with a difference*. The great power of the early Anglo-Norman kings came from their allowing nobody to be absolutely interposed, like a Duke of Burgundy, between themselves and their subjects, and from their exacting fealty, and therefore military service from all Englishmen (Freeman, "Norman Conquest," iv. 694). We can trace the Manorial group backwards to an earlier social form, a body of men democratically, or rather aristocratically, governed, in which the free tenants had as yet no lord, the village community. We can also trace its gradual dissolution, until the forms of landed property were established, with which we are all familiar. The exact point before us is, why did the Manor, in its decay, produce such different results in England and France? Why did its transformation end in one country in a revolution, which is an epoch of history? Why, in another, in a somewhat inconvenient form of landed property? (p. 302.)

It is a most interesting question, and a question of great practical importance if there is any truth—and assuredly there is—in the ancient saw that "history is philosophy teaching by experience." For Sir Henry Maine's answer we must refer our readers to his own pages. Here we can only briefly indicate its outlines. One powerful cause of the difference, as he points out, lies in the strong distinction between the judicial organization of France and England. A hundred years ago the French Seigniorial Court was a flourishing institution, and a very oppressive one, while the English Manorial Court was a mere shadow. Then again, in England, the titles of the Lord of the Manor and of the copyholder are, and are known to be, to a very large extent, rooted in contract. In France, a hundred years ago, manorial rights were popularly believed to "have originated in simple violence," to have sprung from "the ancient helplessness of the villein." Once more: France was then, as now, to a large extent, a country of peasant proprietors. "The sense of property in land was not in the seigneur, but in the peasant." And the mass of petty landholders were exasperated by the feudal dues which they had to pay, and by the monopolies which curtailed their property. These are causes which Sir Henry Maine thinks "have been kept too much in the background." Of others "which are intermingled with the whole structure of French society," and which "it belongs to the civil historian to bring to light," he writes as follows:—

De Tocqueville has strongly suggested, and others after him will probably demonstrate, that the enormous social prestige of the French Court and its constant indulgence of its military tastes had at length turned

the French territorial nobility into a caste as distinct from the cultivating peasantry as is the Rajput from the Sudra, as distinct as was the white planter of the Southern States from the negro who laboured in his cane-fields. The effect of this deep alienation was completely to alter the normal or natural character of the social group of which I have spoken, the Manor or Fief. Left to itself, it is one of the most conservative of all institutions. In our own country the Manor is in extreme decay, and chiefly survives in its ecclesiastical organization as the Parish. In France a revolution has passed over the Fief, and it has become a mere administrative subdivision, the Commune. . . . In the latter half of the eighteenth century the normal operation of the Fief was reversed in France. Many causes, and among them that personal friction which is the despair of all who would make history a science, had produced among the peasantry such intensity of hatred to their lord that they were ready to find allies against him anywhere—before the Revolution, in the despotic King and his usurping agents—after the Revolution, in the Convention, in the Jacobin Club, in the Directory, in the First Consul, who was soon to be the Emperor. And even now the tradition of the feudal dues and the fear of their revival are political influences of the first order, tending to make a great part of the nation ready, or not reluctant, to throw itself (as a great French orator said) into the arms of the first lucky corporal who makes it believe that he can preserve the institutions created at the Revolution, without bringing back the Revolution itself (p. 328).

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*The Solution of the Pyramid Problem.* By R. BALLARD, C.E.  
New York: J. Wiley & Sons. 1882.

ANOTHER solution of the riddle propounded by the Egyptian Sphinx! Professor Piazzzi Smyth finds in the pyramids a perfect encyclopædia of Biblical, astronomical, and scientific lore. Mr. Proctor sees in their wonderful adaptability to astronomical purposes a grand apparatus for astrological work. Mr. Ballard propounds a more prosaic, but certainly a more reasonable, view, that the pyramids were grand plumb-lines for accurate survey of the Delta. In a country, where the soil is so fertile and so cultivated, the accurate determination of boundary marks must be of the last importance. But the constant deposition of Nile mud, and the flooding of the low-lying lands, must have the effect of constantly obliterating the boundaries. Now the clean-cut pyramids, with their edges standing out sharp against the clear blue southern skies, would make admirable theodolites with the exercise of a little ingenuity. A circumstance in favour of the author's theory is, that it is the only one that can offer a reasonable explanation why Mycerinus was cased in red granite. For details of how the three pyramids could be actually employed in surveying, we must refer to our author's pages. We fear, however, that his exaltation at the supposed discovery of the royal Babylonian cubit is a little premature. He must know by this time that the measures of the base of the Great Pyramid, on which his calculations are founded, are shown by Mr. Petrie's recent excavations to be erroneous.

*Miss Austen's Novels.* In Six Volumes. The Steventon Edition.  
London: Bentley & Son. 1882.

THAT within a period of twelve months a publisher should be enabled to offer to the public two editions of such an author as Miss Austen, is a fact which speaks favourably for the good taste of the public, and significantly for the enterprise of the publishers. In 1881 Messrs. Bentley and Son published at a reasonable cost, and in a handy form, a popular edition of the whole of Miss Austen's novels. In 1882 the same firm were bold enough to issue a new edition, for a totally different class of readers—an *édition de luxe*, handsomely printed on fine paper, in a clear type, and with chocolate coloured ink, bound in delicate white cloth, and illustrated with steel-engraved frontispieces. And it is satisfactory to learn, as indicative of the taste and appreciation of the age which also patronises the sensational school of novels, that the venture of Messrs. Bentley has been attended with a marked success. The costly edition has been almost exhausted, we believe, within the period of a single season, and but few copies were still on sale when inquiries were made shortly before the issue of the last number of the DUBLIN REVIEW.

This appreciation at the present day of Miss Austen's well-nigh, perhaps altogether, incomparable delineations of English life of her own era, is the more remarkable when we call to mind the well-known difficulties she encountered in the publication of her novels when they were first written. But a later generation than her own has set its seal upon the intrinsic merit and value of her lifelike sketches and finished pictures of a condition of society in England which has for ever passed away. Nor has the present generation the credit of being the first to realize the true excellence of these novels. For the past half-century there has been a continuous stream of editions issued from the press. These editions have been put forth with a variety of attractions, both of material and price, for the book-buying, novel-reading world. But, without knowing the reason, we believe that the house of Bentley has always had some special attraction to, or connection with, the Austen family, or with the works of Miss Austen. At all events, they alone have published the most trustworthy memoir of the great woman novelist of her day, and have had the honour, we believe, of re-introducing her novels to the reading world upwards of half a century ago. The same firm have issued editions of various forms and suited to different incomes, from one shilling in price upwards. And they have crowned their labour, of love and profit combined, by the publication and rapid sale of the "Steventon Edition." Between these efforts on the part of Bentley & Son to popularize Miss Austen, it may not be without interest to the reader to see the number and variety of editions which have issued from the press, a list of which may be found in the catalogue of the British Museum Library. They are as follows—premising that the

"Standard Novels," containing Miss Austen's, appeared in 1831; "Collection of British Authors," 1841; "Parlour Novelist" and "Parlour Library" editions, both in 1847; other editions of Bentley, in 1849; editions of Routledge, from 1849 to 1851; "Railway Library" issue, in 1857; "Select Library of Fiction," 1870; fresh Bentley edition, in 1871; "Ruby Series," in 1877; and Bentley's current edition, in 1881. The "Stevenson Edition," as has been said, was printed in 1882.

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*The Theological and Philosophical Works of Hermes Trismegistus, Christian Neoplatonist.* Translated from the original Greek, with Preface, Notes, and Indices. By JOHN DAVID CHAMBERS, M.A., F.S.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1882.

WE are sorry to be obliged to confess that "thrice great Hermes," as Milton called him, was an arrant impostor, who took advantage of the simplicity of some of the Christian Fathers. They mistook Hermes for a venerable Egyptian sage, anterior to Moses, who by the light of philosophy, conceived religious ideas considerably in advance of his age. And so they paid him the compliment of quoting sentences from him, and holding him up as a luminous example. It is now almost certain that the writer whom they thus honoured was some miserable Neoplatonist of the second or third century, who made a jumble of Platonism, heathenism, and Scripture. Thus "thrice great Hermes" has been made very small in these times, and indeed has fallen so low in reputation that we should hardly have thought it worth while to drag him forth from obscurity and give him an English dress. But Mr. Chambers has had the patience to do this, and has spared no pains to do it well. Still it must be confessed that despite of Mr. Chambers's learned editing, Hermes Trismegistus cuts but a sorry figure. His English dress does not fit him, nor is his meaning less unintelligible. But it seems from the notes that Mr. Chambers is trying to make a Christian of Hermes and to pass off his Platonic babbling as the utterances of religious wisdom. It is here that we quarrel with Mr. Chambers. We deny that the author of "Poemandres" was in any sense a Christian, and we protest against his degrading sacred Scripture and Catholic theology by using them to illustrate the inanities of this maudlin sophist. One quotation will suffice to prove to our readers that Hermes was no Christian either before or after "the epoch of Monochism," as Mr. Chambers absurdly calls it. Hermes says, p. 23, that it is the greatest irreligion for any one to die childless.

This man renders justice after death to the demon, and the punishment is this, that the soul of the childless should be condemned to a body having the nature neither of man nor of woman, which is accursed under the sun. Wherefore, O Asclepius! be mutually pleased with no one who is childless, but, on the contrary, pity the misfortune, knowing what punishment awaits him.

And Hermes calls this "a precognition somewhat of the nature of all things."

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*Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.* By F. GODET, D.D., Professor of Theology, Neufchatel. Translated from the French by the Rev. A. CUSIN, M.A. Two Vols. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1881.

THE foreign theological library is certainly well supplied with commentaries on the Epistle to the Romans. Lange, Meyer, Tholuck, Olshausen, and Philippi have already been translated. But this has not prevented the enterprising publishers from adding M. Godet to their list. This of itself is no small proof of the repute in which the work is held. It is much to be regretted that all these works, and M. Godet's is no exception, are built on Lutheran or Calvinist lines. Protestant writers are so taken up with their favourite notion of forensic or external righteousness that they do their best to force their own meaning into St. Paul's text. Yet, as Sabatier has truly said, "St. Paul would not have had words enough to blast so gross an interpretation of his meaning." But abstracting from this most serious defect, we quite acknowledge that M. Godet's book has considerable merit, as the work of an earnest-minded and learned Professor. He styles the Apostle "A unique man for a unique work," and quotes Coleridge's remark that the Epistle to the Romans is the most profound work ever written. He rejects with indignation the description of St. Paul's outward appearance which M. Rénan has put forward—"a man, little of stature, bald, short-legged, corpulent, with eye-brows meeting, and prominent nose." M. Godet calls this a "fancy portrait;" we prefer to consider it a gross caricature, having its origin in the morbid imagination of the Ebimite heretic who wrote the Clementines for the very purpose of slandering the Apostle of the Gentiles. M. Godet is mistaken in supposing that the description is taken from the apocryphal acts of St. Paul and Thecla. With regard to St. Peter's visit to Rome, M. Godet, strangely enough, directs all his controversy against another Protestant writer, Thiersch, of whom he complains somewhat bitterly as being "almost the only theologian of mind who still defends the assertion of St. Peter's sojourn in Rome in the beginning of the reign of Claudius." Of St. Peter's martyrdom in Rome during Nero's persecution, he says, quoting Hilgenfeld:—"To be a good Protestant, one need not combat this tradition." On textual questions we rejoice to find that M. Godet is a strong defender of the integrity of the Epistle. He has no sympathy with critics who would rob us of the last two chapters, for no better reason than the authority of the unscrupulous Marcion. We are glad to be able to quote the learned Professor's opinion on the glorious Confession of Christ's Divinity (Rom. ix. 5), which the marginal timidity of the New Testament revisers has done so much to obscure:—"I have carefully weighed the reasons of those

who deny the fact, yet I have always come back to the first conviction which the Greek construction produces—viz., that Paul really meant to designate the Christ as Θεός.”

Most commentators, and especially Protestant, are afflicted with chronic spiritual aridity; but, in M. Godet's case, dryness is sometimes relieved by passages of rare beauty, such as the following. Commenting on Rom. viii. 18–22, he explains *κρίσις* to mean Nature or Creation apart from man, and dwells upon the close solidarity which exists between man and the whole of Nature :—

As the breaking off the bud renders sterile the branch which bore it, so the fall of man involved that of the world. As Schelling said in one of his admirable lectures on the philosophy of revelation, Nature, with its melancholy charm, resembles a bride who, in the very moment when she was attired for marriage, saw the bridegroom to whom she was to be united die on the very day fixed for the marriage. She still stands with her fresh crown and in her bridal dress, but her eyes are full of tears. The soul of the poet-philosopher here meets that of the Apostle. The ancient thinkers spoke much of a soul of the world. The idea was not a vain dream. The soul of the world is man. The whole Bible, and this important passage in particular, rests on this profound idea (vol. ii. p. 95).

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1. *Biblia Sacra*. Vulgatæ Editionis Sixti V. Pont. Max. jussu recognita et Clementis VIII. auctoritate edita. 1881.
  2. *Missale Romanum*, &c. Cum approbatione S. Rituum Congregationis. Folio. 1880.
  3. *Breviarium Romanum*. Four vols. 18mo. Second Edition. 1882.
  4. *Breviarium Romanum*. One vol. 8vo. 1879. All published at the Liturgical Printing Works of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Desclée, Lefebvre et Cie., Tournay.

THE publications of the “Imprimerie Liturgique” of Tournay, a few of which head this notice, are splendid additions to that mediæval movement which is still working vigorously in many departments of Christian art. The missals and breviaries of the Tournay Society are becoming highly esteemed for their carefully accurate editing, not less than for the luxurious elegance of type, paper, illustration, and binding; indeed, many who sympathize little with the quaint mediæval character of the ornamentation are attracted by the clear beautifully cut Elzevirian types, the easy legibility of which is noteworthy in the smallest editions, while the toned paper adds still further to the ease and comfort of reading them. But for those who do feel attracted by the beauty of mediæval art, these editions are truly *de luxe*; while it is useful to add that the prices of the various publications are remarkably moderate. The aim of the Society has been to reproduce worthily, so far as types and wood-blocks could do it, those works which in olden times were written, one may say, in gold, and at the expense of a life's labour; and, further, to reproduce them with an accuracy of text which was then scarcely attainable. The illustrations are, therefore, not merely

pious pictures bound up in the volumes, but, like the miniatures of illuminated MSS., they are part of the text and have reference to it. It is enough to add, that the Baron Béthune d'Idewalle, the great promoter of the renaissance of Christian art in Belgium, has the guidance of this artistic portion of the undertaking. The volumes which we have selected deserve a few words of special mention.

1. In the preparation of this beautiful edition of the Bible the editor tells us in his preface he has carefully followed the provisions of Clement VIII. The revision of the text was committed to the hands of some Benedictine fathers of the Abbey of Maredsous. The various editions of the Vulgate have been consulted, and the Vatican edition of 1598 has been followed as far as possible, while the labours of the learned Padre Vercellone have been largely availed of. For a better text of St. Jerome's Preface, the edition of Valarsi has been adopted; the foot-notes of which and the index rerum have been carefully corrected of numerous mistakes, and a useful index of lessons, epistles, and gospels of the Sundays has been added. The volume is printed in double columns, with red borders and marginal references, while the volume is adorned with a frontispiece, two large pictures, and twenty-two smaller ones as "têtes de page."

2. The folio Missal recommends itself at first glance to every priest by the easy legibility of its large modern type. Here, again, a correct text has been zealously aimed at, and prepared by the Benedictine scholars already mentioned. They have consulted the best editions—The Propaganda of 1875, Salviucci (Rome), Marietti (Turin), Pustet (Ratisbon), not omitting, lastly, the older but valuable edition of Plantin-Moretus (Antwerp). The Scripture portions have been carefully edited after the model of the Vatican edition of 1598, the general rubrics reproduced in their entirety, and the proof-sheets carefully read, both by the Benedictine editors and by several other *savants*. The text thus prepared has received the approbation of the Roman Congregation. The art-characteristics of the volume are of the same kind as already described. The smallest accessories that would help to render it of greater practical value have been adopted; thus the usual Roman numerals in the pagination of the "Commune Sanctorum" and Supplement have given place to Arabic figures in red. In those cases where a saint has, besides a proper prayer, other parts of the Mass special, to save references and page turning, the mass is printed *in extenso*. Last, but decidedly not least, the canon is printed in fine large modern type, and is so arranged that the turning of the pages is done at places most convenient and least distracting. A small edition (18mo) of the Missal has been also published of the same character, corresponding with the four-volume Breviary, and admirably adapted for church use by those who like a missal at Mass.

3. On the text of the Breviary the same careful and minute study has been expended. In this instance the editors have not only studied the Breviary of Urban VIII. of 1632, but have had the

favour shown them of being allowed to study the particular copy that contains foot-notes in Pope Urban's own handwriting.

4. The "totum" Breviary—known in mediæval England as a "porto"—is a wonderfully readable specimen. Thus, for example, it has a separate "Commune Apostolorum tempore Paschali," besides the Common of Martyrs for the same time; also a separate complete Common of Holy Women with all the psalms, and a complete office of the dead; and yet the type can be read as easily as that of the four-volume edition.

In conclusion, we can only make passing reference to an edition of the "Horæ Diurnæ," of equal excellence of type and illustration, prepared with the same intelligent and loving care by the learned editors: a very useful "Officium Hebdomadæ Sanctæ," extracted from the four-volume Breviary, and a scarcely less acceptable "Officia Propria Passionis," in which will be found the offices of the Passion, now said everywhere, with the Psalms in full, thus saving the frequent and distracting turnings hither and thither into the body of the Breviary. Lastly, the "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin" is also published in Latin; while many other works, liturgical or of a standard character such as the "Imitatio Christi," are among the publications of the Society of St. John the Evangelist. The same Society has published an English "Proprium," for each of their Breviaries and Missals. Specimens of their work may be got at the chief Catholic booksellers throughout the world.

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*Reading-Book.* Sixth Standard. (The Granville Series.)  
London: Burns & Oates.

THERE is really nothing to be said of this book beyond what we have already said of its predecessors. It takes its place with them for excellence of type, illustrations, and—what is more important—for excellence of editing. It has also this high recommendation of a school-book, that it is cheap—any child in the Sixth Standard would be glad to have these 360 pages of well-chosen pieces for eighteenpence. The pieces are longer than was possible in the smaller "Readers" of the earlier Standards, and are therefore more interesting; the notes are opportune, and, as far as we have observed, sufficiently full and well done. Lastly, the collection embraces, together with some old favourites that deserve never to grow stale, a judicious selection of good modern pieces, by Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, and others. Boys will need no spur to go through "Stanley's Search for Livingstone;" nor will they relish much less "Rip Van Winkle," which is told at length. Both pieces are illustrated. This is an excellent reader for any advanced child.

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1. *A Manual of Scripture History*: being an Analysis of the Historical Books of the Old Testament. Part III. From the End of the Judges to the Babylonian Captivity. By the Rev. W. J. B. RICHARDS, D.D. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.
2. *Sacred History Reading-Book*. By J. G. WENHAM, Canon of Southwark. Printed for the Author, and to be had of the principal Catholic Booksellers. 1883.

THESE two little volumes are new evidences of the effort that is being made to extend the study of Scripture history among Catholic children. Canon Wenham's "Reader" is for Catholic children, Dr. Richards' "Manual," is rather for their teachers, or at least, for advanced pupils. This Third Part of his Manual is of the same character and excellence as Parts I. and II., which have been already noticed by us, and strongly recommended for schools and teachers. Such a Manual is esteemed of great value by Protestants—witness, for example, the enormous circulation of Pinnock's "Analysis," a work of very similar structure to Dr. Richards'—how much more valuable is it not in the case of Catholic boys and girls, whom we should not like to see reading indiscriminately all the books of the Bible itself! But, besides this, the "Manual" has a further and very important purpose to serve in supplying subsidiary information, in arranging events in their sequence, in bringing together from different books the chief events, *e.g.*, in the life of Saul (as at page 209), of David (page 241), and otherwise presenting to the young teacher or student a systematized and intelligent view of the Scripture narrative. The notes are not numerous nor long, but always useful, and often give in a few words the result of long and varied reading. This Part contains useful Appendixes: on the Physical Geography of Palestine, on the Hebrew Calendar, a list of the kings of Israel and Juda, on the Kingdom of Assyria (condensed from G. Smith's "History of Assyria"), and on Jewish Weights and Measures. The "Manual" we cordially recommend to schools and colleges in the preparation of the subject of Scripture history.

Canon Wenham's Reading-Book gives—as he designs it should—"a fairly easy and consecutive narrative of Sacred History, in the language, as far as may be, of the Scripture itself." The work, let us add, has been excellently done, enough of the sacred text is embodied to make the reading-lesson vivid and interesting; and Catholic schools can now supply themselves with a class reading-book of sacred history of as great literary merit as the best of the now numerous "Readers" in the "subjects" of history, geography, science and art. The book is divided into chapters that deal with one topic, and these into sections, the subject of each of which is excellently stated at its beginning in darker type. The present volume—a small one of 250 pages—carries the sacred story unbrokenly on to the end of Solomon's reign. Another, which we hope will soon appear, will bring it to the end of the Old Testament.

*Programmes of Sermons and Instructions.* Comprising (according to the Course laid down by the Council of Trent) The Apostles' Creed, The Commandments, &c. Second Edition, Enlarged. Dublin: Brown & Nolan. 1883.

THIS volume of "Programmes of Sermons" is prefaced by some twenty-eight letters of approbation from the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland—many of which speak of the work in warm terms of appreciation and praise. This is a brilliant consensus of testimony: which, however, the volume well deserves. It may be of use to mention further what is the character of the service here offered the preacher; "Sermon Books" are of so many different kinds. This volume, then, is not a repertory of text and "matter" like Lohner; nor is it a volume of sermons written out as models; nor, again, is it a mere series of outlines. It is something more than this last, containing "programmes" of more or less fulness, often suggesting thoughts, referring to texts, always directing where amplified matter may be found in standard authors, and frequently itself amplifying a point or points pretty completely. Thus, the programmes, as the author mentions in his Prefatory Address, are designed to help especially to a methodical distribution of subjects in parochial discourses, as also to a good arrangement of matter and effective line of treatment, but are not designed to free the preacher from the "labour" of preparation; by which labour alone preaching becomes "a personal function"—at least meritoriously so. The same Prefatory Address contains some very excellent advice to the young preacher, which together with the programmes themselves we cordially recommend to his notice.

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1. *The Senior Poetical Reader.* For School and Home Use. With Notes, &c., by P. R. JACKSON. Tenth Edition ("The Granville Series"). London: Burns & Oates, 1882.
  2. *The Shakespeare Reader.* King Richard II. ("The Granville Series"). London: Burns & Oates.
  3. *Poetical Recitations.* ("The Granville Series.") No. 1 for Standards I. and II., No. 2 for Standard III., No. 3 for Standard IV., No. 4 for Standard V., No. 5 for Standards VI. and VII. London: Burns & Oates.

MANAGERS and teachers will be grateful to Messrs. Burns & Oates for so energetically and ably catering to their requirements in the way of books. Six "Readers" for as many "Standards" and a similar series of "History Readers" have been already noticed, and have received the praise we believe they deserved. We have now two poetical "Readers;" one made up of pieces from the best English and American writers; the other containing Shakespeare's Richard II. Both of them appear to us to deserve commendation

as well for their adaptation to a special need in Government schools as for their own merits.

The excellence and value of the "Senior Poetical Reader" have been already recognized and established; it has already gone to a tenth edition, and has been adopted by the London and other School Boards for reading in the Upper Standards, and for the specific subject of literature. For these purposes, and not less for home school-room use, this Reader is excellently adapted. We have looked carefully through it, and find that, happily, the pieces have been well chosen; they are bright, graphic pieces, for the most part, such as children will be attracted to and appreciate. The compiler deserves a word of praise for this as also for the notes. These notes are placed in the margin opposite the words they explain, and are thus before the eye, together with the text. Perhaps there are too many of them. What child ever needs "Sun was low," to be explained by *at sunset*. But the fault is on the good side. Lastly, the paper, printing, and get up of both the little volumes under notice are strikingly excellent. To these advantages "The Shakespeare Reader" adds some capital illustrations. The play is carefully annotated; and this in the case of introducing Shakespeare to a child, has involved a large amount of work that appears to have been carefully done. Indeed in this respect the work is so well done that the play will also serve for the intelligent reading of older children out of school.

The third entry on our list is a series of paper-covered volumes, of twenty to fifty pages each, published at a penny and twopence each, according to their thickness. Their contents are a selection from the "Poetical Reader," arranged in degrees of difficulty to suit the Standards. They will be a great boon for class use; a child may use, tear and wear them out without heavy pecuniary distress; whilst the useful marginal notes of the "Reader" remain.

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*Select Specimens of the English Poets.* With Biographical Notices, &c. Edited by AUBREY DE VERE, Esq. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

THIS, which we take to be a new edition of a volume published some years ago, is a selection of pieces dating from Chaucer to Tennyson. The good taste and poetic appreciation which has guided the selection makes the volume one of the best of the kind we have seen. Within its three hundred pages will be found characteristic bits from all the leading poets. Mr. de Vere's biographical notices are simply of very high value, containing, as they often do, his critical estimate of the poet's writings. His sympathetic criticism of Wordsworth (p. 190) may be referred to as an instance which justifies our appreciation of these biographical notices.

*A Memoir of the Life and Death of the Rev. Father Augustus Henry Law, S.J. Part III.* London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

THIS little volume completes the touching record of the life of Father Law, doubly touching as the solace of his aged father's bereavement. No truer picture of the man could be given than that conveyed in his own letters, so earnest in their unaffected simplicity, so unchanged in their warmth of family affection, amid the duties and studies of his religious vocation. The letters in the present series comprise the whole of his ecclesiastical career, from his noviciate as a Jesuit to his heroic death at Umzila's kraal in South-west Africa, on November 25th, 1880, with all his intervening life in various spheres of activity. Having joined the Order in January, 1854, a few weeks after leaving the navy, he was ordained a priest on September 24th, 1865, and sent out a year later to British Guiana, where he spent more than four years in incessant activity. His zeal and energy were shown in the way he devoted himself to the study of languages, and on this mission he mastered two, Portuguese and Chinese, attaining sufficient fluency in the former to enable him to preach in it, and learning enough of the latter to instruct and evangelize the Chinese immigrants. Returned to England in the end of 1871, he left it again in 1875 for St. Aidan's College, Grahamstown, whence he started full of hope and courage for the new mission of the Zambesi, April 16th, 1879. How he found his death in the savage and inhospitable country of Umzila, amid indescribable hardships and privations, is simply told in this brief record of religious heroism. A true soldier of St. Ignatius, his name adds one more to the long roll of victims of charity and self-devotion furnished by his Order.

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*Caxton's Game and Playe of the Chesse*, 1474. A verbatim reprint of the first edition. With an Introduction by W. E. A. Axon. London: Elliot Stock. 1883.

THE Middle Ages of Christendom present us with two distinct classes of prose fiction; the almost interminable and, to us moderns, tiresome and monotonous romances of chivalry which proved incapable of surviving the blow dealt them by Cervantes; and, in striking contrast with these, the earlier collections of briefly-told tales or pithy sayings which, though for the most part given as historical, have often but a slender basis in fact, and indeed in many instances originated in the remotest periods of Aryan literature. Into such repertories contributions from the most varied sources, parables from the sacred books of India, anecdotes of Greek sages, episodes from Roman historians, or contemporaneous fabrications found their way through channels as diverse as the collection itself was heterogeneous. The "*Gesta Romanorum*," composed

about 1340, is the type *par excellence* of this kind of compilations, which were, indeed, largely drawn from some of the later Roman collectors of anecdotes—the Joe Millers of their day. Many of the passages, parables and anecdotes employed, had probably been already collected for homilætic use to serve as telling illustrations or impressive examples, and with some embellishment and amplification subsequently furnished material for compilations which were designed merely for private entertainment, combined, however, with edification. The storied window, or the miniated folio of the Middle Ages, may, by their crudity, offend our perceptions, improved as these are by the progress of the arts; a progress in which such productions, it must be remembered, constituted but an earlier development addressed to contemporaries for whom it was impossible to feel the deficiencies to which only accumulated experience and gradual advancement of knowledge and culture render us so much alive. And so in literature. What was in harmony with a simpler state of manners, to us amid the complex relations and surroundings of modern society, reads as bald and puerile. What cannot, however, fail to strike the attentive observer is the intention that breathes throughout such works. Even in recreation there was to be a spiritual purpose. No joke was too capital to be impressed into the service of morality, nor, it must be added, did any moral application seem too far-fetched to be appended to what appears in our judgment the most inappropriate and unpromising subjects.

At a time when literature was chiefly in the hands of Churchmen, there is no reason for surprise if we discern in it this general direction. Indeed, it is this feature—this tendency to invest all the actions of life with a religious value and intention (which is, of course, to be distinguished from a religious meaning), and consequently also to measure them by a religious standard, that manifests itself so strongly in the earlier mediæval literature, and contrasts so forcibly with the modern spirit ever striving to isolate religion, whether in the household, the school, or the legislature, as a thing distinct from the duties and ties of citizenship and society. That the moral exposition, or application, or the exhortation to the fulfilment of practical duties contained in such miscellaneous repertoires of stories was no mere adjunct adopted to excuse or justify their compilation, but was their chief feature, and even their *raison d'être*, is clearly shown by the fact that in some MSS., the story, anecdote, or extract is not given, but merely referred to or indicated in a few words as being well known, while the space is devoted to the “moralization.” The circumstance that a story was often altered, sometimes invented, to embody a particular moralization, is another evidence of this.

Such a moralized collection of anecdotes is the *Liber de moribus hominum et officiis nobilium super ludo scacorum*, written about the beginning of the fourteenth century, of which we have here Caxton's translation, probably from the French version of De Vignay the

translator of the "Legenda Aurea." From a bibliographical point of view the work is remarkable as being one of the earliest books printed in the English language. It was long held to have been printed in England. There seems, however, every reason to believe it was printed at Bruges. Eleven copies of the book only are known, and of these several are imperfect.

The work has no connection with the game of chess, further than the author's adoption of the different pieces as convenient heads under which to deal out moralities interspersed with a rambling tissue of anecdotic gossip. As there are no minor divisions or sub-headings, the index, which, as far as we have tested it is complete and accurate, is a useful addition.

The editor prefixes an introduction of sixty-three pages, in which he gives some account of the work in its bibliographical and literary aspects. The bibliographical part of the task seems well performed. For the rest, if instead of a discursive notice of several portions of the work, selected from it without any apparent reason for the choice, there had been given in foot-notes, or in any other form, a brief statement of the sources of each story and its previous phases—its genealogy, in fact—as far as known, the result would have been more satisfactory. The demands upon the scholarship and industry of the author would doubtless have been greater. Recent research, however, especially in Germany, has done much to lighten such a task. The labour required for its efficient performance would still have been considerable, but its fruit would have been a work of permanent value as a contribution to a branch of knowledge which is yearly augmenting the number of its students.

The glossary which the editor has appended to the work is a snare and a delusion. When it includes such entries as "mordent, biting;" "fumée, smoke;" "feet, feat;" "historiagraph, historian;" "musyque, music," it is impossible to excuse the omission of such words as *distourblith*, *mididis*, *belue*, *rouar*, *lanhe*, *ooste*, *lesing*, *fornier*, meaning respectively disturbeth, middle, whale, robber, laugh, host, lie, baker, and very many more. Under *ferrement*, the reader is referred to cerements, instead of finding the proper explanation: iron utensils. Notwithstanding Caxton's tendency to Gallicize, not a few expressions are found which seem to indicate Flemish influence. For instance, *how well*, for albeit cf. Flemish *hoevel*. The use of tree (p. 37), like the Scandinavian *træ*, with the meaning of wood as a material, is remarkable. Other expressions, too, are interesting as showing that many thoroughly English words which have long since disappeared must have been in general use in Caxton's time. Befyghte, behate, cornerly, endlonge and overthwart, drawhtes, ware, langed, dronkelewe, are examples of this. The spelling arsmetryk, seems to show the accent to have been on the first syllable of the word.

Were the whole volume judged by the glossary, no confidence could be felt in the fidelity of the reprint. We are bound, however, to say that, after most careful and persistent testing and collation with the original work in the British Museum, we have not found the

slightest deviation from the black-letter text of Caxton. We have no hesitation accordingly in recommending the volume as a faithful reprint of an extremely rare work of our first printer, and an interesting specimen of mediæval popular literature.

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*Jean XXII., sa Vie et ses Œuvres*, d'après des documents inédits, par l'Abbé V. VERLAQUE, Docteur en Théologie, Correspondant du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique pour les travaux historiques. 8vo, pp. 226. Paris : E. Plon et Cie., 1883.

PROBABLY no part of ecclesiastical history is more in need of revision than the lives of the Popes during the "captivity" of Avignon. Contemporary documents are so few and scanty for the earlier periods of the history of the Church, that there is little opportunity of correcting various accounts, and filling up their gaps by the application of modern methods of research; here, on the contrary, archives, letters, and other sources of information abound, and have been almost unexplored. It is the more desirable that this should be done, because the accounts generally received of the Avignon Popes are derived from Villani, Petrarch, and other Italian authors, whose ardent patriotism led them to depreciate as much as possible those Sovereign Pontiffs who fixed their residence out of Rome. We therefore very gladly welcome this biography of John XXII., the most prominent, and in some respects the most calumniated, of them all.

M. Verlaque has evidently studied with care the documentary evidence available in the libraries of Paris, Florence, Avignon, Cahors, the Vatican, and the British Museum, and has succeeded in correcting a considerable number of misstatements current concerning this Pope. Thus, he shows that Jacques Duèze (apparently the correct orthography of his name) was not the son of a tailor, but of a noble, though bourgeois, family of Cahors; that he owed his advancement in the Church to no favouritism or intrigues, but to his profound knowledge of canon law, and particularly to the able report on the suppression of the Templars, which he drew up by command of Clement V. for the Council of Vienne. Villani's tale, that he placed the tiara on his own head, while the cardinals were hesitating whom to elect, and exclaimed "*Ego sum Papa*," is shown to be inconsistent with the contemporary accounts that his election was unanimous. A large part of his pontificate, as well as that of his successor, was troubled by his struggle with Louis of Bavaria. M. Verlaque points out that, in summoning that prince, and Frederick of Austria, to submit to his award of the imperial crown, the Pope was but following the recognized law of Europe, according to which both the rivals had appealed to him as their judge. Though desirous of peace, John XXII. was unable to recede

from the position in which he was placed, and the consequences were disastrous. The continually disturbed state of Italy, which culminated in the taking of Rome and the election of an antipope, prevented all thought of the Pope's return to Italy. The protection of the Emperor also enabled the "Fratricelli" to defy the Papal excommunication pronounced against Michael of Cesena, the Franciscan General, and his companions. The authorities cited by our author show that John XXII. only took this last step after his authority had been repeatedly defied, often in language which foreshadowed that of Luther. The final decision which he delivered on this subject is also carefully examined, with the result of making it quite clear that it was not barred by the merely disciplinary bull of Nicholas III.: its doctrinal conclusions need no defence. No one would now doubt that John XXII. was right in teaching that the consumption of goods, if lawful, implies their lawful ownership; or that we must infer from Holy Scripture that our Lord and the Apostles possessed money and other property.

M. Verlaque is perhaps less clear in his account of the theological question which troubled the last years of his pontificate. We do not quite gather from his account that the Pope actually used the language which he in one place appears to ascribe to him. It seems to have been recognized by every one, except his enemies the Emperor and the Fraticelli, that the Pope did not even express his own private opinion as to the state of the blessed before the last day. As he says himself, in a letter to the King of France, he did not put forward anything of his own, but merely recited the texts of Scripture and of the Fathers which bear on the subject, and encouraged discussion, "in order to advance the knowledge of the truth." The Dominicans, and the theologians of the University of Paris, specially consulted by Philip of Valois, expressed strongly their opinion that the blessed are at once admitted to the beatific vision. No formal decision was, however, given; but the Pope, on his deathbed, caused to be read before the assembled Cardinals a bull declaring the Catholic faith on this subject; which was afterwards published and confirmed by Benedict XII. Such is the account of the most important event of the pontificate of John XXII., which our author has derived from extant contemporary documents. We have not space to dwell on the other cares of his reign—such as the amendment of the canon law and the establishment of the Rota, the division of several important dioceses, and the preparations, which cost him many efforts, for a crusade which gained an important victory at sea over the infidel.

For these, and many other interesting points, we must refer the reader to the book itself, which is so good that we cannot help wishing it were more satisfactory in one or two lesser points. The more important documents are, indeed, given, either in the original Latin or in a translation which we suppose to be literal, but we miss the carefulness and liberality of quotation to which a Brewer or a Freeman have accustomed us. Then we carry away no such distinct idea

of the characters and personality of the various actors as a real historian would have given us ; a great loss when we are dealing with such remarkable men as the Pope himself, the Emperor, the General of the Franciscans, and Ockam. In one or two instances, also, M. Verlaque makes statements for which he adduces no evidence. Thus he tells us, that the principal reason why John XXII. so frequently transferred bishops from See to See (which was ascribed by his Italian detractors to a desire to raise the largest sum possible for annates) was, in order to check the simony and intrigues then unhappily too common ; but no document is referred to in support of what would be an important fact. We may mention that our author incidentally states that he follows Chaillot and other recent writers in considering that the "Unam Sanctam" of Boniface VIII. was never published by that Pontiff, but was merely a rough draft of a bull, probably derived from a work by Ægidius Romanus, an Archbishop of Bourges.

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*Cromwell in Ireland.* A History of Cromwell's Irish Campaign.  
By Rev. DENIS MURPHY, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.  
1883.

WE shall content ourselves with few words of notice of this volume, because we have nothing but approbation and recommendation for it. Father Murphy's volume supplies a want and supplies it well. The matter is interesting to a degree ; much of it will be new to very many readers ; and his clear style of direct narration is quite refreshing after so much of the stilted and supposed philosophical grandeur of some similar works on this side of the Channel.

Cromwell went to Ireland in the August of 1649, and remained in it only nine months, yet contrived in that short space to leave a reputation for evil behind him which scarcely any other man has rivalled by a lifetime of black deeds. Nearly every part of Ireland is still redolent of his bad name, and traditions point out the evil he did in places where he never set foot. But what he really did was bad enough : and it is well that exaggerated reprobation of one class of writers should be corrected by such a careful investigation of facts as is this of Father Murphy. In our histories or sketches of the Protector there is generally a meagre statement that the condition of Ireland was then, as usual, "critical," and "demanded," as one account says, "the most vigorous measures," that Cromwell went over, and was neither over-cruel nor fanatical, but only "vigorous : " that he took Drogheda, and there by a little severity, which he believed to be only "a righteous judgment on these barbarous wretches" he so intimidated "the rebels" that the remainder of his work was easily done, and he was soon free to seek new laurels in Scotland. The author of the present volume walks mid-

way between such euphemistic and garbled partisanship, and the exaggerated reprobation of popular tradition. He follows Cromwell's career in Ireland in chronological order, the thread of his political narrative being occasionally interspersed with very interesting details of the sufferings of priests. The estimate of Cromwell to which these pages will help may be learned from a few words of the Preface :—

That he (Cromwell) was a brave man, that he was far-seeing, that he knew how to choose his instruments and to use them, that he did his work in Ireland—from his standpoint—well, thoroughly, no one will deny. But that he was a “ heaven-sent messenger,” that his conduct, even as a public man, was not contrary to the first principles of morality ; that another Cromwell would be the best panacea for Irish discontent, no one ever so little acquainted with the history of his doings will assert, unless his mind is wholly warped by prejudice of race, or by religious rancour. Whoever examines even his brief career in Ireland with impartiality must admit the truth of Clarendon's saying, that he was a great, bad man.

We shall conclude by remarking that the volume is well printed, and illustrated with well-executed plans of Drogheda, Wexford, Kilkenny, &c., and has a full Index, and by recommending the volume to all who care for an interesting and temperate study of this portion of Cromwell's unique career.

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*Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy.* In Three Volumes. Vol. II.: Containing Sketches of the Order of England, at the Crimea, in Scotland, Australia and New Zealand. By a MEMBER OF THE ORDER OF MERCY. New York: Catholic Publication Society Company. 1883.

WE noticed the first volume of these amusing and interesting “ leaves ” in January of last year. We are glad to see the second volume, which is equally bright and pleasant, and deals with some very interesting periods in the story of the Order of Mercy. The writer is not attempting a complete and formal history, and hence the dignity of the historic muse is about as much considered in these free and light “ leaves ” as was Mrs. Grundy herself by not a few of the original-minded ladies and personages who figure in them. Nevertheless, the leaves, at a future time, giving as they do the chief events, and trifling but often significant events connected with the foundations and struggles of the Order throughout the world, will prove of real service to the Catholic historian.

The earlier chapters of the present volume tell how the first Convent of Mercy was founded at Bermondsey; and in later chapters we have the growth and spread of the order throughout England. In the chapter on the Foundation at Hull, the authoress relates the “ great convent case.” It was wise to do this ; and many will doubt-

less, on opening the volume, turn to it with some interest. The case is too well remembered, however, to require that the names should be suppressed into S—— *versus* S——. One other incident we may refer to here, as making this an exceptionally entertaining as well as valuable volume—the hospital services of the Sisters during the Crimean war. The deathbed scene of their great friend, Cardinal Wiseman, is pathetically told.

The portion of the book devoted to their experiences in Australia and in New Zealand are intensely interesting reading, and are made amusing by the writer's never failing treasure-store of anecdote.

In Auckland, the Maoris called the Sisters the "Sacred Girls." The Sisters found them "quiet, intelligent, reflective, and very observant:"—

From first to last (Mother M. Cecilia) was devoted to the Maoris, and her love for these poor people was most cordially reciprocated. Once, when two rival tribes were on the point of beginning a terrible battle, she sent them by a faithful native a flag, with a dove bearing an olive-branch embroidered on it, and a message: "The sacred girls beg the hostile parties to be good friends." The natives yielded to her entreaty, and peace was proclaimed.

Such scintillations of wit heralded their first appearance in Scotland as surprises us; weak though they may be justly considered.

When the Sisters went out, they had much low bigotry to encounter. The small boys used to shout in their ears such choice couplets as:—

"A rope, a rope,  
To hang the Pope."

These witty chaps would address them as *Mothers of Marcy*. Sometimes their humour took higher flights. They held dialogues illustrative, no doubt, of their moral habits. Thus, they would assume the rôles of confessor and penitent:—

"Father, I stole."

"What did you steal, my son?"

"I stole apples, father."

"Well, give me some, my child."

"No, I won't."

"Then you have no contrition, and you're a bad boy, and I'll give you seven years' in purgatory," said the disappointed young father-confessor, with an air of virtuous indignation.

The candid authoress of these pages sketches the character of one of her religious sisters in lines that will, perhaps, astonish non-Catholic readers, who will not be prepared for this picture of the survival and toleration of so much human nature in the Order made famous to them by the Hull case. Mother M. Gonzaga was what the authoress rightly calls an "original" character; but a "rough-diamond," being in fact a woman of sterling piety, and a good and happy Sister of Mercy. Her external peculiarities are accounted for by the fact that she was brought up in a dockyard, where her uncle was an admiral; she is an illustration of the effects of "environ-

ment" after both conversion and vocation. Let it be added that her superior, the only other person besides the Cardinal who understood her and her fast friend, is pictured here as the very antipodes of Mother Gonzaga.

There is no denying the girl was terrible. It was even reported to the Cardinal that, like her uncle and other sons of Neptune, she could easily be provoked to use the strongest condemnatory expressions, and other naughty words. Once, when some "things" got in her way, she consigned them, in the fewest possible words, to perdition. This was told to the Cardinal, who regarded it rather as a vulgarity than a sin. "*Things* cannot be damned," corrected his Eminence, when he heard that his *protégée* had cursed. . . .

Once, when a certain baronet gave her a sum of money for her hospital, he said: "It is easy enough to help you with money, but I wish I could help you with my hands, for you sadly need assistance." "All right," she answered, as though she were speaking to one of her sailor friends of early days, "there is the scrubbing-brush, just try it on the stairs." Thus she sometimes vexed people by too literal an interpretation of their offers of assistance. One may guess how it was with a lady of this style when she no longer had the Cardinal to befriend her. He knew her too well to be angry with her on any account.

Every detail, every incident—if possible, every word—is preserved in these chatty, rapid sketches. Some may think them too full and outspoken; we like them, and gladly recommend them. We have not quoted the more serious, historic, and valuable portions; to do so with any desirable fulness would have carried us to greater length than we have space for.

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1. *The Mystery of Miracles.* By J. W. REYNOLDS, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883. Third Edition.
  2. *The Supernatural in Nature.* By J. W. REYNOLDS, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883. Third Edition.
  3. *Science et Vérité.* By Dr. J. B. L. DECÈS. Paris: E. Plon et Cie. 1883.

MR. REYNOLDS, in the two works first named, has girded himself for a noble work. He comes forward to defend some of the deepest and holiest mysteries of faith from the attacks of unbelievers. The volumes, at first sight, seem full of promise. The literary appetite is whetted at the anticipation of a whole work devoted to a careful and exhaustive discussion of the mystery of miracles, and of the weakness of modern scientific theories. But we feel bound to say that never was performance more disappointing. To join battle with modern sceptics, an author needs more than an ordinary share of philosophic and scientific culture. These conditions seem utterly wanting in the two works before us. Mr. Reynolds has a certain acquaintance with the popular science of the day, and a considerable facility with the *loci* of pulpit rhetoric. But his

style is weak, his thoughts exceedingly commonplace, notwithstanding everything to the contrary paraded on the books' fly-leaves, that bristle with laudatory notices of the press.

Let us take his treatment of the very central question of his book—"Are miracles impossible?" The author replies:—

The miracles of Holy Writ are not connected with silly idle prattle, but associated with imperishable words and facts; are not united to low, ignorant superstition, but to the highest morality. . . . Indeed, if the evidence of miracles is refused, all testimony must be repudiated; the wisest men charged with folly, if believers are to be accounted silly; all religion is to be declared false if Christianity be accounted untrue; all our faith, all our future, all knowledge of God, of judgment to come, of responsibility to Deity, must be scattered to the winds if miracles be accounted unworthy of credit.—*Mystery of Miracles*, p. 56.

Such are the thoughts which have been treated so often, and in a far abler manner, by men who would not deem their words worthy of print; such are the thoughts that are put forward as a serious reply to hard-headed men. For a sample of the author's science we may turn to p. 98 of the same work:—

Isomerism exhibits marvels of surprising character. Things possessing the same elements, in like number and proportion, may so differ through some hidden process, that their physical, chemical, and physiological properties become and remain permanently dissimilar. If a man retort: "All this no more concerns miracles than water does wine," we reply: "Even so; but the water was made wine."

We have given the above passage a fair and unbiassed attention; but after all effort we have thoroughly failed to see the point of the last sentence.

We have not exhausted the catalogue of our author's offences; there remains something to be said anent his method of employing quotations. Quotations fulfil a very useful office in the literary workshop. Judiciously handled, they lend great weight to an author's statements and opinions. They may, again, play a useful part in throwing an air of grace and elegance around a phrase which otherwise would turn out very commonplace. But Mr. Reynolds has found another use for the quotation to the trial of his readers. Page after page is filled with scraps of poetry, detached sentences from other writers, barely linked and associated together by a few words from the author, until at length the mind becomes utterly bewildered in the attempt to join together these *disjecta membra* and abandons the attempt in sheer disgust.

It may seem, perhaps, that these remarks are too severe; it may be urged that the good cause of the author should cover a multitude of sins. We cannot admit it. It is surely far better that Christians should behave under attack with dignified silence and reserve, rather than lend themselves to weak outpourings that will only provoke the ridicule and laughter of our opponents. Our verdict on Mr. Reynolds' books must be *Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis*.

It is with a sense of relief that we turn to the labours of a Catholic scientist, whose work stands third on our list. It is not, however, on the score of his religion that we give so warm a welcome to Dr. Decès's book, but because it is distinguished by the very qualities that are so conspicuously absent in the defence of Mr. Reynolds. We now come across a man whose science has not been picked up at a course of experimental lectures, but who is evidently an original and earnest investigator. His philosophy, too, is of that solid and trustworthy nature that can only be learned at the feet of those who possess the best traditions of the schools. Mr. Reynolds is content to hurl at the adversary a number of self-asserted affirmations. Dr. Decès advances no statement that he does not support by a host of scientific facts. Indeed, he holds that the great truths of astronomy are the only models for scientific statements, that no truth has any right to be ranked among the laws of Nature unless it is supported by the same overwhelming evidence that obtains in the case of the laws of the heavens. The author then proceeds to establish the laws and causes of life, the laws and cause of instinct, the five kingdoms of Nature, the first cause and truth, revelation and science. Every law is supported by such a mass of real scientific proof, that it is well-nigh impossible to find a weak spot in his armour. Nor are his scientific facts of the common sort that one may gather anywhere. To most readers they will come as a revelation of the more recondite laws of Nature. Selection is quite out of the question, but we may refer at random to his interesting account of the action of fecundated germs, of the instinct of plants, of crystallization, &c. His final chapter on science and natural revelation is distinguished by that broad, elevated thought which is so welcome and so rare. He powerfully traces nine ways in which Providence wonderfully guides and prompts man to his ends; how science has its *credo*, which shows forth in a shadowy way the grand truths of revelation.

The whole work is one which we cannot too heartily commend to the Christian apologist. If he is content to wade through a rather heavy discussion upon truth in the opening chapter, and the somewhat irritating formalities attending upon the dialogue form of the treatise, the reader who takes interest in such matters will here find a rare and exquisite treat.

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1. *Sister Agatha.* By M. J. H.
  2. *From Darkness to Light.* By M. J. H.
  3. *Angels' Whispers and Angels' Kisses.* By M. J. H.
  4. *Leo: A Tale.* By M. J. H. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1883.

**F**OUR little books, attractively neat and clearly printed—two tales of conversion, and two possible prizes for young children. In the first, *Agatha* is one of a family whose religion it would be hard to define, since, though “all were Protestants, no two protested

in the same way." She "burned to go forth and devote her life to those who were poorer and less happy than herself;" so she entered an Anglican establishment, here called, in thin disguise, the Convent at Claverly; and those who are interested in the doings of Anglican nuns will find new descriptive touches and no bitterness in "Sister Agatha's" short story.

The experience of the young, uncared-for governess, who found her way "From Darkness to Light," is told in a more bright and realistic manner. It is slight, but it professes to be true; and in truth there is always value, perhaps the great value of encouragement for similar lives.

"Angels' Whispers and Angels' Kisses" is a book of anecdotes and morsels of pleasant advice for children. A story from the Gospel or the Lives of the Saints is given for every night and morning of a month. Children would enjoy most of these scraps of reading; but in a thoroughly Catholic work the texts heading chapters should be quoted from the Douay Bible.

"Leo" we count the best of the little books for its purpose; which is simply to tell a children's story. There is a sound intention of copying child-life, and writing the every-day experience of a faulty Catholic child. There is need of very bright stories for our Catholic children—still brighter stories, and yet closer copies of their actual life, ought to take the place which is at present held by Protestant or simply non-Catholic fiction in their hands. If M. J. H. will omit such trifles of originality as "tenderer" or "schoolroomwards," and if she will picture child-world with patient copying from Nature, infusing plenty of fun for little readers to smile at, a useful service will be done to our literature for children.

*The Wild Birds of Killeevy.* By ROSA MULHOLLAND. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

THE "Wild Birds" are a boy and girl of an Irish mountain village, who after having often wished to see this beautiful world of ours, are carried out into it by fate, the one with the soul of a poet and the other with the gift of song. How this happens, how nearly their parted lives touch, and whether Kevin ever finds Fanchea, the child of his heart, we leave to our readers to discover for themselves. The characters are alive; but they live in a world idealized by the author's romance of conception and refinement of language; one sees from the Irish western coast white trails of ocean birds that melt in the distance like flights of angels, and even London poverty refuses to show a lower vision than a dainty *bric-à-brac* shop with music and painting in the room above. We could not wish it otherwise; it is our own world after all, seen through the crystal of pure language, artistic sense and joyous perception of natural beauty; and one closes the book with something of the delight that haunted

childhood when Hans Andersen told his tales. We are glad to have a writer gifted with a style so terse and of so rare a charm.

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1. *The Martyrs of Castelfidardo*. Translated from the French. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1883.
2. *The Monk's Pardon*. From the French of RAOUL DE NAVÉRY. By ANNA T. SADLIER. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1883.

A BOOK crowded with heroism, a magnificent sheaf of life-stories bound into one, and every story true and winning in its spirit of sacrifice and of chivalry—such is Mgr. de Ségur's little book of "The Acts of the French Martyrs of Castelfidardo," now translated by a member of the Presentation Convent, Lixnaw, Co. Kerry. It ought to find its way far and wide among Catholic youth, and the only wonder is that it was not translated long ago. We find here the story of the 14th of September 1860, that glorious defeat, over whose dead Mgr. Dupanloup exclaimed, in his panegyric, "O hills of Castelfidardo that drank their blood and keep their ashes! yesterday your name was unknown—to-day it is immortal." Of each of the valiant dead we might say with the author: "It is certain he had in him the materials for a hero, but God destined him for better things. He wished him to be a martyr." Heroes and martyrs we see them closely here; we are even permitted to walk from couch to couch of the wounded in the Cathedral of Loreto, and trace backward how this heroism began; and to read the death-bed letters, and to witness the parting of mother and son, where both shared one sacrifice with human pain and more than human strength.

"The Monk's Pardon" is a historical romance of the time of Philip the Fourth of Spain, and it would be smoother reading if the archaism of "thee" and "thou" had not been introduced into the translation. The Spanish artist, Alonzo Cano, is the central figure, and incident and sensation abound in the long story that brings him at last to the deathbed of his dying enemy. To our mind the scene of the last confession suffers from a savour of melodrama; tenderness is wanting precisely where it ought to commend to the heart a scene that the mind judges somewhat improbable, though fine enough in conception. But "take him for all in all," Alonzo Cano will be an acceptable hero with those who like a stirring story, where Spanish life gives room for sensational events, and where a Catholic writer has worked with spirit and skill. Our Catholic publishers are making a distinct advance in the tasteful exteriors of their books.

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1. *A Woman of Culture.* By JOHN TALBOT SMITH. New York : Cath. Publication Soc. Co. 1883.
2. *Without Beauty.* By ZENAIDE FLEURIOT. Translated by ALICE WILMOT CHETWODE. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1883.
3. *Percy Grange.* By Rev. THOMAS J. POTTER. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.
4. *Leixlip Castle.* By EMOLIBIE DE CELTIS. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1883.
5. *Our Esther.* By M. F. S. London : R. Washbourne. 1883.

NANO, the "Woman of Culture," is a specimen of the fruits to be expected from what is called in America transcendentalism. Beautiful, intellectual, powerful of mind and strong of will, she has been moulded into a modern pagan by educators in whose philosophy "Christianity meant culture or the worship of the beautiful; the worship of mind as impressed on matter in the production of graceful statuary, solemn temples, fine paintings, musical compositions and startling books. According to their ideas, they retained the cream of Christianity, leaving the skim-milk to the various creeds, and they spoke and they wrote of Catholic doctrines in a peculiar fashion. Beauty was their standard of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood." Nano, despising herself for her wickedness, sinks even to the cruelty of allowing her father to be immured in an asylum in order that she may keep a fortune which he is anxious to restore to its rightful owners or to the poor. The character is too unnaturally hard to excite sympathy; even Olivia, her foil, is not feminine and winning, as we on this side of the Atlantic understand the words. The book is a reprint from "The Catholic World."

Next comes before us an excellent translation—and excellent translation is a very rare thing, for most translators produce French-English, and not the simple spirited language that we speak. "Without Beauty: the Story of a Plain Woman," has a certain simplicity, bluntness, and originality, that suit the subject, and it teaches briefly that beauty of mind and heart can secure to anyone a happy and useful life.

"Percy Grange" is a reprint of a history of boyish friendship which, begun at school, lasts faithfully. Out of three friends, one leads another to the Church, wherein, as a priest, this second saves and consoles the deathbed of the third.

In "Leixlip Castle, a Romance of the Penal Days of 1690," we have a bulky volume of a class which Sir Walter Scott, by his immortal novels, has brought down in perpetuity upon us. There may be in Ireland hundreds who will read the book; but the night scene, the secret Mass and the alarm, in the ruined Priory of Kells, shows that its author, with a little more judgment, could do better things. The whole story should have been up to the level of that passage where the priest, stretched in his vestments hidden, silent, dies a martyr's death for his people; and of that passage

more might have been made. We would remind the writer of a remark in "Loss and Gain," that a bore is not to be described in fiction, for description would amount to reproduction, and the reader would be bored. The same remark holds true with regard to the minute reproduction of groups of characters vulgar in every fibre; so many pages should not have been devoted to the servants' hall of Lady de Rivers, and to the Cromwellian Clotworthy-Grub household (who afflict us also with an original variety of cockney dialect). If Emolibie de Celtis will do more, entirely in his highest tone, like the Priory of Kells scene and other similar passages, he will deserve success.

"Our Esther" is a Catholic story of a servant-girl who bears the blame of her fellow-servants, and who wins others to God by her humble and ordinary life and death.

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*Links with the Absent: or, Chapters on Correspondence.* By a Member of the Ursuline Community, Thurles. London: R. Washbourne.

**A**N Ursuline nun of Thurles has brought out, under this title, a guide to letter-writing. Her volume is intended to teach to children, or to the uncertain, or the ignorant, everything concerning correspondence, even to the choice and folding of the paper; and though only a little book of practical directions, it shows unobtrusively its Catholic spirit. Such advice as that given under the heads of "postage," meaning the prepayment of letters and of "postcards," is sensible and useful. Of the examples in the end, the simplest are by far the best, and the most adapted to the manner of our time.

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*The Youth's Cabinet.* (Monthly.) New York: P. O'Shea and American News Company. 1883.

**E**VERY good Catholic magazine for the young is a step in the right direction, and this is one—small in size, and very large in print, but also cheap, and illustrated. We wish there was no tinge of bitterness in the poems, &c., about Ireland; without it, love and patriotism can exist quite as warmly, as the maker of this friendly suggestion not only knows but *feels*. Reading is here for the young of every age, and the smallest corner is filled with something of value—for example, out of a corner before us looks Bossuet's "golden saying"—"The sincerity of a Christian ought to be perfect, and so well known that every one can go by his simple word."

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*Sermons and Discourses.* By the late Most Rev. JOHN MACHALE, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam. Edited by THOMAS MACHALE, D.D., Ph.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1883.

MANY a reader will turn with interest to a work which records the words of one who has spoken with a power which few men of his age and country have possessed. A collection of his sermons on the most varied subjects, some forty in number, are here presented to the world.

No one will fail to notice the stateliness of style, the sonorous fall of the sentences that distinguish these sermons and harmonize so well with the character of the great prelate. His words of warning and denunciation are especially weighty; if they can read so in cold print, what must have been their effect when delivered with all the weight of his character and office? A well-timed preface from the editor, excellent type and binding, unite to render the volume attractive.

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*Sancti Anselmi Mariale. Poème de St. Anselme sur la Sainte Vierge.*  
Par P. RAGEY, Mariste. Paris: F. Levé. 1883.

THE hymn "*Omni die dic Mariæ*," known amongst us as "Daily, daily, sing to Mary," was found in the tomb of St. Casimir, King of Poland, lying upon the breast of the sainted king. After this, by almost universal consent, the poem has been generally described as the Hymn of St. Casimir. Le Peré Ragey comes forward to claim the authorship of this poem for St. Anselm of Canterbury. The little *brochure* before us is a model of patience and research.

After much poring over old parchment, the author at last made a great find: he discovered the hymn in an old York Psalter, very probably of the eleventh century. This, of course, narrows down the question of the authorship considerably, as it excludes St. Bernard and the school of St. Victor from all claim. But it is by no means conclusive for St. Anselm. Great as was the popularity of the saint's prayers and meditations, he has left no name as a hymn-writer. Another discovery, however, has rewarded the author's efforts. He has lighted upon a prayer-book of the twelfth century in which the hymn is found incorporated in a collection of St. Anselm's prayers. Such is the evidence advanced in favour of the saint's authorship. To us it appears fairly strong. We may add a somewhat in the way of confirmation by remarking that the prayers in this collection are admitted by the most scrupulous of editors, Mr. M. Rule, to be undoubtedly from the pen of St. Anselm.

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*The Story of the Scottish Reformation.* By A. WILMOT, F.R.G.S.  
London : Burns & Oates. 1883.

WITH a vigorous pen Mr. Wilmot traces the story of the Scottish Reformation up to the end of the seventeenth century. This is done so briefly as to be complete in a small volume of less than two hundred pages. There is noticeable in this author's writing a certain crudity of statement and *brusquerie* of manner towards adversaries, which mars the pleasure of reading, and will, we fear, prejudice unfavourably such non-Catholic readers as would otherwise greatly benefit by it. English readers who are not very well posted in this portion of Scottish history, or who, as is most likely the case, have learned it from anti-Catholic sources, will find these pages interesting and useful. Mr. Wilmot is an enthusiastic admirer of the Queen of Scots and venerates her as a martyr—in this sharing the feelings still more recently expressed by Mr. Colin Lindsay in his letters to the *Tablet*.

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*Necrology of the English Congregation of the Order of St. Benedict, from 1600 to 1883.* By the REV. T. B. SNOW, M.A., Priest of the same Congregation. London : Burns & Oates. 1883.

FATHER SNOW'S volume reaches us at a late moment, but fortunately it is not of that class which calls for studied criticism. We shall take for granted, as we believe we may readily do, that he has attained as near as may be absolute correctness, in the chronological details of the long catalogue of lives, each of which is here recorded with all possible condensation in a few, many of them in two or three lines. Those details will be of great interest to not a few readers ; the author justly remarks in his introduction :—

The Death Roll of the English Benedictines will enkindle an honourable family pride in the breasts of the English sons of St. Benedict, and will awaken an interest in many who are linked by ties of blood, reverence, and gratitude to the members of the Venerable Order.

This is very true: we will only add that the volume will also prove of great service as supplementary to the Church history of England during the period covered by it. The list opens with a martyr—Dom Mark Barkworth, who, born in Lincolnshire, and educated at Rheims and Valladolid, came on the English Mission and was hanged at Tyburn, February 27th, 1601. And the long and persevering record of death after death of English Benedictines through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, down to our own day, points forcibly the truth of what Father Snow says: “ St. Benedict has never deserted England.”

The most attractive portion of the present volume to the general reader will be the well-written and interesting historical intro-

duction, where will be found a warm and graphic sketch of the English branch or "Congregation" of the Order, from the coming of St. Augustine to the Reformation, with the subsequent resuscitation of the English Benedictines when the "last of his race," the venerable Father Sigebert Buckley, in his 91st year, a prisoner in the Gatehouse at London, on a November morning in 1607 professed the two young priests, Robert Sadler and Edward Maihew. This incident is pathetically told by Father Snow; but we must not quote, more particularly as we adverted at length to the incident in our notice of Dom Weldon's Chronological Notes in our number of January, 1882. There is also in the introduction much useful information on the organization of the English Benedictine Congregation, and on such points as the continuance of certain now titular priorships and abbasies: many readers will learn for the first time that these titles are perpetuated by Pontifical decree. The volume also contains a necrology of the Benedictine nuns of Cambray. Lastly, an alphabetical index completes its value as a book of reference.

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*The Return of the King.* Discourses on the Latter Days. By HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

ANY work from Father Coleridge will find ready welcome and many readers: the present volume of sermons has an additional attraction in the mysteriousness of the subjects with which it deals. The end of this world, its judgment, the final home of men, and the kingdom of the Son of God—these are subjects which have a strong attraction, even fascination, for many. And they will be interested to see how a reverential mind deeply imbued with Scripture knowledge here treats them.

It is needless to say that the spirit and aim of the sermons is a moral one; and not that of speculating over commentators and theories, and tickling the fancy and amusing with graphic pictures of fanciful interpretations of those obscure texts which prophesy the great end. We may be permitted to quote one illustrative passage, although it be found in a sermon that has already been published:—

I gather two conclusions from what we have been considering, and with them I will end to-day, though the truths on which they are based will be constantly before us in the course of these sermons. The first of these is that we can seldom find an age in the life of the Church in which she has not to contend with the evils which will rise to their highest expression in the last days. The last times have really been upon us from the beginning of the history of the Church, as S. John says in his Epistle. The principles which, in their full and final development will produce the state of things on which the last judgment will fall, have been always at work in the world and always countermining the holy

and saving influences of the Church of God. . . . Each generation of Christians thus has its part to play in this holy warfare; for it has to fight in its own day against the principles which will assail the Church with the greatest fury in the days of the end. . . .

There is another reason also which may account for this urgent vigilance and ever wistful expectation in which the lives of the saints have always been passed. . . . We can see almost at once why it was that, at so early a period, and again later on, the disciples of the apostles, and indeed, the generality of Christians, were literally, as our Lord bade them be, like men waiting for Him. With them, the last time was not so much the end of the world, the close of the long conflict of the Church, the great day of account, as *the coming of the Lord*. . . . Now, as to this, we are all on a level. . . . Our part is played, the latter days are come to us, the judge is at the door, we meet Him at our death. This is the one true view of our condition here.

This is the key-note to the discussion and application of the mysterious themes which are here successively handled: Antichrist, "The Decay of Faith," and of Charity "The National Spirit," "The Abomination of Desolation," "The Man of Sin," "The Judgment," "The Book of Life," "All Things made New," "Death." These solemn topics occupy twenty-one sermons, all of which we have read with interest. Some of them are especially noteworthy, it appears to us, for the sufficient, suggestive and practical way in which the difficult subjects are treated:—"The Creed of False Science;" "The Loosing of Satan," in which, in passing, there is a very sensible and thoughtful appreciation of "spiritualism;" "The Particular and General Judgment," a remarkably well-worked-out and forcible sermon; and lastly, the four concluding discourses on "The Greatness," "The Sacredness" and "The Happiness of Death," and on "Our Lord and Death." The sermons come very opportunely for Advent—the season to which their subjects belong: preachers will find them suggestive and useful reading, as will all who care to be filled with the spirit of that holy season in which "the Church blends the two Advents."

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*The History of the Catholic Archbishops of Tuam.* From the Foundation of the See to the Death of the Most Rev. John MacHale, D.D. A.D. 1881. By OLIVER J. BURKE, A.B. T.C.D. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. 1882.

MR. BURKE has compiled a succinct account of the Archbishops of Tuam, from the foundation of the See to the present time, which, though completely interesting, but barely fulfils the promise of its title, or of its somewhat sounding preface. "In my researches," says the author, "I had *unrolled the roll of centuries*, and accumulated facts concerning the Archbishops of Tuam, from sources *unknown to many and examined by few*; and it seemed to me that the memory of those Archbishops and of their deeds should not be allowed to

perish wholly from the minds of men." Thus was I tempted to write their history!" After this it is surprising to find the "unrollings" of more than eight hundred years compressed into little more than two hundred pages. Much more than one third of the volume is devoted to a notice of Archbishop MacHale. Not enough to exhaust so wide a theme; and yet premature we should say, seeing that the late Archbishop's papers are "not yet fully arranged." A complete life of the "Lion of the fold of Judah"—would be most acceptable, and should be as attractive, if not more so, than that of "J. K. L." It is probably no fault of the author that so little is told of the See of Tuam from A.D. 540 to A.D. 1150. In the 9th century, "Danish hordes swept over the land, who massacred monks, and destroyed schools." And in A.D. 1130, certain "lawless Irish chieftains plundered and destroyed many ecclesiastical edifices and rivalled the Danes in savagery." In those lawless times no doubt many valuable records were irretrievably lost. From A.D. 1152 to A.D. 1881 Mr. Burke gives a complete list of the Archbishops of Tuam, and has something of interest to say of each of them. The sketches of William de Bermingham, A.D. 1289, Florence Conry, A.D. 1609, and John de Burgo, A.D. 1647, being perhaps the most able.

In glancing over the calendar we cannot help noting how largely Tuam was indebted to the religious orders. Thirty out of forty-five Archbishops were religious—viz., Cistercians, three; Augustinians, three; Dominicans, five; Knights Hospitallers, two; and Franciscans, seventeen.

In the sad sufferings of penal days Tuam had perhaps more than its share, of which many details are given.

Though we think a complete biography of the great Archbishop MacHale should be yet to come, it is only fair to say that the present sketch is very full, and though necessarily covering such well-worn ground as "Irish Poor Law," "Proselytism," and "National Education," is always interesting. Many of the Archbishop's letters on these and other topics are given, with letters to him from O'Connell, Tom Moore, and others. There are scattered through the book many items of antiquarian interest, amongst others the story of the Golden Cross of Cong; in use within memory, yet unaccountably sold to the late Professor M'Cullagh, and by him presented to the Royal Irish Academy. We believe all Mr. Burke's readers, and we trust they will be many, will join him in the hope "that it will yet be borne aloft in holy procession in the Cathedral Church of Tuam." We may add that the volume is beautifully printed and embellished with an excellent portrait of the present Archbishop, Dr. MacEvilly. It is unnecessary to say anything of the few pages devoted to this prelate. We trust that his life-history will not need to be written for years to come.

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*The Life of the Venerable Father Claude de la Colombière, S.J.*  
Abridged from the French Life by EUGENE SEGUIN, S.J.  
(Quarterly Series.) London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

THIS short life of a great preacher and the apostle of devotion to the Sacred Heart will be surely very acceptable in its English dress. His life was a comparatively short one, for he died at forty-one; but was full of good work and merit. Twenty-two years had been devoted to the faithful and earnest observance of his rule; his youth was one of innocence, yet he was a wonderful example of mortification; he had desired to be a martyr, and instead he lived to make the Confessors' crown more glorious. Father Coleridge says in his preface:—

English Catholics have a special interest, both in the devotion to the Sacred Heart and in the career of Father de la Colombière. He was the first to introduce that devotion into England, and his spiritual child, Queen Mary Beatrice, was among the first to petition the Holy See for the institution of the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

Father de la Colombière came to England in 1676; he succeeded Father St. Germain when the latter had to quit the country because of the ill-feeling aroused by the baseless fabrications of the intriguer Luzancy. Father de la Colombière became preacher to the Duchess of York, and her confessor. He worked hard in England during two years, and both made conversions and roused many of the timid and neglectful to a sense of their duty to God. After Titus Oates' plots, he was accused either by the same Luzancy who had maligned his predecessor, or by another Frenchman, and was arrested and put into prison. Designs were imputed to him against the King and Parliament which would not have borne investigation in any but those days of bitter feeling and blind hatred, when nothing was too unlikely or atrocious to be easily believed of Catholics; and the Father was both a foreigner and a Jesuit. He was kept in prison some weeks, and only escaped death through the determined intervention of the French king through his ambassador. He was exiled, and died six years later at Paray-le-Monial.

The Life here noticed bears little mark of being a translation. It is clear, easy reading; the narrative is not lost in reflections, but at the same time the spiritual and ascetic side of the venerable father's life is well and sufficiently dwelt upon. It is this aspect and also his relation with Blessed Margaret Mary, that will make it a pleasing and useful addition to our stock of English Catholic biographies.

*The Leofric Missal*, as used in the Cathedral of Exeter during the Episcopate of its first Bishop, A.D., 1050–1072. Together with some account of the “Red Book of Derby,” the Missal of Robert of Jumièges, and a few other early MSS. Service Books of the English Church. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by F. E. WARREN, B.D., F.S.A. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1883.

THIS well-printed and elegant quarto deserves a word of welcome from us; and we may repeat as our own, the Editor's thanks, expressed in his Preface, to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, “for undertaking a publication which would have been too costly for individual enterprise.” We must also express our thanks to Mr. Warren himself for having carefully, and at cost of so much labour, edited this reproduction of a valuable old Catholic Missal. He has added an Introduction, for the greater part of which we desire also to express our indebtedness. We cannot, indeed, express gratitude for that minor portion of it, which is based on Mr. Warren's well-known anti-Roman ideas, concerning which we have more than once expressed ourselves; but neither is it incumbent on us here to repeat our dissent, nor need the Catholic reader feel any annoyance. Mr. Warren is neither vehement nor offensive, and it is natural he should step forward to show how a very early Missal (which is entirely, of course, concerned with the Mass), testifies to some ritual differences between English and Roman practice. Of course, we feel very sure that he quite mistakes the significance of such differences; but there is no need to show how in this place.\* We owe to Mr. Warren a careful and scholarly edition of the *Leofric Missal*, and we are grateful for it.

What is its importance? the reader may ask. Any relic of the Anglo-Saxon Church is interesting—this one we call important, because it is one of the three only known surviving Missals of that period. It is thus of great liturgical value. It was bequeathed to Exeter Cathedral by its first Bishop, *Leofric*. It is certain that *Leofric* was Bishop of Exeter; it is not so certain where he came from, whether he was a Cornishman, or a Breton, or what. Mr. Warren attaches importance to the fact that he was educated in Lotharingia. And although he was not a Norman, yet his education had given him foreign tastes, and his—even his—appointment was one of those which “tended to the de-insularization of the English Church, and to its assimilation to the Continental Church in the loss of national privileges, and in an increased subservience to the Papacy.” We are glad after this to learn that Mr. Warren is “glad to believe the *post-mortem* panegyric, preserved in this Missal, which states that *Leofric* was most active in teaching, preaching, promoting Church restoration, and in fulfilling all the other duties of the episcopate.” If he was all this in spite of his

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\* It happens to have been already done in an earlier part of our present number. See Rev. S. Malone's article, “Church Discipline and Protestant Historians.”

deficiencies, what a paragon of bishops would he not have become had he only been insular and tenacious of his own way and quite apostolic in his defiance of the Papacy! But it seems that he was tenacious of his own way after all, only that way was also the way of Rome. We come back, therefore—or we should come back if it were worth while—to the old question as to Rome.

This Leofric—honourable man or otherwise—was Bishop of Crediton from 1046 to 1050, when, having obtained the direction of the King and the sanction of Pope Leo IX., he transferred his See to Exeter. The reason which he assigned for this transfer, in writing, to both King and Pope, is characteristic of the time: "The need of greater safety from the attacks of pirates." Leofric was Bishop of Exeter from that date till his death, 1072. His gifts to Exeter were many and valuable—the editor gives a long list of them. "The list," he adds, "closes with a request that worshippers at Exeter Cathedral would pray for the soul of Leofric, and the imprecation of a malediction on any persons who should be concerned in the alienation or removal of his gifts." This notwithstanding, they have been alienated and removed, many of them lost.

The Missal with which we are here concerned made its way to Oxford in 1602 as part of the Bodleian library. We share the editor's regret that a companion Missal of Leofric's, also given by him to Exeter, was not presented to the Bodleian at the same time, as it is now, perhaps irrecoverably, lost. The present condition of the one here edited is thus stated:—

In its present condition it is a stout quarto volume, consisting of 378 leaves of vellum, 8 in. by 6 in., exclusive of six blank modern paper fly leaves, which belong to the same date as the brown Russian leather binding, which it received from some Oxford bookbinder about a century ago. . . . The volume, in its present form, is of a very complex character, and consists of three main and distinct divisions, which for convenience sake may be designated as Leofric A, B, C.

Leofric A, which forms the bulk of the volume, is a Gregorian Sacramentary, written in Lotharingia early in the tenth century.

Leofric B is an Anglo-Saxon Kalendar with Paschal tables, &c., written in England, *circa* A.D. 970.

Leofric C consists of a heterogeneous collection of Masses, manumissions, historical statements, &c., written in England, partly in the tenth, partly in the eleventh centuries.

A frontispiece facsimile of one page of the earlier portion of this venerable relic shows the decayed state into which it has fallen, and suggests very vividly the patience that must have been needed for its successful reproduction as we here have it. The Missal is remarkable for the large quantity of proper prefaces it contains. "Every greater festival and almost every minor holy day" had its proper preface. "There are several hundred prefaces," we read, "in the present volume; a number which has been reduced to ten in the present Roman and to five in the Anglican rite." Though we cannot feel any horror for this wholesale "reduction" of prefaces, we can very heartily re-echo Mr. Warren's estimate of those that we

meet here for the first time. They are "sometimes of great beauty, sometimes adorned with well-expressed antithesis, or with quaint conceits of thought, sometimes couched in language which perpetuates the memory of the life or character of a saint." The Canon of the Mass is almost word for word that of the present Roman Missal; the Ordo Baptismi is, for the most part, the same; whilst the Oratio, Secretio and Ad Complendum (*i.e.* Post-communio) of a vast number of the Masses are more or less nearly identical in the two Missals.

We do not think it worth while to dispute as to whether in Bishop Leofric's day the laity received under one or both kinds. But we cannot help remarking that Mr. Warren's arguments—taken from the body of the Missal—for reception under both kinds strike us as weak. Of the six Collects quoted, three or four are found in same words in our Roman Missal. And we quite dissent from his interpretation of the rubric (at p. 241 of the Missal), for administration to the sick. The consecrated bread was dipped in wine—the rubric of the Leofric Missal says, "*ponat sacrificium in vino sine aqua*")—there were indeed some who wrongly thought that the wine by contact became consecrated, while many held that it was specially sanctified—it had not yet been defined: but the origin of the practice was doubtless to render the particle easier to be swallowed, and the fact of using wine shows that the sacrament was not given under that species.

Mr. Warren, also, is not so careful as we should expect him to be in arguing:—

The Mass for the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary on p. 268, implies a date later than the institution of that festival in 1067.

This is supplemented in a note by:—

This Festival did not become general and obligatory till much later.—Smith, W., "Dict. of Christian Antiq." ii. 1144.

Now Leofric C, about which he is here arguing, may be no older than he contends; but such argument as this lends no light to the discussion. Who says that the Festival was instituted in 1067? True it is that in Smith's Dictionary we have the story of Abbot Helsinus, who in that year was told in vision to keep it. But if the writer in Smith be worth quoting, he should be quoted as calling this story legend—a legend sometimes fathered on S. Anselm, and as going on to say, "passing from legend to history," it was established in England in the twelfth century. And we may add, that Benedict XIV. (*De Festis J.C. &c.*, ii. § 205 *seq.*) traces it from England to Normandy, then to France—and to Rome not till S. Bonaventure's time, if so early! But it was far more ancient in Spain, where it was kept in the seventh century, and in the Greek Church, where it is recorded in the sixth—in the Greek Church on the 9th of December. In the "Typicon" of S. Sabas (†531) it is called ἡ σύλληψις τῆς ἀγίας Ἀννας, μητρὸς τῆς θεοτόκου—the name quoted in Smith's Dictionary, if we remember rightly, as the equivalent of the Latin, Conception of Blessed Virgin Mary.

In spite of the animus which is apparent in the effort to claim for the Anglo-Saxon Church a measure of independence of Rome—which, if it be expressed as differences from Rome in certain rites and practices, disciplinary matters, differences which Rome knew of, tolerated, often approved, we readily agree to—yet Mr. Warren admits as much as even Rome herself would dream of contending for, with regard to that distant period. He says:—

While admitting the assiduity and generosity of the first bishop of Exeter, we must also note his tendency and determination, in common with other foreigners intruded about the same time into English Sees, to Romanize the Church of England. Roman in origin, owing her existence to the forethought of one of the greatest of Popes, and fostered at first by Roman missionaries and bishops, the Church of England had been consistently and loyally Roman in doctrine and practice. Her first liturgical books, as well as vestments and church ornaments, came direct from Rome, being sent by Gregory to Augustine. Her archbishops from the very first applied for and wore the pall. But along with a just and ready recognition of her debt to Rome she had retained, till the reign of Edward the Confessor, certain privileges and notes of autonomy, which are necessary to the independent life of a national church (p. 24).

It is not for us to try to discover what these privileges and notes were. Mr. Warren ought to tell us. He mentions two. First, the mode of electing bishops, which, up to Edward the Confessor, “resembled that prevailing in the Anglican” rather than the present Roman Church! The second note of autonomy which Mr. Warren brings forward is, that the early English Church canonized her own saints. We may safely leave the Anglo-Saxon Church Roman on Mr. Warren’s own showing, if these be the only exceptional privileges.

But let our last words be with the venerable old English Missal, with its Mass, and prayers for the dead, and loving honour of the Blessed Virgin and the saints of every land in the one great “Communion.” This is Mr. Warren’s gift to us: he has edited it carefully and well, and we thank him warmly for it.

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1. *The History of Mary Stewart*, from the Murder of Riccio until her flight into England. By CLAUDE NAU, her Secretary. Now first published from the original MSS., &c. Edited, with Historical Preface, by Rev. JOSEPH STEVENSON, S.J. Edinburgh: William Patterson. 1883.

2. *Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Marriage with Bothwell*. By the Hon. COLIN LINDSAY. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

**T**HIS large and important volume has, unfortunately, not reached us until almost the last moment before going to press, but it will be well to give it a welcome, and tell our readers something of the nature of its contents.

Among the manuscripts preserved in the Cottonian Library, which forms a part of the treasures of the British Museum, is one which is described in the Official Catalogue as “An Historical Treatise concerning the affairs of Scotland, chiefly in vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots (French, a fragment).”

This French fragment Father Stevenson translated some time ago, and published an abstract of it in the pages of the *Month*: many of our readers will doubtless have already read it there. In this volume the complete translation is given, together with the French original. To these Father Stevenson has prefixed a long and valuable historical preface, and inserted here and there appendices of other important documents, altogether forming a goodly octavo volume of some five hundred pages. The manuscript in the Cottonian Library just referred to is so badly written, and so further confused by insertions, erasures, alterations, and what not, that the editor concludes it has lain there so long unnoticed simply from its illegibility. With a skill and patience that excites admiration he has unravelled it—He claims that it is written by Queen Mary's secretary, Claude Nau, and suggests that it was probably drawn up under her own supervision. This claim of authorship is important; but we should not hesitate to take the authority of an expert like the editor as conclusive of the internal evidence; he places two facsimiles before his readers—one, of a page from this narrative, and another of a draft of a letter, the authorship of which is determined by the signature of Nau himself. There is an abundance of his writing in the British Museum and General Record Office. As to internal indications, it is certainly written by an ardent admirer and partisan of the Queen—there are touches in it by which we fancy the impulsive French secretary can be recognized.

Nau became the Queen's secretary in 1575, and he served her until nearly the time of her death. The editor believes that it was when Mary and her household suffered from the harshness and close confinement under Sir Amias Paulet that they beguiled the weary evenings in telling stories, and that the Queen was induced to amuse them with the story of her own early life, and then of men and doings more recent: "Moray and Lethington, Lindsay and Morton, Riccio, Darnley and Bothwell."

Is it too violent a supposition to imagine that her secretary, moved by the narration of incidents at once so touching and so terrible—incidents, too, in which she who was speaking had faced the chiefest danger and endured the longest suffering—that he should endeavour to give a permanent existence to the outline of the history which she even then was telling them, and while she was yet speaking that he should attempt to reduce her words to writing? That, at his earliest leisure, he should bestow upon his unfinished draft the revision, the correction, the expansion which he was conscious it needed? That where he doubted he would ask for information from the authority most capable of giving it?

When Mary was decoyed from Chartley, Nau and Curle separated from her, and herself imprisoned with new indignities at Tixal, all her papers left behind at Chartley were seized. Four Justices of the Peace spent two long days in searching all her drawers, desks, closets, and three boxes of documents were sent to Windsor for Elizabeth's inspection. When Elizabeth had gratified her curiosity, the law officers selected such documents as would be useful in the projected

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trial of Mary. "Through what hands these papers passed, to what treatment they were subjected before they were produced in court, it would now be impossible to affirm." It is important to bear this in mind: they were doubtless interpolated, falsified, to the extent of present need, if there were any need, as we feel sure there was. The history of the MS. can thus be traced from Chartley to the possession of Sir Robert Cotton, who procured it and others with it from Phillipps, one of Walsingham's agents. The fatality that fastened on every thing connected with Queen Mary did not pass by Nau. The Queen died doubting his fidelity to her; and there is grave cause to suspect that through bribery or fear he did betray her secrets to her enemies, though he afterwards zealously denied it and defended his honesty.

The narrative of the Queen's secretary is imperfect and mutilated: it begins abruptly at the point where the murderers of Rizzio discuss with Darnley what is to be done with the Queen, and how she is to be got out of their way; we have the touching interviews between the offended woman and miserable husband, and the details quickly follow of the escape from Holyrood. "A few only of the facts recorded in this have hitherto been known to us, and that in their barest outline. We are indebted to Nau's manuscript for the curious details now for the first time published." The narrative comes to a conclusion shortly after the Queen's escape into England, thus covering some of the most interesting and debated incidents of the unhappy Queen's career—the murder of Darnley, the Queen's detention by Bothwell at Dunbar Castle, and her marriage to him.

As to Bothwell, we may refer to the famous visit of the Queen to him late in 1566, when she rode from Jedburgh to Hermitage Castle, where he lay dangerously wounded. She did not undertake the journey in simple obedience to her wishes, she was "requested and advised" to do so. It was an official visit; Bothwell was a trusty servant, and had nearly lost his life in her cause and service. She was accompanied by Moray and several courtiers; the visit was not longer than the two hours mentioned in Lord Scrope's letter to Cecil; in fine, there was nothing of that suspicious character assigned to it by some of the Queen's calumniators. The sudden illness with which she was attacked immediately after her return from Hermitage Nau deliberately ascribes to poison. It is not the only poisoning case mentioned in his narrative which had nearly proved fatal to the imprisoned Queen.

Mary's last appearance in Nau's pages is one in which she shows herself to advantage. Queen Elizabeth had given the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was Mary's custodian, to understand that several of the powers in the Continent of Europe, regarding her as the centre of Catholicity, and as such the source of every political disturbance, would gladly have purchased their own tranquillity by her execution, but that she, Elizabeth, had magnanimously scorned to listen to any such proposal. Mary, therefore, he argued, was indebted for her life to the grace of his sovereign. This statement was too important to be disregarded; Mary requested to see the papers referred to, but the Earl refused to produce them, and

laid himself open to the rebuke which she administered to him. She assured him that so far from being ashamed of the estimate in which she was held as one of the defenders of Catholicity, she gloried in the name. That being a sovereign, the term "grace" was misapplied when applied to her. She would receive "grace" from no person living, and she begged that a similar remark might never be addressed for the future.

Her independence, the editor remarks, was a strong feeling in Mary Stuart's breast, which she kept alive to the last. Only deeper still, he claims, lay her religious convictions, her strong attachment to the Catholic faith, in which she had been well trained. This faith she was determined not to abandon, come what would. He concludes:—

So then our parting interview with Queen Mary Stuart brings her before us in a character which excites our sympathy and commands our respect. She vindicates two great principles, her love of her country and her love of her religion. Elizabeth Tudor took care that the world should know that Mary Stuart was thoroughly in earnest in the expression of those sentiments. Twenty years of cruel captivity and a bloody death did for the Scottish Queen what she could not have done for herself; and they are another proof, if any such were wanting, that every truly noble character is made perfect through suffering.

We wish we could find nothing in the volume before us at variance with this estimate of Mary's nobility of character. But the editor speaks of her marriage with Bothwell, in language which is simply irreconcilable with moral nobility.

This has led us to join with Father Stevenson's large and handsome volume a small and unpretending but valuable tract. The Hon. Colin Lindsay reproduces in it the letters which he has written to the *Tablet*, in which he deals with the obscure and difficult question of Mary's marriage with Bothwell. Father Stevenson says:—

Mary seems to have thought that the necessities of her condition compelled her to accept the terms offered by her council, while she knew that any so-called marriage with Bothwell would be illegal, invalid and immoral.

We should require more proof than this narrative to believe that Mary *knew* she was doing an immoral act in marrying Bothwell. The narrative, however, as well as we can read it, testifies to nothing of the kind, nor even to the editor's further suggestion that Bothwell, during the week at Dunbar, had made her the victim of his brutal violence. Mr. Lindsay joins issue with Father Stevenson on score of the above quoted passage, and his letters go into the matter fully.

Mary knew of the relationship of Bothwell and Jean Gordon, and could easily be persuaded that it had never been dispensed by the Church: and, in point of fact, Mr. Lindsay's aim is to show that the papal dispensation in the matter of their consanguinity never took effect. But the Lords were determined she should marry Bothwell, and Bothwell was equally determined, and to his force they lent representations about the plausibility of which there can be little doubt. Claude's narrative helps to heighten one's deep and

unmitigated horror for the lying, treacherous, unscrupulous villains who surrounded the unfortunate victim.

With reference to the supplementary matter contained in Father Stevenson's volume, we need only mention that we have in it a foretaste of the treasures now being opened to scholars with the opening of the Vatican archives. He has recently been lecturing on the amazing difficulty he experienced in getting access to those archives in the days of Pius IX. Some of the results of his success are here, as also documents from the private archives of the Society of Jesus. The appendices contain, first, a report on the state of Scotland under Queen Mary, written in 1594 by Jesuit Fathers in Scotland and sent to Pope Clement VIII. ; the documents following contain reports from the archives of the Jesuits on the state of Scotland, and the Queen's affairs, partly taken from a report of William Lesley, brother of the Laird of Lochleven ; and other accounts drawn from her own letters, &c. Appendix V. is important, and contains an account of the mission of William Chisholm, Bishop of Dunblane, to the Pope.

#### BOOKS OF DEVOTION AND SPIRITUAL READING.

1. *Life of St. Margaret of Cortona.* By Fr. G. REVEGNATI. Translated by F. McDONOGH MAHONY. London: Burns & Oates 1883.
2. *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.* By F. A. BELLECIO, S.J. Translated from the Italian of F. A. BRESCIANI, S.J., by W. HUTCH, D.D. Second Edition. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.
3. *An Easy Method of Meditation.* By Rev. F. X. SCHOUPPE, S.J., Translated from the French by L. M. K. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1883.
4. *Growth in the Knowledge of our Lord.* Meditations for every Day of the Year. Adapted from the French original of the Abbé DE BRANDT, by a Daughter of the Cross. Vol. IV. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.
5. *Pious Affections towards God and his Saints.* (Quarterly Series.) Meditations for every Day in the Year and for the principal Festivals. From the Latin of Ven. N. LANCISIUS, S.J. With Preface by F. GEORGE PORTER, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.
6. *Maxims and Duties of Parents.* By M. ARVISENET, Vicar-General of Troyes. Translated from the French by Sister M. B. DAVIN, of St. Michael's Presentation Convent, Portarlinton. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1883.
7. *Lives of the Saints, from Alban Butler.* Selected and edited by Rt. Rev. Monsignor GODDARD. London: R. Washbourne. 1883.
8. *Evenings with the Saints.* By W. H. ANDERDON, S.J. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

9. *The Loves which reign in the Heart of Mary.* (Our Lady's Library.) For the Month of May. London: Richardson & Son.
10. *New Manual of the Third Order of St. Francis.* According to the recent decisions of the Holy See. Dulwich: St. Anthony's. 1883.

THIS life of St. Margaret (1) is written after what is generally termed the "Italian" method, the nine chapters of the book are taken up with a description of the saint's characteristic virtues. The incidents of her life are very lightly touched upon; in fact, the early part is so curiously treated, that many a reader, coming unprepared upon the work, would find a difficulty in understanding why the saint should be held up as a model of heroic penance. The familiar colloquies of our Blessed Lord with this favoured soul occupy the larger part of the book, forming a collection of spiritual reading that requires attentive and careful perusal.

2. As a handbook to the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius, we know nothing that will prove more serviceable than this little work of F. Bellecio. All that is needful for a retreat of eight days, meditations, considerations and spiritual reading are comprised in this one volume. The meditations, perhaps, are a little full and diffuse, but most of us are very willing to condone this fault in retreat time. We need hardly add that F. Bellecio's "Spiritual Exercises" has found much favour abroad, and Dr. Hutch has conferred a real boon on English readers by furnishing them with so excellent a translation.

3. "The Easy Method of Meditation" here described is that which goes by the name of the "Second Method" of St. Ignatius. There are many souls who are unable to occupy their minds with reflections on the great truths. To such persons St. Ignatius offers an alternative method, which is here treated. It is to take each word of the vocal prayers which we have been accustomed to say, and weigh its meaning, extract the hidden worth and beauty that are sure to underlie all the forms of prayer consecrated to the liturgy of the Church. In the work before us F. Schouppe devotes himself to the five prayers that are dear to every Catholic heart—viz., the Our Father, Hail Mary, the Creed, *Anima Christi*, and *Salve Regina*. He gives different patterns of exercises to show what a depth of meaning, what treasures of wisdom, are lurking beneath the words that too often glide so glibly off our lips.

4. We noticed the first three volumes of this excellent work in our number for April, 1883 (p. 510). The present volume, the fourth, takes us down to the twentieth Sunday after Pentecost; Meditations are also added for the chief festivals occurring up to the end of September, and there are exercises for a spiritual retreat.

5. Those who are at all acquainted with the venerable Lancelotti will know that his works require no commendation from us. These meditations are short and pithy, but those who have used them know what a depth of thought and meaning are contained in these concise sentences. A very practical preface, by F. George Porter,

opens the volume. We cannot but remark the extreme niceness and precision with which the editor solves all difficulties and doubts concerning the exercise of meditation. There is no reference to any other system or method which might be fairly recommended to some who are struggling with difficulties in prayer. We cannot withhold a word of praise for the excellent style in which each succeeding volume of the Quarterly Series continues to appear.

6. This is a little work which is full of woe and denunciation. We could hardly recommend it as pleasant soothing reading. The author finds much to reprehend in the conduct of parents generally, and he is urgent in bringing before their eyes the punishments to come. We have remarked one or two slips in the translation of the proper names. In English we usually employ the Latin form *Pulcheria*, and not *Pulcherie*. Precise scholars will write *Loeta* in Latin text books, but for the general reader it is puzzling to find the diphthong broken up, the translator will find it more acceptable to print *Lœta*. *St. Symphroneus*, of *Auten* is surely a mistake for *St. Symphorian*, of *Autun*.

7 & 8. It is, indeed, a pleasing sign to note a demand for "Lives of the Saints." The Saints themselves have uniformly recommended such holy lives as the best of all spiritual reading. The two works we have named together have evidently been brought out in demand to a growing want. The collection of *Monsignor Goddard* is simple and unambitious in its scope. He has selected some fifteen lives of the more notable Saints of God from the collection of *Alban Butler*, and presented to the reader the simple text shorn of note and commentary. He holds, and many will hold with him, that the stately phrase and solid learning of *Alban Butler* has not been approached by any other English Catholic author. And many a reader to whom the larger work is unaccessible will thank *Monsignor Goddard* for placing within their reach these pearls from the treasures of our great hagiologist. The collection of *F. Anderdon* will appeal to another class of readers. He, too, has made a selection of some twenty lives of the Saints; but while *Monsignor Goddard* has gleaned among the founders of religious orders, *F. Anderdon* gives us chiefly the passions of the martyrs. The good Father evidently well knows how fascinating to the young are the stirring deeds of the great martyrs of the Church. Young people are never tired of hearing the dialogue in which the heroes of our faith confound the pagan tyrant, and the minute description of their tortures and death exerts a painful attraction over their minds. Many a boy will prefer *F. Anderdon's "Evenings"* to the most exciting story-book. The author has taken care to tune his style of writing to the character of his selection. He writes in a bold, nervous style, gives licence at times to the imagination to describe scenes and speeches which we do not remember to have met with in *Alban Butler*. But he has produced a very interesting series, and we should say that the work will be well calculated to interest the young in the lives of the Saints.

9. Another charming little work from the pen of one who has striven so earnestly to propagate devotion to our Blessed Lady. The authoress at times rather reminds us of some of the traits in F. Faber's style. The great charm of her writings to our mind is the glow and fervour that light up the simplest phrase, the unmistakable warmth of desire to win souls to God. Some of this charm is lost in the written word, but it must have invested these conferences when spoken with a powerful influence. Under the title of the work, the authoress has ingeniously developed the love of Mary for the different virtues that should grace the religious and secular life. We venture to express a hope that her health and strength may be spared to pursue her labours in the interests of God and souls.

10. Since the publication of the Constitution of Leo. XIII. remodelling the rule of the Third Order of St. Francis, a manual of this kind has become necessary. This little hand-book will be welcome to members. It is very complete, containing not only the Encyclical and Constitution of the Pope, but the new rule, and the prayers and exercises suitable to the Order.

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"The Life of Martin Luther." By Rev. William Stang. New York: F. Pustet and Co.

"Growth in the Knowledge of our Lord." From the French of Abbé de Brandt. Vol. V. London: Burns & Oates.

"The Standard of Value." By W. Leighton Jordan. London: D. Bogue.

"Christian Charity in the Ancient Church." By G. Uhlhorn. Translated by Sophia Taylor. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

"The Parochial Hymn Book." London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

"A Course of Philosophy." By the Very Rev. A. Louage, C.S.C. Second edition. Baltimore: J. B. Piet & Co. 1883.

"A Personal Visit to Distressed Ireland." By R. F. Clarke, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

"Principles of English Canon Law." By John Brownhill, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

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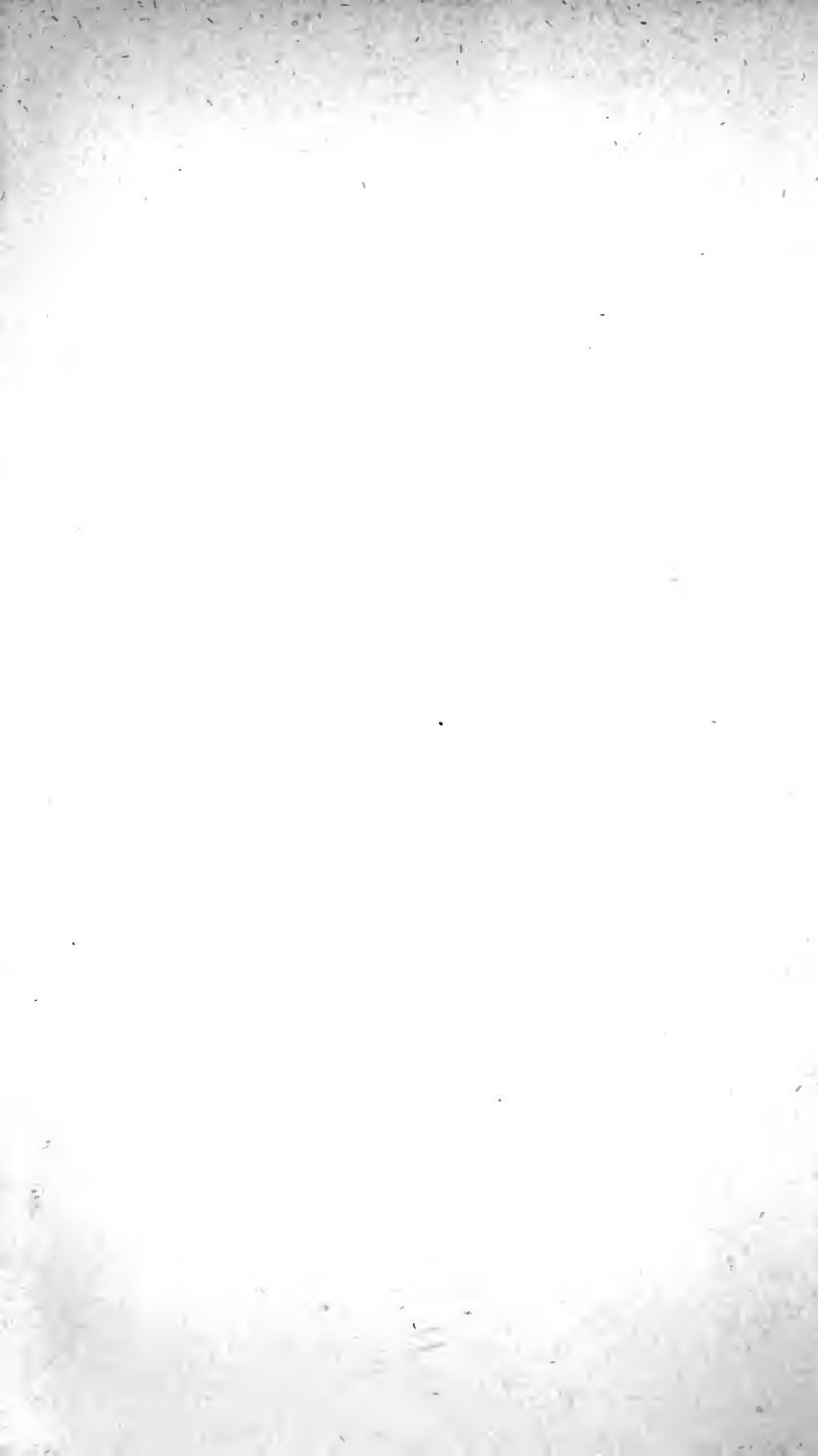
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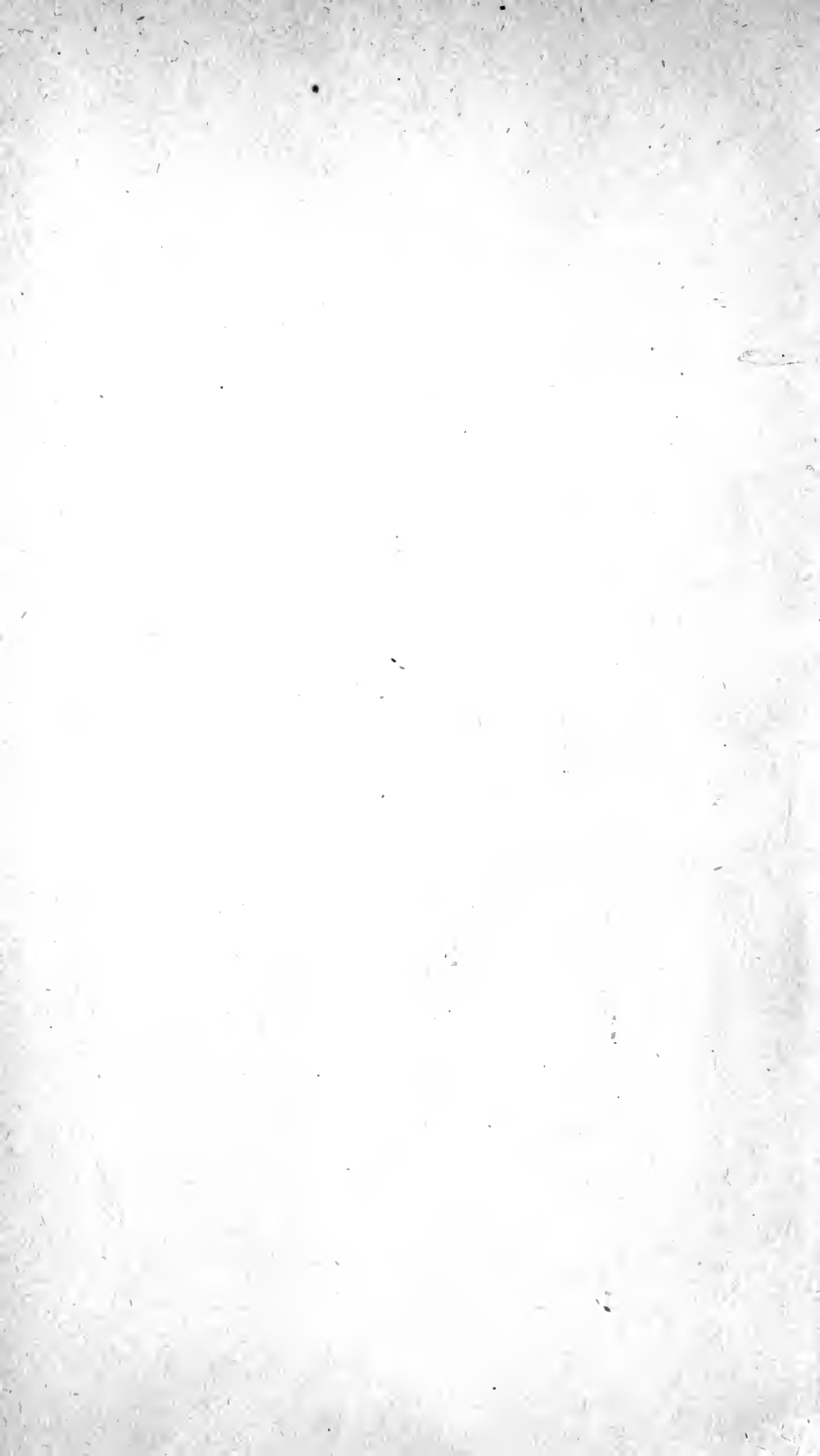
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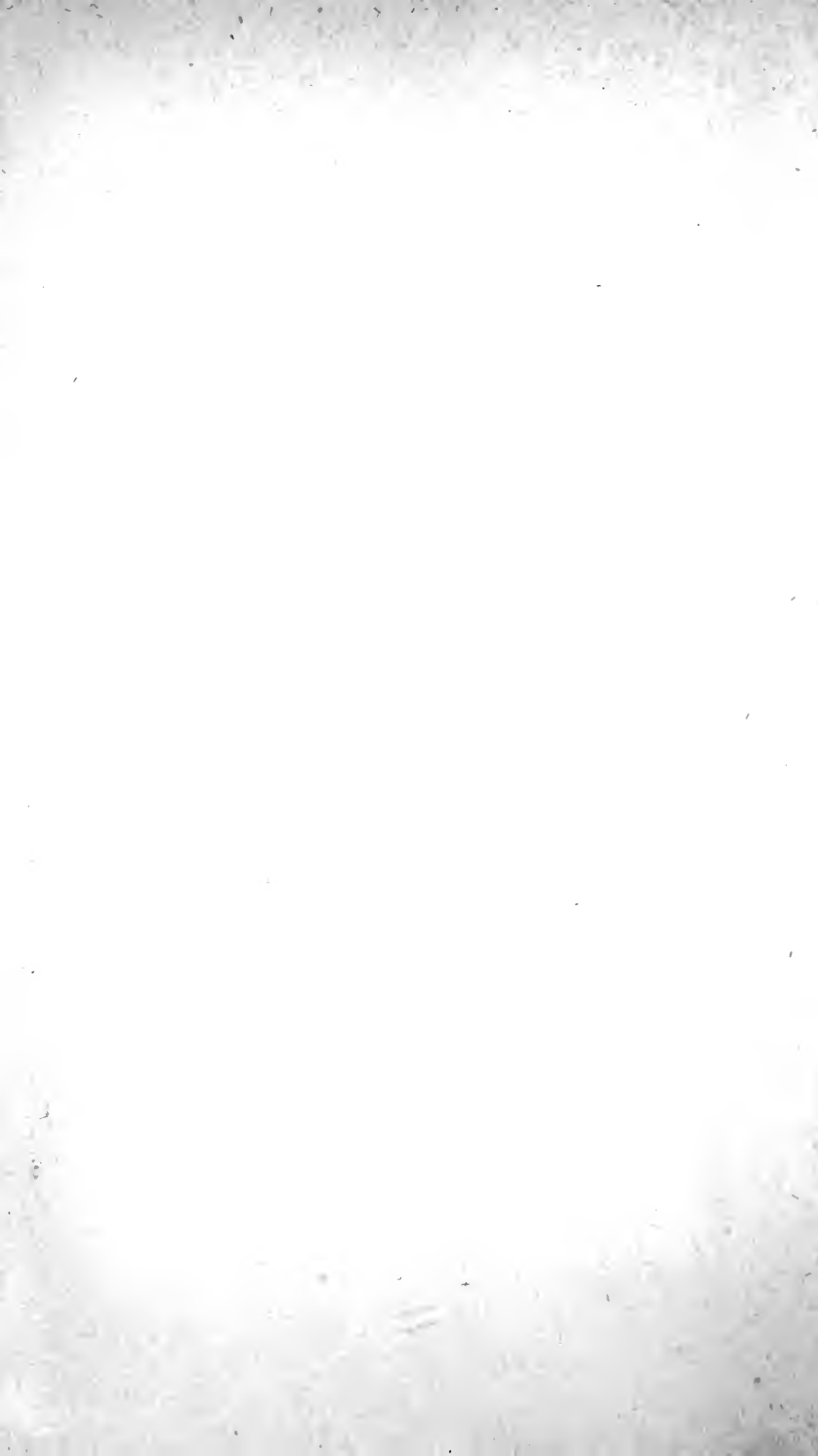
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